

THE
NEW YORK MAGAZINE
OF MYSTERIES



NOVEMBER, 1905.

PRICE 10 CENTS

BARRELS OF AIR BURNED AS FUEL

New, Remarkable Heating Stove—Ohioan's Great Invention—Consumes 395 Barrels of Air to One Gallon of common Kerosene Oil, making oil-gas—the New Fuel that looks and burns like gas!

Wood, coal and oil all cost money. **ONLY FREE FUEL IS AIR!** Unlimited supply—no trust in control. Air belongs to rich and poor alike. We can't burn air alone, but see here! Our wonderful stove burns air and gas—very little gas—principally air. Takes its fuel almost entirely from the atmosphere.

A miniature gas works—penny fuel for every family—save one-half to one-third on cost—save dirt and drudgery—no more coal or wood to carry—ashes unknown—absolute safety.

SEE HOW SIMPLE! TURN A KNOB—TOUCH A MATCH—FIRE IS ON. TURN AGAIN—FIRE IS OFF! THAT'S ALL.

Astonishing but true—time-tested—proven facts—circulars give startling details—overwhelming evidence.

NO SUCH STOVE SOLD IN STORES—UNLIKE ANYTHING YOU'VE SEEN OR HEARD OF.

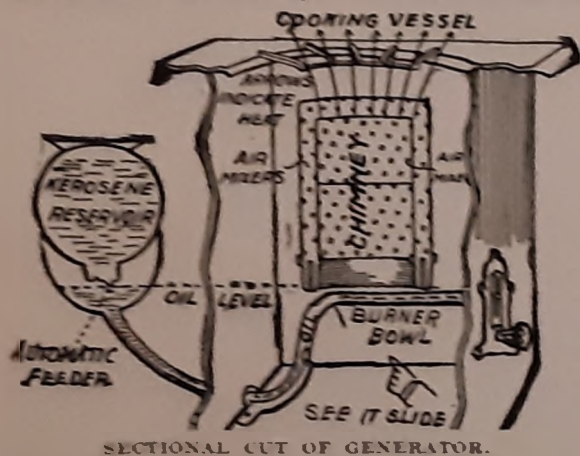
Because air is the only free fuel and no trust in control inventors have tried for years to find a way by which properties could be drawn from the atmosphere and used as fuel for general household purposes, thus producing the cheapest fuel obtainable.

To a Cincinnati genius heretofore unknown to fame must go the credit of solving this great question. Understand, you cannot burn air absolutely alone, but this new air generator actually takes its fuel almost entirely from the atmosphere, so much so as to take in 395 barrels of air while consuming one gallon of oil.

The time has come at last when our readers are no longer compelled to continually drudge with coal and wood fires, for every family who desires can heat, cook and bake with oil and air gas, the wonderful new fuel which frequently saves from $\frac{1}{3}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ on fuel bills. What a blessing this is to women folks, who for the first time in their lives can say, no more coal or wood, or smoky oil wick stoves to make life miserable with daily drudgery so ruinous to health and looks.

Thousands a Week.

Upon calling at the factory we found that this invention has caused a remarkable excitement all over the U. S.—that the factory is already rushed with



thousands of orders, and evidently the Company's representatives and agents are making big profits, as they offer splendid inducements.

As will be noticed from the engraving, this oil-gas and air generator is entirely different from any other stove—although its construction is very simple—and durable—last for years—no wick—not even a valve, yet heat is under perfect control—no leaks, nothing to close or clog up.

By simply turning a knob, as you would a door knob, the oil is automatically fed to a small steel burner bowl or open trough, when it is instantly changed into gas, which is drawn upward between two red-hot perforated steel chimneys, all the while drawing in about one barrel of air to every large spoonful of oil consumed, making quick, intense heat, which passes direct to Radiator on top, and this great volume of heat thrown off in all directions by eleven Radiator tubes, aided by one large central column with a distributing surface equal to a cylinder 5 feet in circumference.

Every drop of fuel is consumed—goes into heat—making hottest gas fire—nothing wasted—all the heat stays inside and none goes up the chimney, for this stove requires no pipes or flue connections—use it anywhere about the house, office, or store—move it about as often as you like.

This invention has been fully Protected in the U. S. Patent Office, and is known as the Harrison Valveless, Wickless, Automatic Oil Gas & Air Generator, the only one yet discovered that consumes the carbon and by-products of the oil.

The extremely small amount of kerosene oil that is needed to produce so large a volume of gas makes it, we believe, the most economical fuel on earth, and the reason for the great success of this generator is based on the well-known fact of the enormous expansiveness of oil-gas when mixed with common air.

Kerosene oil from which oil-gas is made is sold by all grocers—buy as consumed—as you would for a lamp—gallon lots or two—let pennies do the work of dollars and save the difference. At last humanity is blessed with a cheap fuel that makes no dirt, ashes, soot—removing forever the greatest nuisance that women folks ever suffered.

What a pleasure to just turn the knob—touch a match—a beautiful gas flame appears—hottest fire—always ready—on or off at will—self-regulating—no more attention—same heat all day or all night—could anything be more perfect!

It generates the gas only as needed—simple, handsome, durable, easily operated, and another feature is its perfect safety. This stove is so safe that you could drop a match in the oil tank and it would go out.

Combination Heating and Cooking Stove.

This oil-gas stove can be instantly changed into a fine cook stove by removing Radiator, when you get the same volume of heat condensed into a small space, and by placing an oven over the burner splendid baking can be done. Many people do away with ordinary cook stoves entirely by using these stoves with Radiator and oven. Same stove without Radiator is invaluable for spring and summer use, so that it is adapted for any time of the year.

While at the factory in Cincinnati the writer was shown thousands of letters from customers who were using this wonderful oil-gas stove, showing that it is not an experiment, but a positive success and giving splendid satisfaction, and as a few extracts may be interesting to our readers, we reproduce them:

Mr. E. D. Arnold, of Neb., writes: "That he saved \$4.25 a month for fuel by using the Harrison Oil-Gas Stove; that his gas range cost him \$5.50 per month, and the Harrison only \$2.25 per month."

J. A. Shafer, of Pa., writes: "The Harrison Oil-Gas Stove makes an intense heat from a small quantity of oil—entirely free from smoke or smell—great improvement over any other oil stove. Has a perfect arrangement for combustion—can scarcely be distinguished from a natural gas fire."

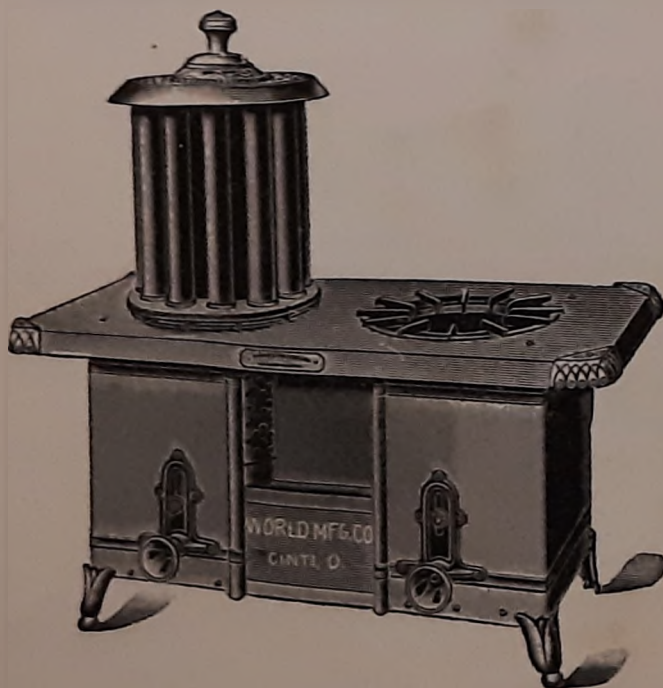
M. W. King, of Va., writes: "By using one Burner and Radiator, I kept 16x18 foot room at 70 degrees, when out doors 13 to 20 degrees were registered."

Mrs. Towner, of Pa., writes: "Harrison Oil-Gas Stove and Radiator so easy to operate that my children attend to it. My husband is an invalid, and I can keep his room (14 ft. square) nice and warm with about one quart of oil a day."

Emma Haines, of Ill., writes: "I used the Radiator when the mercury was below zero, and my room (14x15 ft.) got warm quite soon. The stove is fine for heating, and is also fine to cook and bake."

Rev. Wm. Tearn, of Me., writes: "This morning the temperature was 16 below zero, and my library far below freezing point. Soon after lighting the Harrison Oil-Gas Stove the temperature rose to summer heat."

Wm. Baering, of Ind., writes: "Received 3-burner



Stove, Radiator and Oven. Christmas morning we warmed a room 13x14 ft. when it was about 10 below zero with one Radiator."

W. S. Safford, of Ohio, writes: "I have a room in a brick house, size 12x12 ft., which I can heat without any trouble with a Style A, 1-burner."

Agents are doing fine—Making big money.

WONDERFUL QUICK SELLER.

Geo. Robertson, of Me., writes: "Am delighted with Oil-Gas, so are my friends—took 12 orders in 3 days."

A. B. Slinp, of Texas, writes: "I want the agency. In a day and a half took over a dozen orders."

Edward Wilson, of Mo., writes: "The Harrison very satisfactory. Sold 3 stoves first day I had mine."

J. H. Halman, of Tenn., writes: "Already have 70 orders."

This is certainly a good chance for our readers to make money.

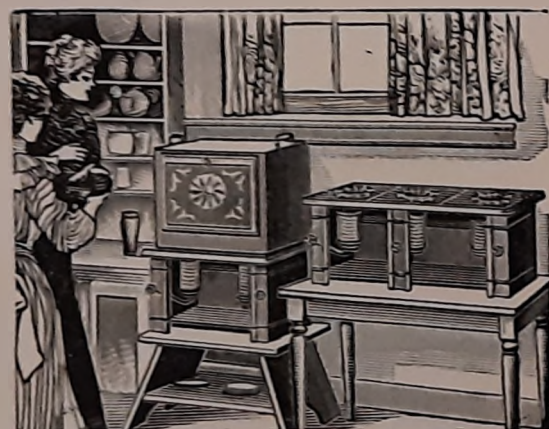
Hundreds of other prominent people highly endorse and recommend oil-gas fuel, and there certainly seems to be no doubt that it is a wonderful improvement over other stoves.

The writer personally saw the Oil-Gas Stoves in operation—in fact, uses one in his own home—is delighted with its working, and after a thorough investigation can say to our readers that this Harrison Oil-Gas Stove made by the Cincinnati firm is the only perfect burner of its kind.

It is made in three sizes, 1, 2 or 3 generators to a stove. They are made of steel throughout, thoroughly tested before shipping—sent out complete—ready for use as soon as received—nicely finished with nickel trimmings and as there seems to be nothing about it to wear out, they should last for years. They seem to satisfy and delight every user, and the makers fully guarantee them.

HOW TO GET ONE.

All our lady readers who want to enjoy the pleasure of a gas stove—the cheapest, cleanest and safest fuel—save $\frac{1}{3}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ on fuel bills and do their heating,



cooking and baking at small expense should have one of these remarkable stoves.

Space prevents a more detailed description, but these oil-gas stoves will bear out the most exacting demand for durability and satisfactory properties.

If you will write to the only makers, **The World Mfg. Co., 6042 World Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio**, and ask for their illustrated pamphlet describing this invention, and also letters from hundreds of delighted users, you will receive much valuable information.

The price of these Stoves is remarkably low, only \$3.00 up. And it is indeed difficult to imagine where that amount of money could be invested in anything else that would bring such saving in fuel bills, so much good health and satisfaction to our wives.

DON'T FAIL TO WRITE TO-DAY

For full information regarding this splendid invention.

The World Mfg. Co. is composed of prominent business men of Cincinnati, are perfectly responsible and reliable, capital \$100,000.00, and will do just as they agree. The stoves are just as represented and fully warranted and delivered promptly to any address.

Don't fail to write for Catalogue.

\$40.00 Weekly and Expenses.

The firm offers splendid inducements to agents, and an energetic man or woman having spare time can get a good position, paying big wages, by writing them at once and mentioning this paper.

A wonderful wave of excitement has swept over the country, for where shown these Oil-Gas Stoves have caused great excitement. Oil-Gas fuel is so economical and delightful that the sales of these Stoves last month were enormous, and the factory is rushed with thousands of orders.

Many of our readers have spare time, or are out of employment, and others are not making a great deal of money, and we advise them to write to the firm and secure an agency for this invention. Exhibit this stove before 8 or 10 people and you will excite their curiosity and should be able to sell 5 or 8 and make \$10.00 to \$15.00 a day. Why should people live in penury or suffer hardships for the want of plenty of money when an opportunity of this sort is open?

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OF MYSTERIES

A MAGAZINE OF HEALTH, HAPPINESS AND PROSPERITY

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Vol. 10

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER, 1905

No. 1



THANKSGIVING



YOU are now in the midst of the season of Thanksgiving. With joy you look forward to the meeting and reunion of friends, the dear home-coming of children, or glad embrace of father and mother.

Your heart grows big with gratitude and joy and in a larger, truer way, you see the beauty of fellowship, the glory of brotherhood.

Do you also realize that Thanksgiving is a universal recognition of the Law of Supply? Yes, even when you bid farewell to your visiting dear ones with a promise to meet them next Thanksgiving it is *because* you have faith in this law.

In your mind's eye, you see again the abundance of garden and field, the bounty of well-filled storehouse and barn, the heaps of luscious fruits and vegetables, all of which contribute to the cherished Thanksgiving board.

So you have faith that the great Something that lies back of the harvests will work, and bring forth, not for you and yours alone, but for the earth's hungry ones, all over the world.

You take no thought as to *how* the seeming miracle is wrought, yet you know that even though on the whole face of the earth there is not enough food at any given time to supply the world's need *for a whole year*, yet when the need comes there is always the new supply.

Appearing and disappearing, in hand one moment, gone the next, are these things for the sustenance of the material man, yet the *faith* that is in you and in us all, keeps tryst with the Giver of all these gifts, and we are care free and happy as children, eating and drinking all we have, yet calmly *knowing* there will be more.

This is most wonderful, this gift of faith, for it "judges not according to appearances"; it trusts and is not afraid. It makes life holy and beautiful and dear.

And with all our Thanksgiving this year, let us give thanks for *faith*, and pray that it may be increased and extended to the degree of covering *all our needs*, be they what they may—yes, even of money and clothing, of houses and lands, and last, but not least, of friends and comrades.

For why should the supply cease at anything? Why should not our *every* need be supplied?

Do we not need something of everything with which the earth is filled? And is there not an abundance? Surely the lack is not in the Great Storehouse nor in the Maker of all.

Money, clothing, shelter, friends, why should we not have—every one of us—our due apportionment?

Why, indeed?

Certainly not because of lack of supply! No, not that.

Then, because we do not *appropriate* what is *ours*—this must be the reason.

How shall we appropriate?

By faith and by works. Faith begets trust, trust begets joy, joy begets attraction, attraction begets fulfilment.

Let us pray for more faith.

Let us rejoice for what we have.

Let us give thanks for blessings seen and unseen.

Thus shall we have the threefold blessing of *Health, Happiness and Prosperity*.

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in order that there may be no delay in receiving the next issue of
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unable to furnish back numbers.

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Oh, may we, led by Love Divine,
Make all earth's mystic temples ours,
Fill now with perfume and with praise
The arches of our common days,
With serving waken quickening powers
Till we are one, in perfect peace,
With our own life's supreme design.

We may not see the doors of the city that cometh
down out of heaven, but they are not far from any
one of us, and none are bolted against us. The
jasper walls of spiritual joy are ever ready to give
us shelter. The great pearl gates of unselfish love
are half ajar to let us in. There are four great
gates to the North and the South and the East
and the West, and all open to the touch of Love.

We journey not to some far-off Jerusalem. The
towers of the Promised Land are in sight from
every East Window. Look out to-day and see the
spires of the city which is set on a hill.

Not more plainly do the charming colors of
autumn among the forest trees show the glory of
the natural, than do the warm tints in spiritual
faces reveal the glory of the heavenly. There is
for you to-day a great work close at hand, and
that work one in which you may find just the
blessing you need.

Some weary, ignorant, undisciplined soul you
hourly turn away from or pass by may be the
opener of the Door to your Larger Life. Some
task refused may be the stumbling stone under
which is heaped the riches of God. Remove it by
patient labor and you shall find your reward.

November is the time for a new sense of unity.
Up in the great blue from which all things visible
sprang forth from the Creative Mind the Sun is
abiding in the constellation Libra. The influences
that dominate the world are for harmony, for
spiritual justice, for compensation, for high desires
and good works. You may pervert this and de-
viate your powers to efforts in separateness, but
you will at the same time drive from you your
rightful measure of just treatment from others, of
unity with those you love, your compensation for
mental and even physical labor. But consider not
the negative side. The witness within is moving
us even now to look from the East Window and
see with opened eyes the hills of difficulty templed
upon every hand; to see the City Eternal as out
home and its gates even now open wide for all who
would find rest.

Take heart, you who have suffered and been
strong! Take heart all who have prayed that God
would send and save you! The child of God is
mightier than the giants of the under earth.

No morn shall ever break for thee
Like that which, from thy window seen,
Reveals the temples where God dwells
Thy friend, with not one bar between.
Nor high nor low His mercy knows,
Thy sins are but thy dreams, if left,
And great His broad compassion shows
When thou art most bereft.

Be sure to read the article on *Uni-
versal Life* on page 40 of this Maga-
zine. It gives you truth from the standpoint
of science.

BIBLE BREAD.

For the bread of God is he (Truth) which cometh down from heaven, and
giveth life unto the world.—John vi, 33.

It is the spirit that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing. The words
that I speak unto you they are Spirit and they are Life.—John vi, 63.

This is that bread which came from heaven . . . he that eateth of this
bread shall live forever.—John vi, 58.

When you need the glow of peace and the precious fire of a deeper faith,
turn your whole mind to a song of thanksgiving. For fifteen minutes chant
softly and joyfully: *I rejoice in the Lord. I give thanks for His gifts. They
are set before my mind's eye in frames of silver and gold. I rejoice and give
thanks for both the nights and the days of my life.*

When you are in a hard place, and find your work unpleasant, say with
calmness and firmness: *I will do my best. This is my part of God's field, for
the present time. I will put my heart, my skill, my honor and my contentment
into this work, for it is in this way only I can be worthy of the trust, or worthy
of promotion to something else.*

When you feel poor and desolate, go among those who need your sym-
pathy, your help, your cheering word. Before you go, many times say:
*How richly am I blessed with opportunity to prove myself a true minister of
love and service! How can I thank Thee enough, O God, for the privilege of
carrying Thy messages, of using Thy power for the help of Thy little ones!
Show me to-day new ways to serve Thee.*

When you are undecided about what to do concerning your work or
responsibilities, say: *I will listen for the voice of my Counselor. I will wait
for the guidance of the voice of the Spirit. I will do my best, and then wait
upon the Lord. My heart shall be filled with trust and my lips with thanks-
giving.*

NOTE.—Each month we print these selections on gray cardboard, suitable for hanging on the wall, to keep before you as a constant
inspiration. Send 10 cents to this office and we will mail you one of these beautiful souvenirs. Order early, as supply is limited.

Power of the Silence

Out of the Silence cometh knowledge
Of thy higher self Divine,
From whence flows all truth and wisdom
That will strengthen soul and mind,
That will guide you and protect
From this selfish world below.
If you'll wait upon the Silence
All life's secrets you may know.

When the world seems all confusion,
Puzzling things confront you here;
Disappointment crowds about you,
Filling life with awe and fear;
Still thy heart and tongue and spirit,
Turn thy mind from thoughts of sin,
Dwell in Silence one brief moment,
Listen to that voice within.

Note that calm and peaceful feeling
That pervades thy soul and mind;
Where before all seemed confusion,
Now alone reigns peace sublime.
And there echoes from the Silence
Voices filled with music, sweet,
That will soothe thy restless spirit
And will guide thy wayward feet.

And will strengthen with a power
That will make your life so strong
You will see all things of beauty—
Fail to recognize the wrong.
In the Silence we must linger
Would we Life's great lesson learn,
For the Father dwells in Silence,
And there alone our souls must turn.

MARGARET OLIVE JORDAN

Heaven

By J. Elizabeth Gates

HEAVEN is not reserved alone for those who have
laid aside
The veil of flesh; but deep within the precincts of
each breast
Is found the soul's rich dwelling-place—in plenty
there doth hide
Rich fruits of grace—the soul's true heaven of
peace and rest.

But there are those who never know the riches they
possess—
Have never plumbed the soul's deep mines of
wealth; nor can they see
Till by some sudden wrench, their faces turned
toward God, they bless
The chastening Hand—and rest themselves in
Love's Infinity.

The Holy City

"I saw the spiritual city and all her spires
And gateways in a glory like one pearl."

God is the Builder of the wonderful city. It is a
vision of transcendent beauty. A celestial beauty,
richer, finer, clearer, than anything the mind of
Man can imagine. The writer of Revelation has
given us a brief picture of the beauties and wonders
revealed to him.

In the first foundation wall were diamonds, clear
as crystal. In the second, sapphires, blue as the
depths of the lost earth-sea. In the third, chalced-
ony, wax color, like the conquered Death. In the
fourth, emeralds, green as the pastures of the Good
Shepherd. In the fifth, sardonyx, orange, like the
color of the lost moon. In the sixth, carnelian,
flesh red, like the color of the jewel on the breast
of Aaron. In the seventh, chrysolite, a pale green,
like the evening sky that was no more. In the
eighth, beryl, a blue-green like the tints of lost twi-
light seas. In the ninth, topaz, like the yellow rays
of the dead sun. In the tenth, chrysoprasus, a
gray color, like the mists and the fogs that were
gone forever. In the eleventh, jacinth, red, like
the lost tints of sunset. And the last foundation
was of amethyst, violet-blue like the stars.

Above the foundations rose the walls of jasper,
clear as crystals. Twelve gates of pearl stood open
all the Day (for Night was no more) inviting the
holy and righteous to enter. By the gates stood
twelve, in shining raiment, with a Name written on
their forehead.

God is the Light of the city. From the throne of
the Lamb a light comes that glorifies the face of the
inhabitants, that mirrors the tree of Life in the
river of Life, that causes the foundations to send
forth a Gleam. The poets, the prophets, the seers of
earth have seen the Gleam, when they were true to
their best selves, when they lived in their high mo-
ments!

God is the Temple of the Holy City. Neither
mosque, church nor shrine is in the bourn of the
city. All the outward forms of religion are done
away with, and men walk in the Light of Truth, a
Name written across their brows.

The atmosphere of the city is so wholesome, and the
streets of pure gold (typical of purity) that nothing
evil comes nigh to the city of the blameless King.
The glory of its mansions has never been revealed.
The perfection of its social order is unknown to us.
We know but in part, and we prophesy but in part.
When we doubt, we hear a Voice speaking to the
twelve:

"In My Father's house are many mansions; if it
were not so, I would have told you. I go to pre-
pare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a
place for you, I will come again and receive you
unto Myself."

LAMAR STRICKLAND PAYNE

BUSINESS SUCCESS THE RESULT OF YOUR MENTAL ATTITUDE



I have some fine testimonials proving success gained by the Mental Attitude.

In each of the five letters here presented there are certain points in the law of success which are well brought out.

Note carefully that you may not only be encouraged by the examples from life experience, but learn the law that operates for all who use it.

In Letter No. 1, mark the fact that our friend saw only what she wanted to bring to pass. Her lack of money, the seeming impossibilities, all the apparent obstacles were as *nothing but shadows*. In the bright sunlight of her faith she saw her desired apartments possessed, furnished and occupied.

This seeing the thing accomplished without heeding anything else, is an imperative phase of the right Mental Attitude.

The same point is forcibly illustrated in Letter No. 3, which shows the power of faith and self-confidence.

There is a very strong note in No. 2's testimony, in the fact that she believed and declared for immediate assistance, and even though the result was only half enough (10 cents) still it justified her faith in believing in and demanding demonstration the moment she needed it.

No. 4 clearly shows the expediency of thinking wisely about even the small details, and thus forestalling any tendency of the mind to be entangled in doubt or the shadow of failure.

No. 5 gives the key to his own success by saying, "I believe this brought about by prayer," thus revealing not only the power of an exalted state of mind, but its attractiveness and charm for others.

We expect to award the prizes in December, so send in your letters, remembering to give proofs rather than theory. Write clearly in ink, on one side of the paper only, and write at once, if you wish to be a competitor for one of the prizes.

Letter No. 1.

COLUMBUS, O., Oct. 2, 1905.

To the New York Magazine of Mysteries:

In your October Magazine you want letters of experience. As to the mental attitude I am going to tell you mine.

Six years ago I did sewing for a living, but I worked with the thought always in my mind that some day I was going to have a big rooming house. How to get it was the question. It would take money for such a house as I wanted to live in. I had one flat of five rooms. My first success was when I rented three, using two myself. I was forever thinking, How can I manage to get another flat on the same floor? My mother lives across the street from my place. Often I would go over there and about the first thing I would do was to go to the window and look at the building and wish for another flat, besides the one I had.

Mother would say, "What are you watching the building so for?" My reply was always, "I do want another flat so much, and I am going to have it."

"But how on earth are you going to get it? You have nothing to furnish it with? It takes money to furnish those big flats, and you have none."

"Well," I would answer, "I am going to have another flat, you see if I don't. In fact, I will have the whole building some day." Before long there were thirty-five rooms in the building. I don't think I ever went to bed that I didn't drop to sleep wondering how I could manage to get a lot of furnished rooms to rent out, and I wanted everything nice in them.

One morning one of the ladies in the building called to tell me that the folks on the first floor were going to move. They had twelve rooms in all, or two flats. After she left I made up my mind that I was going to have one of those flats. I called the landlord up and told him that I would like to have one of the flats on the first floor, and also keep the one I had.

He said yes, I could, if the folks moved. That afternoon I told a friend what I was going to do. She said, "Oh, won't that be nice! now if you take one of the flats and Mrs. B. takes the other that will be just the thing."

The very minute she said that I said to myself, "No, sir. I am going to have them both." I put my hat on and went to see the landlord. This time I asked him if I could have both the flats. He said yes, if I thought I could manage them, for that would be three in all. I came home walking on air, for now I could quit sewing. I was too happy for anything, though I had not a cent more than seventy-five dollars to pay the rent in advance and buy furniture and bedding with, but I knew there would be a way.

I got the flat. That was a little over two years ago. One year ago I took another flat; now I have four of them. I did all the cleaning, I put down all the carpets; I did everything myself, and the whole time I was working I would say to myself, "I know I am going to succeed in everything." I felt it. The whole time that I was working I was thinking success. Little did I think when I was so constantly thinking and wishing for this business that I was building it then. Now everything is prosperous, and it is the constant wonder of my friends how I managed to have the luck that I have, for I did not seem to have much luck before I began to read about thought vibration and will power. I practiced right thinking till it seemed to become second nature to me. What a lovely world this would be if everybody could be made to understand this wonderful power that we all have, and that is only sleeping and waiting to be awakened and cultivated.

Mrs. M. MOILLER,

No. 383 Elong street, Columbus, O.

Letter No. 2.

Sept. 5, 1905.

The New York Magazine of Mysteries, No. 22 North William St., New York City.

GENTLEMEN: I am a reader of your Magazine, which I purchase frequently at a news-stand because I believe in its teachings. Seeing your request in the

(See next page.)

September issue for letters stating instances where the proper mental attitude has won business success, I want to tell some experiences of my own. They may seem improbable to the multitude, but the following is absolutely true, and these facts have astonished some friends of mine.

In 1900, when the young people of Washington charged the atmosphere with the desire to get positions in the United States Census Office, I became inoculated with the same wish. I knew of no friend or acquaintance who could furnish the necessary political influence. However, I said to myself, if I only had the money I would go to Wood's College and coach for the examination, then trust to Providence to get the position, feeling sure within myself that if I passed, some way would be opened for me to obtain a position.

When I made request for application papers in order to take the examination I was handed a preliminary paper which had to be indorsed by a Member of Congress before I could get the regular papers. I tried to think whether I knew anyone who could help me to this end. A few days afterward it flashed through my mind that a cousin would help me to get the indorsement of a Member of Congress. I wrote to him and he willingly assisted me over this difficulty.

My parents having recently moved to a suburb of Washington, it necessitated my having to go to the city to file the regular application papers and I had no carfare. I said to myself, in this strange neighborhood, what am I to do? because I have got to file those papers today. I immediately took the mental attitude, I believe I will get the money to ride (it was about twenty miles to the city). I went out in God's fresh air and took a long breath, and said to myself, "There is opulence in this beautiful country, and I live in it and breathe in it, and believe I will get the money to go to Washington to file those papers to-day." In this frame of mind I walked to the post-office for the noon mail, and I had to cross the car tracks where the electric cars ran, and while looking down, thinking I saw a shining spot, I picked up a new ten-cent piece. I never found but one before in my life and that was when I was ten years of age—ten years previous—in a market-place. This amount was all that was needed to take me to town, and after I had filed my papers I borrowed enough to get back to the country.

On riding home from the city I was thinking how I would get enough money to coach for the examination, and thought of a friend out of the city to whom I would write and ask a loan of five dollars. After I made my request for five dollars for coaching I remembered I wanted an extra five dollars for carfare to and from the city and for incidentals. But I had mailed the letter, so I said to myself, "It will come out all right." The fact of my finding the ten cents when I needed it most of any time in my life gave me full faith. The next day when I had occasion to spend the money my friend had sent me, much to my surprise there were two old notes stuck together. . . . I went to Wood's College and coached for the examination, and passed very high. The Congressman who indorsed my papers was not disposed in the beginning to aid me to get the position, but when he saw I had passed so creditably he became enthusiastic and had me appointed at once. I paid my friend back the cash the following Christmas, and asked her beforehand, "How much do I owe you?" She replied, "Five dollars." I said to her, "You are five dollars better off than you expected, for there were two old notes stuck together in that letter." She was more than pleased, for at that season of the year her funds were low and it came in finely.

I only wanted to stay in the Census Office long enough to save a sufficient amount of money to take a business course, and now I am making my living as the result of that course.

One pleasant fall day, two years ago, I met a young lady acquaintance in a café at noontime, and she told me she was unemployed and lived with a married sister, and how she disliked it, and did not think she would ever get a position as a bookkeeper again. I said to her in her tears, "If you want to be successful, you must sing another song, something like this, 'I will be led to a good place at the right time, and I am lucky to have a sister who will give me a home, and perhaps just what I need is to have a change of occupation by helping around my sister's home,' etc." I looked at her and said, "I know you will get a place if you like everything and will be happy in the meantime, and she smiled through her tears. The next time I saw her she was pleasantly situated in a position, and this was about three weeks afterward.

I know the mental attitude in the above instances brought results, because I never got anything in my life when I grumbled and was dissatisfied with everything and everybody, and thought God unkind to let some people have plenty and others nothing.

Very sincerely yours,

(Miss) CECELIA DAY PHILLIPS,
411 Evening Star Building, Washington, D. C.

Letter No. 3.

GENTLEMEN: Relative to your request for experiences as to business success, would say that twenty years ago my nephew, a country lad of eighteen, came to New York to enter the offices of a millionaire leader in his particular work; the boy was engaged at four dollars a week to sweep out one office, attend to numberless newspapers and run errands; the second day he returned home and gravely announced to me that his mind was made up, he liked the business and was going to either become a partner of Mr. B. or have an establishment of his own, fully as large!

This struck me as so funny that I laughed heartily, as I looked at him, realizing that he had no capital, was a poor penman, had no influence, and was uneducated wholly in the ways of a large city. But there was something in the clear blue eyes and that wholly irresistible smile that caused me to stop laughing and to wonder what that was that made me change my mind so suddenly as to the possibility.

During the next five years there was never one moment when he doubted

FIFTY DOLLARS IN PRIZES

WE want everybody to succeed in Business.

We want everybody to know the power of thought as shown by a continuous mental attitude in making failure or success. So we offer \$50 to be divided into twelve prizes, to be paid for the Twelve Best Letters which give TRUE instances where the proper Mental Attitude has brought financial Success.

The money will be divided as follows: The First Prize will be \$25, the Second Prize will be \$10. There will be Five Prizes of \$2 each, and Five Prizes of \$1 each, making \$50 in all.

We want your best thoughts, setting forth your EXPERIENCES as to the way you secured your success.

THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES.

22 North William Street, New York City.

(Business Success the Result of Your Mental Attitude.—Continued.)

his ability; he got to be quite a favorite with the rich man who headed the enterprise, and one night, on his returning home, I met him in a perfect rage! That very day I had heard that "someone" had said that he was "only a valet" for this wealthy man. Almost in tears, I told him. To my surprise, he just laughed at the absurdity of anyone doubting his standing. Surely he had been at the command of his employer in all things. But—again that absolute faith that he held a position mentally, if not externally, as the equal of any man and superior to most!

Little by little he went among customers, his earnest belief in himself was all he had to offer, other than the other and older men of the company; in ten years he approached his employer as to an equal partnership. Laughed at for his presumption and told to go, he then told how much money he had saved, and again begged for a partnership. Astonished at the large sum—won wholly by commissions on sales—Mr. B. again refused, and my nephew started a rival establishment of his own and carried many of his old customers with him.

His great charm was his good nature; why should he not be happy? He knew he would win, and no disappointment ever daunted him.

To-day he is a pronounced success, though not a millionaire. Often has his former employer confessed his error in refusing his offer. But few know the secret of his often quoted success. It is nothing but faith in himself, expecting his mind to assist daily in making this success.

LYDIA SHERBURNE.

No. 302 Twenty-second street, Denver, Col.
Letter No. 4.

To the New York Magazine of Mysteries.

I saw your offer of \$50.00 to be divided into twelve prizes for the best letters which give true instances where the proper Mental Attitude has brought financial success.

In 1901, I was anxious to gain a position in State Civil Service. I could only get in by passing an examination for the position of officer. It being many years since I was at school I had become "rusty," and from a natural standpoint I feared failure.

I determined to depend upon thought in scientific reasoning. I reasoned continuously the week before my examination, to the effect that I could not fail, as I was entirely surrounded by an element that was helpful, and there was no room for error.

"God is everywhere. God is Love. If God is everywhere, then He is supreme. There was about me, around me, the principle of Love, and I would

find nothing in the examination that would be antagonistic. God is Truth. I would find no false movement, no imposition, etc. God is Life. I would find no source for discouragement. I was surrounded by an Almighty Power—God, who was my Father; therefore, interested in my undertaking, and dealing with me in Love, desiring me to succeed. I could not fail, as I was in the care and embrace of the power for success."

I passed the examination, and was appointed officer in the Western House of Refuge for Women at Albion, N. Y.

Another time in my life I found myself out of employment through the death of my employer. I had saved considerable money, but in one year it was gone. I sold my clock—needing money—and would not worry. I reasoned, "God is all around me—surrounded by nothing but Good, my room rent will be paid, and I shall have food. I will not suffer because surrounded by God, Good, Love, a position will open in time for all needs. I shall succeed and have the means to pay for necessities." One day I received a letter from a lady whom I had not seen for eight years. She said it was strange, but I was on the minds of herself and family so constantly that they couldn't seem to talk of anything else. She begged me to tell her how I was living—candidly, frankly, tell her what my expenses were, etc. I had never hinted to her the pressure I was under. She had known me when I was prosperous, i. e., living with my parents in our own home. I answered her as she requested, and she sent immediate help. Thus I was not disappointed. Knowing that there could be no failure in finances, and thinking "all the gold and silver are His," had brought its reward.

Miss E. V. St. John,

No. 940 Bleeker street, Utica, N. Y.

Letter No. 5.

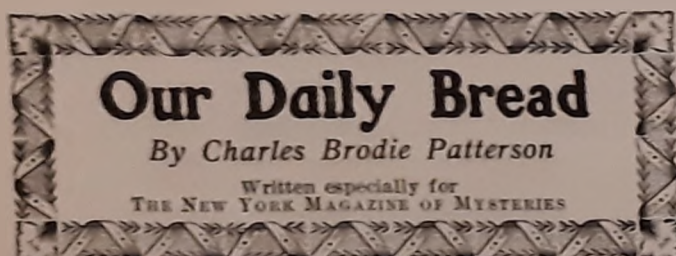
New York Magazine of Mysteries.

I am a member of the Mystic Success Club, and through that and our Magazine am learning how to hold the right Mental Attitude. I am blessed with good proofs of what it will do; came here, secured a good position at fifty dollars per month, and am eight hundred dollars better off than I was six months ago. I now have two good positions offered me which will pay from one hundred and fifty to three hundred dollars per month. I have friends by the score, and everything seems to be coming to me. I believe this brought about by earnest prayer and thanksgiving. I can succeed in every way when my mind is thus uplifted.

Yours fraternally,

O. R. JACKSON,

Newport, Ark.



"Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God."

"Give us this day our daily bread."

HERE is a bread other than that we need to sustain the physical body. In all evolution the development of the ideal—the perfect expression—is the last thing to be evidenced. The ripened fruit marks the close of the season's round. This latest, fullest expression is the epitome of the tree's life; it holds potentially root, branch, leaf and blossom in their entirety.

It is so in all life—in human life. As a matter of fact, no one of us knows himself nor his fellow-man—knows the true purport of his days nor the trend of the great undercurrent of his life. "It doth not yet appear what we shall be." We are all, individually and together, working toward some great end; each and all of us are contributing to the evolution of the great ideal.

The unsatisfied longing, the dumb cravings, the scarce acknowledged impulses—all are the urge, misunderstood and mistaken often enough, of the evolving ideal of the universe. This is why we cannot sit in final judgment even upon ourselves. This is why we should never despair; every end is only another beginning. If our faces are toward the mountain-top, even when we fall, we "fall up hill," as somebody puts it. As well expect to understand the ramification and the entire life of a tree by taking an inch-wide cross-section through the maze of twigs and branches, as to understand the true meaning of another's word or act. Suspension of judgment—even charity—is not only a matter of spiritual insight, it is a matter of plain common sense. We cannot surely know—why waste time and energy in criticism, condemnation or even the laying down of laws that to-morrow's progress must refute?

There must be many successive steps in the attainment of the ideal. Each is only partial; each, at times, comparatively futile. And yet each is essential, each vital in its place.

We are so constituted that we work, or seem to work, in this world from the outside, in. In reality, it is the reverse. It was in the realm of pure spirit that we received our initial impulse, and it is to pure spirit again that we are threading our way back, with ever-increasing spiritual consciousness. At one stage of individual as well as of racial existence the outward, the material, the symbolic seems the all-important. At that stage, it is.

We must thoroughly learn each lesson in its symbolic phase before we can translate it into the realities. We must learn the value and meaning of material food and the value and meaning of its acquisition.

For some of us this takes a lifetime—perhaps many lifetimes. We must learn, too, its valueless-

ness and meaninglessness. This may take more lifetimes. Or we may come to know the whole wonderful message of the symbol and the secret jewel of truth it holds in a few years or even hours of insight—of fidelity to "the light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world."

We think food is necessary to life. And it is—the physical for the physical, the spiritual for the spiritual—in proportion as we centre on the several planes. For many, the acquisition of food and clothes is the great pivotal necessity of existence. Well, there is something to learn even here. Industry, energy, concentration of purpose—all these are worth the lesson. But they must not finally take the place of more real things. Thoreau says, "A man will work a whole year through and a lifetime to feed his body, but he grudges an occasional hour to feed his soul." If only we could once realize it as an economic fact that if we "seek first the kingdom of God, all things shall be added unto us!"

A step higher than the acquisition of purely material things is the effort toward mental development and achievement. We look with admiration upon the heroic struggles a young man makes to secure an education. This, too, is "daily bread" for the mind that is hungry for it. This, too, has its place among the necessities of existence; this, too, contributes to the evolution of character and prepares the way for true spiritual progress. Last in the unfoldment of the life comes the spiritual hunger and its answering fulfillment. But, reverting to the material side of life for a moment again, there are many lessons to be learned and problems to be solved in the matter of "daily bread" besides that of the mere getting of sufficient for oneself.

The matter of daily bread for man and his brother man should mean fellowship and brotherliness, justice and the consideration of the needs of the social organism. From a question of the filling of individual mouths it enlarges to a question of worldwide ethics.

There is now in this world more than enough bread to sustain every creature that comes into it. But this actual abundance is so unevenly distributed that some have more than they can find ways to waste and others have nothing. Despite all our civilization, despite our wonderful industrial and mechanical progress, despite our advances in morality and ethics, life for the great majority is just as hard as it was a hundred years ago. A single man has now the producing power of from twenty to fifty men at that time, and yet the average man has no more than he had then. Many, indeed, have pitifully less.

Living in a world filled with the greatest abundance, thousands and scores of thousands are miserably starving. Under the circumstances in which we live to-day it is only necessary that every adult man and woman between the age of twenty and forty should work two hours of the twenty-four to secure a comfortable competence.

And yet what do we see on every side? Men and women and little children by the thousands toiling unceasingly, hopelessly throughout a life of suffering with starvation staring them in the face at every turn.

Now there is something radically wrong in such a condition of affairs. Why should one man have a hundred breakfasts when he can eat but one? Why should one woman have ten thousand gowns or

their equivalent, when their very putting on and off is a weariness to the flesh, and her fellow-woman at her gate has but a rag perhaps to shield her from the blast of winter? The way the self-centred person looks at life is, "Even if I can eat but one dinner at a time and wear but one suit of clothes, the time may come when I will need others; I must keep something against a rainy day." We forget the lesson of the manna; each day brings the supply for its own needs.

The man whom the world needs—who is giving his best, his all to the world—will be taken care of by the world. We may as well come back first as last to the words of the Master. He spoke with authority:

"Your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things." "All these things shall be added unto you." "Why take ye thought for the morrow?"

All the laws of God are working for our preservation and maintenance. If only we could realize it, not only is no anxious thought necessary, but every thought of doubt and uncertainty works actively and directly against our best interests. If for the space of one year there could be a righteous distribution of material things this unnecessary would be evident to all. Let us then direct our thoughts not in the channels of anxiety, but along the line of justice and equity and love in little things—in the veriest details of life. Then would we be contributing in some measure to this great world-problem of to-day. It is argued by the superficial that as some are stronger or more industrious than others, it is only right they should have a larger share of the material things of this earth, whether they can use or enjoy more or not. But if we for a moment consider the question of the family, we see how unworthy a plea this is.

The elder and stronger brothers and sisters do not gorge themselves, because the younger or frailer have not the strength to wrest their share from them. Even beasts have better ethics than this in the matter of their own. Now for us who see humanity as one and know of a surety that all are members one of another, any plea of superior ability demanding an unequal distribution becomes futile. And he, too, who breaks God's law of equity suffers in the end, equally with him he is now depriving.

"Think truly, and thy thoughts shall the world's famine feed."

The solution of this great problem of daily bread must begin with the impulse of brotherliness, the feeling of love.

This will prompt us to mental activity to devise ways and means of action and to untiring action itself. This will again, in due course, bring about that state of justice and happiness where our oneness with each other and all humanity will be a fact, a realized ideal, and the Kingdom of God will have come upon our earth.

HEART TALKS

By Helen Van-Anderson

Written especially for
THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF
MYSTERIES

AMONG the letters that come to me so many speak of loneliness, of sorrow for lost joys, of longing for the love that is true, that I want to speak a word of comfort and illumination, if I can, on that subject.

In the first place, dear heart, you must realize that your nature is both natural and spiritual, and that at the present time your life is like a stream of consciousness that connects both, yet understands neither. The natural or flesh nature longs for and enjoys the companionship of persons, the possession of things and the varying environments of Nature without seeing anything in them beyond means of enjoyment.

The spiritual nature conceives of and seeks ever to express perfection, wholeness, unity. Until there is understanding, these two will seem opposing each other. Paul expresses it as *the flesh warring against the spirit and the spirit against the flesh*. The consciousness is the battleground, and so life is, in this sense, a series of joys, struggles, disappointments in a whirlpool of emotions.

Now you say, *What does it all mean? Am I not to enjoy my home and my friends and grieve when I lose them?*

Wait, dear. Yes, but you are to learn that *everything means something*. Your enjoyments, your sorrows, your disappointments, your every experience are *signs*. When you learn to interpret them you will be able to master them, and *mastery over self and conditions, mastery over the world, the flesh and the evil* is what you came into the world to attain.

Is this not a splendid thing? See how much larger the meaning of life becomes when you realize that you live not for your self-enjoyment, but your soul expression.

Is not your love greater when it expresses your higher rather than your lower nature, your unselfish rather than your selfish desires?

You answer, *Yes, and it is a supreme happiness to give everything and withhold nothing.*

Do you know why, dear one?

Because your spiritual nature knows no bounds to love. It is Love itself, and blesses infinitely. In the bliss of loving and giving there is happiness. The consciousness is then centred and acting in the spirit. The whole world is beautiful, everything in order, and all things of deformity or ugliness forgotten.

This is a sign. Of what?

Of what you would be and what your relation to the world might be if you could live in the spirit and *love all things and beings by serving and giving*. Yes, your happiness is a sign that love is the fulfilling of the law, a sign of *how good* can "overcome evil," a sign of the universal nature of spirit, which is Love, whether in this form or that.

And your sorrow, of what is that the sign? you ask.

Ah, dear child, it is the sign that your life (consciousness) is centred in your little personal self, which always believes itself separate from the Source of good. It is a sign that you judge from the natural or flesh point of view and believe something is lost and gone from you.

Thinking this to be so, because you have taken the body, rather than the spirit which you cannot see, for the one you love, your heart grieves.

If you will think a little, you will understand that the body, the personality, is but a *temporary garment*, and that your friend (husband, wife or child) is not the garment, but the imperishable, glorious Soul that for a time animates the body, then is taken elsewhere for further and different

experiences, yet is ever the same loving being, whether wearing an earth garment or a heavenly.

Well, but the sorrow of losing the love of a friend or husband or wife who still wears the flesh, you ask, of what is this the sign?

That your idea of love must be enlarged, glorified, that you must realize the difference between natural and spiritual love. The natural is personal, changeable, selfish.

The spiritual is *divine, changeless*, subject neither to time, place nor condition. It can neither be manufactured nor lost. It can only be discovered. It is that which is, a unity now and forever.

Sometimes a husband will seem to grow indifferent, or a wife, and then the one neglected will say, "He [or she] no longer loves me."

Now, remember that I said consciousness is a stream connecting the natural and spiritual. It is sometimes flowing swiftly on the natural plane, sometimes on the spiritual. Until the I understands, there will be much confusion. Influences cause now one kind of thinking, now another. There is vacillation from one point of interest to another. On the natural plane there is turbulence, change, vehemence. On the spiritual, there is abiding peace, joy and a fixed centre. Often the mind will be diverted, the character influenced for a time, by conditions in the personal atmosphere.

So a man or a woman may, like a child, wander into new fields of interest without *at heart* being changed toward the comrade chosen for life. Often business cares, interests and responsibilities absorb a man's attention so completely that he forgets the little courtesies and love signs which came so spontaneously when he was care free; or a woman may become absorbed in her children to the apparent exclusion of her husband. All these things happen and are happening all the time, but more because life is *not understood* than for any other reason.

You, who may have had these conditions to meet, be not discouraged, but seek to *love and express your love* all the more.

Here is your opportunity for mastership. Conquer yourself, your grief, by *doing and serving*. Be your highest, which means, let your consciousness flow from the spirit and thus immerse you in its spiritual purity and grandeur.

If you love spirit, not flesh, you will succeed in bringing back to expression the love which, if true, can only be veiled for a season.

But if yours is the *sorrow for a lost love*—that is, a love that was only a seeming and *not* the reality—it is a sign that you have come to that period in your soul development which means *self-renunciation*, the hardest yet the *grandest battle* of the soul. It is the key that unlocks mysteries. It is the bridge from earth to heaven.

Dear heart, read the signs well and be true.

What are you to do?

Only this—*think, talk and live in the spirit.*

The spirit can lose nothing. The spirit cannot grieve. The spirit is never lonely. The spirit knows no disappointment.

The spirit is of the essence of God, the Father, a child of Love, Life and Joy forevermore.

With words like these in your heart, and spoken often in secret, you will *mount up with wings as eagles; you will walk and not be weary; you will run and not faint.*

Blessed is he that *overcometh, for he shall inherit all things.*

He that layeth down his life for My sake shall find it.

"Near to renunciation—very near—dwelleth eternal peace."

Dear friends, read not only between the lines of this letter, but "within the words."

God's peace is yours. Rejoice and give thanks.

One of the Ministries

A SKETCH FROM LIFE

"I HAD a very cross patient in the hospital that I was attending at one time," said my doctor friend over our frugal meal together.

"That can be no uncommon experience," I remarked.

"Yes, but its finale was, as you shall hear if you like. Poor fellow, he had wounds that required dressing twice a day, and there was literally nothing that I could do to please him. He'd begin grumbling as soon as I was within earshot, and never let up as long as I could hear. It wasn't that he was suffering much. Pain he didn't complain of, but everything was wrong to his notions. If I placed the bandage one way it was, 'Why don't you put it the other?' If I used salve, it would be, 'Why don't you go on with the lotion?' If it happened to be lotion, then would follow, 'I like the salve much better,' and always with a kind of growl.

"My hands were always too hot or too cold; the bandages too slack or too tight—right it never was by any possibility.

"If I'd been of a nervous temperament I couldn't have got through my work at all. As it was I found it a pretty hard job. One morning my patient's growls had been worse than usual, and I felt like giving him a piece of my mind. Knowing that was useless, in a very proper frame I said to myself: 'Slok in!' It was an old Hollander's expression whom I used to know. Under any similar circumstances he would ejaculate under his voice: 'Slok in!' It means 'swallow down,' instead of letting go.

"I had been singing overnight the 'Holy City,' and the strains were flooding through my brain. They took voice almost of themselves, and I found myself singing (not humming) the song:

"Last night I lay a-sleeping,
There came a dream so fair.

"My friend hushed up, and was as gentle as a lamb. So I went on:

"I stood in old Jerusalem,
Beside the Temple there.

"He almost held his breath, so eager was he listening. I went on continuing my work, which I sometimes think I could do with shut eyes. It was finished just as I reached the climax of the song. By that time I was standing on my feet, and I let fling that ecstasy of melody:

"Jerusalem, Jerusalem,
Sing for the night is o'er,
Hosanna in the highest,
Hosanna for evermore.

"I stepped back a foot and looked at my patient. Why, the criss-cross lines were clean gone from his face. His eyes were brightened, and a smile actually playing round his mouth.

"'Doctor,' he said, 'who would ha' thought you could ha' sung like that? You've took all the trouble out of me. Say, will you sing again to-night?'

"To be sure," I answered, 'if other folks don't mind.'

"He collected evidence from the 'other folks' during the day, and as there were no objectors I started in singing as I removed the bandages. We were in a patriotic vein, and we had 'My Country, 'Tis of Thee' and the 'Battle Hymn of the Republic.' Next morning he asked for 'Annie Laurie,' and told me he was born in Scotland, and his mother used to sing it. The 'Land of the Leal' followed, and then 'Robin Adair.'

"Another time we'd have the hymns he'd been used to away back. And the other patients in the ward would call for one and another.

"In fact, there was such a demand for songs of all sorts that I had to look into my repertoire.

"Thank you, doctor, that's good!" meaning both the song and the dressing, was exchanged for the old growl, which never returned as long as he was in the hospital. He got on so much better, too, and his gratitude I shall never forget.

"I tell you, it's a good thing for a man to have that sort of accomplishment if he's a hospital surgeon; it pays."

"There's a line of Lowell's," I said, "your tale reminds me of.

"One of His sweetest charities is music."

"His' with a big H. But there's no reason why it shouldn't have a little one, too, for the like of you to put in practice."

"I feel rather ashamed to think that I never made use of it before, and I mean to keep it up from now on," was his reply.

LOUISA A'HIMUTY NASH.

Joy is the sunshine of the soul,
Grief its showers.
The blending of the two in one
Makes perfect flowers.

There is no being anywhere
That shares not God's great love and care.

Out in the Fields

THE little cares that fretted me,
I lost them yesterday,
Among the fields above the sea,
Among the winds at play,
Among the lowing of the herds,
The rustling of the trees,
Among the singing of the birds,
The humming of the bees.

The foolish fears of what might pass,
I cast them all away
Among the clover-scented grass,
Among the new-mown hay,
Among the husking of the corn
Where drowsy poppies nod,
Where ill thoughts die and good are born—
Out in the fields with God.

—St. Paul's.

When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee, and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee. For I am the Lord thy God.—ISA. xlii, 23.

The Mystic

Success Club

The MYSTIC SUCCESS CLUB stands for the work of helping every individual to find God, his own God-like powers, and his own work. THIS DONE, HE IS BOUND TO SUCCEED.

No Man is Born into the World whose Work is not Born with Him.—LOWELL

HEALTH

That Thy ways may be known on earth, Thy saving HEALTH among all nations, let the people praise Thee, O God; let all the people praise Thee.—Ps. lxxvii. 2-3.

HAPPINESS

HAPPY is the man that findeth wisdom and the man that getteth understanding.—Prov. iii, 13.

PROSPERITY

This book of the law shall not depart out of thy month, but thou shalt meditate therein day and night, that thou mayest observe to do all that is written therein, for then thou shalt make thy way PROSPEROUS, and thou shalt have GOOD SUCCESS.—Josh. i-8.

YOUR success is the beautiful harvest of good seed sown in good soil. It may be you sowed the seed years ago in some generous word or deed that you have forgotten. The following true incident was related by a physician of our acquaintance, and will illustrate this point.

A certain young doctor was one among others to attend a poverty patient in a hospital. The patient was old, friendless and so disagreeable that everybody served him as quickly as possible and then hurried away—everybody except the young doctor. He felt real sympathy for the wretched old man who had only a few weeks to live at most, and he was kind. Tried to cheer and talk with the patient who scarcely ever answered except by a grumble.

One day the old man feebly asked this doctor to take charge of and keep a package of old papers for him. He asked for a pen, and scribbled a few words upon the packet, saying if anything happened the doctor was to keep them for his own, at the same time thanking him for his kindness. Good-naturedly the doctor consented, and hastily tucked the papers away out of sight, thinking merely to humor the old man.

A few days later the patient died, and it was discovered that the papers represented a fortune of \$20,000, which, according to the patient's last wish, finally went to the doctor who had been kind to him.

This was the harvest of a totally unconscious seed sowing.

It is not always the wish for money that brings a harvest. It is the quality of character that makes wishes and words and deeds potent.

Success is yours if you are a success in yourself—i. e., in being and doing that which is noble, admirable, honest and generous. This makes you a magnet, and out of the whole wide world you draw your own to you. Your own of friends, opportunities, work, money, power, position, everything.

This means Health, Happiness and Prosperity.

Are you looking for these, working for them, deserving them?

Then your life must be lived on the Brotherly basis, on the grand foundation of faith in God and faith in man.

This is the bed rock of our teaching in the MYSTIC SUCCESS CLUB. This is the secret of its success. We started the MYSTIC SUCCESS CLUB in connection with OUR MAGAZINE, because we wanted to help every individual to understand and apply the principles of life and living we set forth in the Magazine.

We felt so strongly the need of a clearer understanding of just how to be healthy, happy and prosperous that we used the word Mystic in naming our Club, and Mystic signifies that which is INNER, HIDDEN, SACRED. We know if you truly live the inner Mystic life you cannot fail to express a measure of its fulness and beauty in the outer, so we teach you the law of living it.

When you grow from within out, just as a rose, a stalk of corn or of wheat grows, you will have a harvest of richness commensurate with your own worthiness.

You may have many harvests of Health, Happiness and Prosperity.

If you have faith in God you have faith that every one of His children is equally important; therefore they only need to know their Father and His loving good will to learn to deserve every gift He has for them.

This is what we stand for and what we want to help you to prove: GOD HELPS THOSE WHO HAVE FAITH AND WHO WORK ACCORDING TO THEIR FAITH.

The teachings of the MYSTIC SUCCESS CLUB are very simple—you cannot fail to understand them, and if you are faithful in practice, keeping childlike and sincere in all your efforts, you will soon prove the tree by its fruits. You have only to read the many happy letters we print to see how many are proving.

There are Four Lessons or Degrees which cover the four steps you are expected to take in the work of the Club. To each Degree you are expected to give at least one month's study.

These Four Degrees are called First Degree of Health, First Month.

The Second is the Degree of Receptivity, Second Month.

The Third, Degree of Personal Attractiveness, Third Month.

Fourth, Degree of Realization, Fourth Month.

With each Degree is sent a record blank whereon you are to place your daily report of experiences, study, etc.

In becoming a member of this great Club you are expected to give the very best of your heart to the work, with all the sincerity and eagerness of a little child.

If you do this you cannot fail to be blessed in the results, but you are not to pin your faith to results. Put your faith in God. The Club is a mediator and interpreter, but claims only to help you find God, Whom you may prove to be a very present help in time of trouble.

Seek first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, urges the MYSTIC SUCCESS CLUB, thus repeating the words of the Master. So you, dear Brother, dear Sister, whoever you are, wherever you are, may come into our circle of God lovers and God workers, and help us prove the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of man, both by our faith and our works.

We need you, as you need us, in order to do a greater work collectively than could ever be done individually.

You will realize when you are in the great circle how much unity means.

We do not urge you, but we lay before you the opportunity to join hands with the MYSTIC SUCCESS CLUB, whose object is to show everybody the path to HEALTH, HAPPINESS and PROSPERITY.

As this Club is for Brotherhood and Brotherly help, the conditions for joining have been carefully planned, so that you can join without any difficulty.

The requirements are, four subscriptions to Our Magazine (including your own), which, at one dollar each, makes a total of four dollars for a life membership. This entitles you, without further dues or payments, to all the advantages of the Club. This means, besides the Four Degrees, special messages from time to time, correspondence, counsel and soulful help in every way possible, to suit your special need.

If you are already a subscriber you can get three friends or acquaintances to subscribe. Upon receipt of their names and addresses and the three dollars, we will immediately enroll you as a member, and send you the First Degree and Record sheet with directions for the first month's daily practice.

It takes only a little time each day, but what a wonderful investment of time!

It takes only a little effort moment by moment to live through a beautiful day of beautiful thoughts, but what a wonderful investment of effort!

Health, Happiness, Prosperity! These should be the outer expressions in body, mind and estate of the inner grace of the spirit.

When you are ready, send in your membership subscriptions. Now is the best time, for why should the good, which will

change every aspect of life, be delayed in its ministry? The very effort you make to obtain membership is good for your development, and for whatever you do for your friends you will be greatly blessed.

Count not one aspiration lost, nor any effort a failure, for God is in it all.

Each and every member means added power, strength and opportunity to the individual members as well as the Club, and we will welcome you for the good you will receive yourself, as well as the good you can do for the whole.

We want to help you, as we want you to help us in helping the whole family of God. When you have read and thought over these things that we have said to you about our grand Club and the work it is doing, write and give us a heart message; tell us how you feel about this way of helping our Brothers. Do you not agree with us that success already achieved is the surest basis for further victory?

From North, South, East and West we welcome members who feel that this is the day and hour for doing the great work for the world.

With this writing we send forth a decree that Health, Happiness and Prosperity may be yours in ever increasing and abundant measure.

With love and good will to all the world,

THE MYSTIC SUCCESS CLUB.

Care of THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES,

22 North William street, New York City, U. S. A.

P.S.—When writing kindly inclose stamp for reply.

HEALTH

is God's visible gift,
a whole body, which
is a perfect garment
of the soul :: :: ::

HAPPINESS

is the radiance of joy,
the overflow of a soul
at peace with God and
the world :: :: ::

PROSPERITY

is outward proof of
God's boundless re-
sources within and
without :: :: ::

WHAT OUR CLUB IS DOING

A Few Words From the Many Who Have Received Benefits From the First Degree

Dear Mystic Success Club—Inclosed find my First Degree record sheet, which I have tried to faithfully and conscientiously fill out each day. I wish to express my gratitude for the great help I have received both for body and mind, more especially the latter, as when I began this work I was almost on the verge of nervous prostration from business cares and mental overwork. I had not been able to sleep for months without the aid of powders of some kind, but have NOT TAKEN ONE since I began this work and have not slept so well FOR YEARS, so I feel that I have made good progress, and I wish to thank each and every Brother and Sister who has sent out thought vibrations for good. I am looking forward to my Second Degree for even greater results, as I am sure it will be a great help to me in my business. I cannot say too much in praise of the beautiful MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES; it has been such a help and blessing to me. It is indeed "food for the soul," and I wish that everyone might know its worth.

Hoping to receive my Second Degree blank very soon,

I remain, faithfully yours,
F. E. VOSE HASKELL,
"The Osmond," 103 Liberty street,
Lynn, Mass.

When you have gained so much from the First Degree, you will go forward steadily. We perceive that your faith is great, and this is your surest foundation for the "whatsoever ye shall ask." God speed you, Brother!

Dear Mystic Success Club—I inclose record of First Degree, which may not be as gratifying as you are expecting, but knowing myself as I do, I am well pleased with the progress I have made in ONLY ONE MONTH. I have no especial disease, except what has been diagnosed as muscular neuralgia, which I think very little of except when the pain gets in my head; then I have to think for a little while. But even that is getting better. Yet I am not going to give the Club all the credit for that. THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES comes in for its full share, as my headaches were getting lighter before I joined our Club.

My chief characteristic, I believe, is HURRY AND WORRY. I feel in a hurry most all the time. I work, think, feel and act in a hurry, and of course the little spitfire temper plays its part, and worry; for lack of a better way to express myself I will say I have a fear, or feel a fear, that there is something worse coming. What it is or when it is coming, I do not know. These, my chiefs, are where I have realized the most benefits from the Club. I find my mind is much more calm and peaceful, and I am trying HARD to guard against my habit of worrying, with the result that I find my future disaster disappearing. And the moments and flashlights of joy and peace I get are inexpressible. Now, if you consider me ready for the Second Degree, I will be glad to have it. With love to all,

Most sincerely,
MRS. KATIE TRACY,
Station B, Los Angeles, Cal.

You surely have reason to be encouraged, for to overcome "hurry and worry" is to put your ma-

chine (the body) in order for work of any and all kinds. Yes, Sister, you have made a splendid beginning. Faint not, nor make delay in attaining unto abiding peace.

Dear Mystic Success Club—I have just finished the First Degree of the Club. I have carried out your instructions as best I knew how. I am happy to state it has been a great blessing to me.

When I commenced studying this Degree I had given up all EARTHLY HELP and had been confined to my bed FIVE MONTHS. I thank God and the Club that I am ABLE TO SIT UP NEARLY ALL DAY and work some. I enjoy love, peace and happiness. I hope to get the next Degree soon. With love to all members,

M. A. PEEK,
Romneytown, N. C.

What a splendid victory you have made! We rejoice with you, and hasten to send you our prayers for complete and speedy recovery. Continue in love and happiness, for you have indeed found the true basis of help.

Dear Mystic Success Club—I received my First Degree May 22, finished it yesterday. Inclosed you will find the record sheet. I do want to tell you how wonderful your vibrations came upon me three days before I received the Degree. I told my husband I knew it was on the way to Spokane, for I felt the power before I saw it. Praise God for the Mystic Success Club. I have been a Christian a good many years, and have the gift of seeing visions of God in many different ways; but the gift seemed to get STRONGER SINCE I JOINED THIS BLESSED CLUB.

My health is better in some respects, but somehow my SOUL SEEMS TO ADVANCE TO A HIGHER CLIME with a POWER and STRENGTH beyond my body for health. THE MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES is the most wonderful magazine I ever read. I do hope I am in a condition to receive the Second Degree. Hoping that I may keep in union with the Club, I am,

Yours in holy love,
MRS. EVA L. DANN,
1314 Post street,
Spokane, Wash.

Good! But think of the body as well and sound now. See in your mind's eye the picture of a perfect body. Yes, you are, and will surely keep in touch with the Club as long as you have the happy spirit of love. You have made a good beginning and are ready for the next step.

Dear Mystic Success Club—I inclose my report of the First Degree. My time was up last Tuesday, but I wanted to study it a little longer before I returned my record blank. I am so pleased to say that I have been WONDERFULLY BENEFITED by working this First Degree. I have felt MANY DECIDED CHANGES in my HEALTH, and also can CONTROL MY TEMPER BETTER THAN I EVER COULD. I have had some severe trials this month, but was calm and peaceful through it all. I do not allow anything to worry me now. I have never tired of working this Degree; it has been a pleasure to me. I also love to read the Maga-

zine; it gives me strength and courage. I practice the texts noon and night. Please send me the next Degree. May all the countless blessings of God be with each and every member of the Mystic Success Club is my sincere wish.

Yours in love and truth,
MRS. DORA CONNORS,
1318 Warren street, St. Louis, Mo.

Your letter, Sister, is full of the spirit of joy, and will carry a blessing to all who read it. We rejoice in your happy progress in health and self-overcoming. God bless you!

Dear Mystic Success Club—This night I have finished the First Degree, which I hope will be satisfactory.

The following words of John Ruskin, "Do not think it wasted time to submit yourself to any influence which may bring upon you any noble feeling," led me to join the Mystic Success Club, and I must say that I have been GREATLY BENEFITED.

After receiving the Degree I read it several times, and in a few days I had committed to memory the seven thoughts; also the thoughts under the heading of "Bible Bread," and am receiving much help from them.

I will close with thankfulness in my heart for the help I have received, and with love and good will toward all, especially those who belong to our Club.

Hoping to hear from you soon, but until I do I shall continue to go over the Degree I have, the same as usual.

"I had fainted, unless I had believed to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living" (Psalms xxvii, 13).

With best wishes, I am,
Yours very sincerely,
J. A. MCKENZIE,
P. O. Box 998, Denver, Col.

Your childlike and willing spirit, Brother, makes you not only able to receive but to attract good influences and wise teaching. The Bible Bread is a true supplement to the Club teachings. We are glad to know you are using it. Be ye steadfast in good works.

Dear Mystic Success Club—I have here inclosed my record of my First Degree. I am perfectly delighted with the progress I have made, and I must say that I never have been more successful. My health is better, mind more peaceful. I have a friend who reads the Magazine and does not speak to me, and of course it worries me. Otherwise everything is all well. It is impossible to tell you the benefit I have received already, and I have not time nor space to say what I could say. I have made out my report to the best of my ability, and if it is all right please send me my Second Degree.

Yours for success,
MRS. KATE PHENIX,
2006 East Chincapin street, Austin, Tex.

Do not be troubled about your friend. As you continue to live in joy and peace your friends will all feel your silent influence and desire to be social and pleasant. A heart of love and a smile of joy will dispel every cloud.

MYSTIC SUCCESS CLUB TESTIMONIALS FOR SECOND DEGREE

Dear Mystic Success Club—Inclosed find the report of Second Degree. The last month has been a very happy one; have been blessed in many ways. I felt that I was really walking in the highways, for it seemed that nothing was hard for me. The heat did not touch me; I cooked in the kitchen and worked with perfect ease, and felt like singing praises to God. I often awoke with singing in my heart. Truly God is working through you to bring peace on earth.

For the last month I feel from my heart to say silently to each one I meet, "God loves you with an everlasting love," and some who were sick are now well and seem so changed in disposition. I ask your prayers that I may be able to help others as I am helped. May my mind always be such that God can speak to me and through me the Truth. How many opportunities we have to work for good when our mind is pure and clean! I am so thankful that I am a member of the Club.

My eyes are better than they have been for years, for which I am so thankful. God bless all.

MARY GRATIAN,
Applegate, Cal.

How radiant your spirit, and how you scatter blessings, dear Sister! It is a beautiful thing to do, to "say silently to everyone you meet, 'God loves you with an everlasting love.'" We commend the practice to all our members.

Dear Mystic Success Club—I CANNOT tell you how I love the Degrees and the wonderful INSIGHT into things that SEEMS TO GROW. These last three weeks that I have been waiting for my Third Degree I have gone on steadily with my dear Second one; the results are quite wonderful. I think I told you I had trials at home in a trying stepdaughter, but since my joining the Club she has become much kinder; also other complications smooth themselves out, as I put them into the Father's hands and leave them there. Indeed, I cannot thank you enough for the help given. I tell EVERYONE I can of your lovely Magazine, etc. I lend it everywhere I can. With my warmest thanks,

Yours faithfully,
MRS. A. WAYNE,

Willey Rectory, Broseley-Shropshire, England.

Yes, you may expect your insight to grow and all manner of new powers to unfold when you so joyously and faithfully and lovingly practice the Degrees. You may expect all complications to "smooth themselves out" when you let the Great Father have charge of all your affairs. We are happy in your happiness. Bless you!

Dear Mystic Success Club—I herewith send my Second Degree. Words fail to express my heartfelt thanks for this month's blessings in business and health, both mental and physical. I worked my Degree for thirty days, according to your instruction, and it has LIFTED ME UP out of the ruts of failure. I see now as I never did before. I have more love for God and all His creatures. I never can thank God and the Club enough for what I have received. This has been the busiest month of my life. I seemed to be led by unseen forces. Good has come to me unthought of, unlooked for, since I have put my WHOLE trust in God. I feel now that I am the child of the Father; I am a better man EVERY WAY. I ask the prayers of the Club and all members that I may REACH THE HIGHEST flights of my ambitions for good. Hoping that my report will be satisfactory and that I may receive the Third Degree in due time,

Yours in Faith and love,
S. V. LEE,
R. F. D. No. 1, Benson, N. C.

Thank you, Brother, for your good letter. It is filled with the Spirit of your earnest life. God bless you!

Dear Mystic Success Club—I now send my report for the Second Degree. It has been a MONTH OF HAPPINESS to me, for I have now that peace that passeth all understanding. I don't get angry or fret any more, and the greatest of blessings is I DON'T WORRY OR HURRY at ANYTHING. I have simply let go, and feel at last I AM FREE. My home is a home of Love. From morning until night I have experienced great BENEFITS FROM THE DEGREES. I HAVE MORE LOVE FOR EVERYONE, more hope and more courage. I feel very thankful that my husband has been permitted to join with me, and he finds the First Degree has helped him. The Degrees help us with our FAMILY WORSHIP.

Yours cordially,
MRS. MARTHA BOSSON,
1122 Lincoln Avenue, Pittsburg, Pa.

How good it is to know that your husband is working with you! Together you will accomplish much.

Dear Mystic Success Club—Inclosed please find record sheet for Second Degree, filled out as near as I was able to work it conscientiously. The Sec-

ond Degree is JUST GRAND and very inspiring. I am much benefited by it. Although I have not been perfect in working it out, I know I am made perfect by degrees, NOT ALL AT ONCE. Praise God for the light that is growing brighter.

Hoping to receive the THIRD Degree in due time, I am,

Your Sister in the Faith of God,
MRS. EVA L. DUNN,
1314 Post street, Spokane, Wash.

By patient, day-by-day living you will grow toward the beautiful, perfect. Do your best. God bless you, Sister!

Dear Mystic Success Club—I was in poor health for years; the doctors and medicine gave me only temporary relief. I was so depressed and discouraged when I began to work out the First Degree that I could hardly hold a thought, my mind was so disturbed. But NOW I am GRADUALLY GROWING STRONGER AND BETTER. It has been a perfect Godsend to me. In different ways it has led me out of darkness into light. Things that once troubled and perplexed me have ceased to do so, and I shall do all I can for our Magazine and our blessed Club, hoping some time to be able to make others as happy as the Mystic Success Club has made me. I have not worked my Second Degree as faithfully as I ought, having been away from home some of the time, but have now finished it. Hoping to hear from you soon, I remain,

Yours truly,
MRS. ALTHA A. BERRY,
Morrill, Me.

Your letter carries with it your conviction of faith. We are glad indeed to note the deep undercurrent of your daily life. Keep on with courage.

GLAD WORDS FROM THOSE WHO HAVE PRACTICED THE THIRD DEGREE

Dear Mystic Success Club—I have just finished my Third Degree. I hope it will pass, as I have done the best that I could. Your teachings have brought me out of the Slough of Despond.

Am enjoying good health for one of my age. I will be seventy-five years old next March. I do all of my work for three of us, two sons and myself, and am better than I ever expected to be, thank God.

Yours in Truth,
MARY E. DEWEY,
Waterbury, Conn.

What a glimpse you have given of the beauty and ripeness of years that make you young, instead of old. Yes, to read that you have come out of the Slough of Despond, means just this, that you are joyous and grateful, and this draws the strength of the Spirit into your body. God bless you for your sweet letter.

Dear Mystic Success Club—I inclose record of my Third Degree. I have been a long time studying this Degree, but I have enjoyed it all so much, every ONE MORE and MORE. I have had a busy summer, but a blessed one—the happiest I ever had.

I am so grateful to God for sending me these blessings, and nothing can take away the deep love of God in my soul which I have learned through our Magazine and our Club.

I can see each day His hand in all my doings, and I trust Him for all things. One blessed thing I am learning is to lose all fear and worry, and just live one day at a time. I say, "Dear Lord, just keep me, guide me, love me, just for to-day." And He always does.

I hope my record is worthy, so I may have the Fourth Degree. If this letter can help any dear brother, you may print it. I have gained so much in Personal Magnetism. It is truly love to All.

With love and best wishes to all members of the Success Club,

I am your Sister,
IDA L. LEVERTON,
Falmouth, Mass.

Your letter, dear Sister, breathes forth the warmth of your faith, and will be a bright light to many a soul. To learn to live "one day at a time" is to find the secret of a happy life. Your trust and devotion are truly inspiring.

Dear Mystic Success Club—Inclosed find my report of the Third Degree. I have worked it faithfully, and have enjoyed it so very much. I finished it (the report) about a week ago, but have been working the Degree right along, and will keep on till the Fourth one comes. I can't tell how happy I have been since I began with the First Degree. The world has seemed to be changed, everything seems so different. I have peace and joy that I never dreamed of.

With love for all, I am,
Your Sister,
MINA DE LAMATER,
Gay's Mills, Wis.

It is your faithful practice of the beautiful truth in your daily life, Sister, that has made the changes. God bless you!

Dear Mystic Success Club—I have finished my

Third Degree. I am GAINING IN HEALTH AND STRENGTH every day, mentally and physically.

God bless our Club and our Magazine!

E. J. CURTIS,
Jordan Valley, Ore.

Gaining in health and strength! How much that means, Brother. Surely you have great cause to rejoice that the outward signs follow the inward grace, so soon. God bless you!

Dear Mystic Success Club—After some delay I have finished my Third Degree. My life has been very full the past six weeks of what USED to seem trouble, care and distress, but is now changed to a GLORIOUS CALM. The test is true. These Degrees are a GREAT HELP. First, they are the key which opens the door to Hope and Patience, and they make you right with yourself and everyone else. You begin to realize the great meaning of Life.

Sincerely yours,
MRS. DAISY WYCKOFF,
82 School street, Everett, Mass.

You have told a life story in your brief letter, dear Sister—the story of a life lived in the darkness, and of one that is beginning to be lived in the light of the new, beautiful day. Bless you for your good words of courage and peace. They will help many.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT THE FOURTH DEGREE

Dear Mystic Success Club—Since working out my Fourth Degree I have realized some wonderful and blessed changes in many ways. I feel much brighter and better and happier than ever before. I am quite different to what I was a few months ago, and go to my work so light-hearted. I am now well and happy, and it is surprising how much seems to come to me in the way of kindness and success. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me and all others in all the days of our life.

God bless you all.

MRS. ELIZABETH VOELKEL,
Care Mrs. Rosenheim,
Madison avenue, near First avenue,
Springlake, N. J.

As ye sow, so shall ye reap. You will have a harvest of all good things, dear Sister, for your spirit is trusting and joyous.

Dear Mystic Success Club—Inclosed please find Fourth Degree record blank. I have followed the instruction to the best of my ability, but I fear you will think I have made slow progress. Perhaps I may begin again at the beginning and work through them again.

I am a DIFFERENT MAN NOW THAN I WAS A FEW MONTHS AGO. I am in BETTER HEALTH and ENJOY LIFE better, but I don't think I realize all my ideal, and hope. I ask you to keep me in mind of my Heavenly Father while I am going through the Degree again. May God bless you, Brothers and Sisters! Help me to be what I should be. With love to you all.

I am yours in love,
F. B. RICH,

148 Dundas street, West, Toronto Junction, Ont.

God bless you, Brother! That is the beauty of truth; you can always find greater heights and deeper depths. So, Brother, you will gain more and more as you work the Degrees again, and many times. Our prayers are with you.

Dear Mystic Success Club—The Magazine and the four little books of degrees are full of helpful encouragements. I am glad that I am one of the favored ones to have them for my own. NEW STRENGTH, NEW HOPE and COURAGE are in every page, and a realization of the beauty and truth of an old hymn has come to me over and over:

The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want;
He maketh me down to lie
In pleasant fields, where the lilies bloom,
And the river runneth by.

The Lord is my Shepherd. He leadeth me
In the midst of a dreary land;
But lest I should in the darkness slip
He leadeth me by the hand.

The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want;
On Him my mind is stayed,
And though I walk through the valley of death,
I shall not be afraid.

The Lord is my Shepherd; O Shepherd sweet!
Suffer me not to stray;
But lead me safe to the Heavenfold,
And keep me there, I pray.

Your beautiful "message" is here with its words of eternal truth.

I thank you.

MARY J. SQUIRES,
33 Chestnut street, Lockport, N. Y.

As soon as the soul is awake, all things become new, and words of spiritual truth wherever found shine with new and precious lustre. So with this hymn. You are living its beauties every moment, and they grow more true and real.

Thank you for giving us the words, for others to enjoy. God bless you!

If you are living up to the teachings of our Club, you will count yourself young as the years go by. The spirit never grows old.

As Hale at 81 As a Boy of 21

DR. F. S. MCNAMARA ATTRIBUTES WONDERFUL HEALTH TO CORRECT HABITS. CELEBRATES BIRTHDAY

HALE and hearty, with the light step of a man of twenty-five and the carriage of a soldier, Dr. F. S. McNamara has just celebrated his eighty-first birthday. He wears a long white beard which gives him a venerable appearance, but those who know him feel that the doctor is still a young man.

"I attribute my excellent health not to drugs and medicines, but to my correct habits of living," said the doctor. "I live as much as possible out of doors, and during the summer months from early in the spring until late in the fall my family lives in the pavilion you see on the south side of the house."

Dr. McNamara came to Milwaukee in 1861, and has lived in the same house at 580 Broadway ever since. At that time the house was at the top of a slope which continued to the river. Since then the hill has been cut away and the result is that Dr. McNamara's premises have a fortified appearance, being from 10 to 15 feet above the street and surrounded by a stone retaining wall. The doctor was born in Dublin, Ireland, in 1821. He came to America when he was 27, and settled in Pittsburg as a practicing physician. He became a pupil of Ralph Waldo Emerson, who at that early day gave lectures to students and practicing physicians for the modest fee of 50 cents a lecture. Dr. McNamara holds the memory of his teacher very dear and often speaks with pride of the man, that the fame of the intellectual world could not spoil.

Dr. McNamara came West in 1854 and settled in Ottawa. In 1859 he removed to Madison. Two years later he came to Milwaukee, and has lived here ever since. He has seen the city grow from 60,000 to its present size of 300,000 people. He has the history of the city at his fingers' ends. A number of his friends gathered at his home Wednesday evening to congratulate him on his eighty-first birthday.

The above was sent us by Dr. McNamara himself, who is one of our Success Club members.

At the end of his letter he says: "I am now in my eighty-fifth year."

TO OUR MEMBERS

You will notice a little change in our arrangement this month of the testimonial letters. We have given you reports from members respectively in the First, Second, Third and Fourth Degrees. You will notice these letters show the same general state of development, and that the statements in the Fourth Degree have apparently gone no further than those in the First or Second.

You wonder why this is. Firstly, because every human being is in some respects like a seed, and as it is the nature of some seeds to be slower in growth and development than others, some will not understand until the Fourth Degree what others grasp and experience in the First. Secondly, because the wonderful change called being "born of the spirit" is indeed a change that cannot be known or understood from the standpoint of the flesh. The spirit and its mysteries Jesus compared to the wind "*that bloweth where it listeth and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth.*" So is everyone that is born of the spirit."

Do you see, then, dear Brothers and Sisters, that this whole matter of spiritual progress is peculiar to the individual? You cannot compare your growth or experience with another because you may develop more slowly and require different conditions.

We want you to think carefully upon these things, because you will then understand that the instruction set forth by the MYSTIC SUCCESS CLUB is like food on a table, to be appropriated by each one and adapted to his or her particular needs without regard to the effect upon anyone else.

The *main thing* and the *one thing* we emphasize above all is that you be faithful *each and every day* to the Degree teachings, just as you drink water and eat bread and butter every day.

You never question what particular effect the water and bread and butter have on other persons, but you take it for granted that the *general* result will be good, healthy, well-sustained bodies. In the same way, Beloved, are you to *drink of the water of life* and *eat the bread of God every day for yourself*. You are to live moment by moment as in the presence of God, and spend no time comparing your condition with your brothers who seem better nourished.

In Nature the seed eats of the sustenance and drinks of the moisture of the earth without a question as to *when* it will reach the light and open its heart to the world. It blooms and fruits in the *right* time, because it is true to the law of its individual growth.

So you, dear hearts, will surely grow into the world of light and beauty and abundance as soon as you *eat and drink and grow in your own way and place*.

Health, Happiness and Prosperity are as bud, blossom and fruit to the child of God who has found his place and inheritance in the kingdom which is to come and is now on earth.

Our Voluntary Help Fund

AN AUXILIARY TO THE MYSTIC SUCCESS CLUB

THE VOLUNTARY HELP FUND is really the outlet for your desire to ACTUALLY HELP your brothers and sisters who need a temporary lift along the road.

There are many such, and a friendly loan with the understanding that it will be returned when possible, in order to do other service to still other ones who need, is often JUST THE BRIDGE that permits them to walk over the river of poverty, to the other side.

Jesus said: THE POOR YE HAVE ALWAYS WITH YOU, and by these he meant the crippled, the helpless, the suffering ones, whether from age or sickness or accident.

To us, these are the "little ones" to whom we can give a cup of cold water.

As we told you in the September number of our Magazine, we would START THE WORK by donating 20 per cent. of our Club membership fees for the month of September, AND WE ARE CONTINUING TO DO SO.

In addition to this some have sent contributions, so that we have made a START in the good work.

But, remember, this is YOUR WORK, dear Members, and this is YOUR OPPORTUNITY. Do what you can NOW to help swell the VOLUNTARY HELP FUND, for winter is coming on, and we must be able to give OUR MITE when it may be most needed.

This is a work for ALL, and we gladly accept donations from anyone who volunteers whether he or she be a member of the Club or not.

Only bear in mind, the success of this work depends upon YOU and the way in which each co-operates with all.

Of the grateful letters received from those we have been able to help thus far, here is one which will show the blessedness of the grand work:

DEAR SUCCESS CLUB:

Your favor received with a grateful heart; many thanks. I shall return the amount as soon as possible. I shall do all that I possibly can for the interest of "Our Club" to increase its membership, and get more subscribers to our Magazine, and look after renewals, and new members, and try to be a benefit to the Whole.

I echo "God bless the Success Club."

Fraternally yours,

Now, Brothers, Sisters, carefully read CARROL'S CONVERSION and you will see there how much can be done through the Voluntary Help Society and in how many ways you can be Voluntary Helpers. Absorb the spirit of Carrol's work and see how much of it you can put into the work for the VOLUNTARY HELP FUND of our Mystic Success Club.

THE SPIRIT OF THANKSGIVING



NO day of all the days in the year can be just like the dear old New England Thanksgiving Day, which began in an overflow of thankfulness from four earnest men on great Plymouth Rock two hundred and eighty-four years ago.

The very fact that these and their families and friends had braved many obstacles, seen many perils, and still faced many dangers in a new and unknown world, brought them a sense of nearness and kinship that even to this day makes Thanksgiving a time of family reunions and the expression of the dearest of friendship's ties. It is a day set apart for worship and for family joys. This makes it unique among the holidays. It is essentially a feast of reverential and deep, inner affections.

It has due regard for the spiritual and the material life, and weaves the sentiment of thanksgiving and joy into a feast for both.

To glance backward for a view of the old New England Thanksgiving of a few generations ago we will realize how well this early spirit of reverence and family unity has been preserved.

It was said nearly fifty years ago that ten thousand people from New York City alone returned to their old New England homes in order to enjoy Thanksgiving with the dear ones of childhood and youth.

To-day that number is increased by many thousands, yet the spirit of Thanksgiving grows apace, and now in every State and at every hearthstone there is expression of the Thanksgiving spirit both in universal and private unions.

Look at the comfortable house of the pioneer as it stands in the clearing made by his own hands there in the midst of the thick forest of pines. It represents the countless services and sacrifices of parents for children, of neighbor for neighbor. In mute but stirring language it gives the clue to why the old home is the dearest place in the world, why the children who left its sheltering roof freighted with memories more precious than gold go back with love and yearning for Thanksgiving Day.

The children worked and played with the parents, suffered with them, sacrificed and rejoiced and shared with them.

This is the secret both of the reverence and unity underlying the Thanksgiving feast.

But come, let us put on the fairy cloak and go back a hundred years or so to the old homestead where we may take part in a real old-time Thanksgiving.

We arrive the night before the great day. A hearty greeting awaits us, and we are ushered into the warm old kitchen where most delicious odors greet our eager nostrils. A rolicking, jolly evening, a delightful sleep in the old feather bed, the morning with

its foretaste of good things for breakfast, and then its family prayers, without which no day can begin properly, but especially Thanksgiving Day.

Each person, old and young, must read two verses of Scripture, and then, all kneeling, grandfather prays.

His solemn old voice firmly declares in the course of his prayer that:

"It is both the duty and the privilege of a Christian people to recognize their obligations to the bountiful Giver of all good, and to recognize the fresh and continued evidence of the Divine favor and forbearance during the past year."

Then we get into the devotional spirit of Thanksgiving and feel duly thankful for all our blessings which are elaborately enumerated as we listen.

Later, grandfather tells us thrilling stories of his escapes during the Revolutionary War, of his perilous journeys up in the woods of Maine and of his flights from the British, who chased him through the wilderness to Boston.

Grandmother, stately and grave, but very loving and earnest in manner, tells us something of the true meaning of Thanksgiving, and that it ought always to be kept as a religious festival. She says it was originally suggested by the Hebrew feast of Tabernacles, and was kept in Europe sometimes, even before America was discovered. Then she tells how they kept Thanksgiving in Leyden, Holland, on October 3, 1575, to celebrate the first anniversary of that city's deliverance from the siege. Then she repeats the story of the *Mayflower*, which is always dear and beautiful and very interesting, and we can see with pitying clearness in our mind's eye the great ship, the Rock, the little group, with the few kernels of corn and all the bareness of their Thanksgiving meal.

But hark! Here comes news from the kitchen from which we have been strenuously debarred all the morning. Patience Hopeful breaks in with the news that "a big fire has broken out in the brick oven, and that there are six puddings filled with plums, and that Lady Jane Grey, Queen Elizabeth and Marie Antoinette, with their heads cut off, are being dressed for dinner!"

A mad leap is made for the kitchen, but grandmother firmly restrains us and declares it is time to get ready for church.

When the grown-up visitors are all equipped, it is discovered that a juvenile delegation is starting on in advance, perched, hatless and coatless, on the back of a cunning little pony about three and a half feet high, who belongs to one of the party.

We are all tiptoe with fun and boisterous laughter, and very

reluctantly obey the order to dismount and get properly ready for the journey to the sacred edifice.

The oval-shaped ears of the pony, which have been standing up straight as church spires, seem to fall disappointedly as he feels us, one by one, sliding off his back.

But every trace of mirth or irreverence must disappear from our faces.

So here we go in solemn state up the hill to the old meeting-house, where we find its pews like square boxes with seats facing each other. All the children must sit facing their parents and with their backs to the minister. It seems a little hard on the children, but they are used to it, even though to-day it seemed like a punishment not to be able to crane around and see the leader of hymns brandishing his enormous tuning fork.

But we must listen to the Thanksgiving sermon, for we will be catechised when we get home—and before dinner.

What an outpouring of Thanksgiving! How many things to be thankful for, how many people, public and private, to be remembered! It seems beautiful to have so much to enjoy and to feel so thankful for, doesn't it? And we are a little closer to God, as well as each other, when the service is over.

We go back to the savory odors of the house again at last, and grandmother begins to ask us questions about the sermon.

We sit in the background facing the fireplace. We gaze into the cheery fire and remember some things we heard, and we vie in telling as many as we can. But we are glad when grandmother begins to tell us about the early Thanksgivings, for this is the prelude to a riotous search for information of a very different kind.

We are itching to investigate the iron kettles of various shapes

and sizes in which are boiling and stewing most mysterious and alluring contents.

Presently steaming pies of mince, apple and pumpkin will come from the brick oven, together with several kinds of puddings; chickens roasting before the fire in a movable tin bake oven look very appetizing, and our mouths water as we look.

The turkey, the chicken pie and all the rest of the savory New England dinner is for this fairy occasion at least a reality.

We sit down at the loaded table, we linger long, stuffing to the last, but we must stop soon in order to be able to enter into the evening play with father, mother, uncles, aunts, cousins and, last but not least, with children of all sizes.

We play "Blindman's buff," "My ship has come from India," "Pussy wants a corner" and other games till we are ready for the nine o'clock repast of tea, cake, pie, fruit and nuts, which is served as generously as though the whole day had been a fast instead of a feast.

We have had a good time, and we are unutterably full of good things, good thoughts and good memories.

Take the fairy cloak and put it on the shelf. We are back again in the glorious present, but we can all pray the universal prayer of a wonderful past in which was said:



"ITS PEWS LIKE SQUARE BOXES WITH SEATS FACING EACH OTHER"

"Let there be thanksgiving and prayer to Almighty God for the abundant harvest and the blessings of health and peace with which the year has been crowned. Let there be prayer for a continuance of all the tender mercies and the watchful care which have been divinely granted to us in the past."



"WE SIT DOWN AT THE LOADED TABLE"

FAITH

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox

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I WILL not doubt, though all my ships at sea
Come drifting home with broken masts and sails;
I shall believe the Hand which never fails
From seeming evil worketh good for me;
And though I weep because those sails are battered,
Still will I cry, while my best hopes lie shattered,
"I trust in Thee."

I will not doubt, though all my prayers return
Unanswered from the still, white Realm above;
I shall believe it is an all-wise Love
Which has refused those things for which I yearn;
And though at times I cannot keep from grieving,
Yet the pure ardor of my fixed believing
Undimmed shall burn.

I will not doubt, though sorrows fall like rain,
And troubles swarm like bees about a hive;
I shall believe the heights for which I strive
Are only reached by anguish and by pain;
And though I groan and tremble with my crosses,
I yet shall see, through my severest losses,
The greater gain.

I will not doubt; well anchored in the faith,
Like some staunch ship, my soul braves every gale,
So strong its courage that it will not fail
To breast the mighty unknown sea of Death.
Oh, may I cry when body parts with spirit,
"I do not doubt," so listening worlds may hear it,
With my last breath.

OUR IDEAL HOME

PARENTHOOD—"The heart of it is Love—the end of it is peace and consummation sweet—obey."

The Home—A Symbol

By Jean Kenworthy

"FAMILY life! Family life! Who shall fathom thy depths? Who shall declare thy meaning? Thou art the Temple wherein the flame of Divinity is kept alive and burning. Thou art more than school and church. Thou art greater than all the institutions which necessity has called into being for the protection of life and property. In the foundation of every new family, the great Infinite Father, eternally working for the welfare of the human race, speaks to man through the Heaven He has opened in the hearts of its founders"—so sang Froebel as he glorified the home circle by his devotion to and faith in this God-given centre for human development. And to-day, at our Thanksgiving season, we realize with a new sense of gratitude and understanding how dear our own family life is and what it means to us.

What was the first preparation in the old Colonial days as well as in our own time? Has it not always meant the gathering together of relatives? Sons and daughters travel miles to spend a few hours under the old roof-tree with father and mother and each other; where the family has been broken up by time and change, those remaining gather together in the happy fellowship of mutual interest, the absent ones are tenderly spoken of and the mystic circle is complete in its beautiful, golden bond, for in the Spirit there is no separation.

What does this mean, why do we yearn for these dear relations that can only be realized in the home circle?

The bachelor man or the bachelor maid may build never so beautiful and artistic a dwelling-place, but when the Thanksgiving day dawns, cold and clear, the frosty air and leafless trees bring back to the mind the picture of the old homestead and all the beauty and charm of mere things fade into nothingness in the ache that cries out for human companionship, and not only merely human companionship but the nearness of those who understand. Ah, that is the point. The home folks understand. They know the whole story from the first awakening of dreams and ideals. They know how you have struggled to conquer the weaknesses and how bravely you have builded with the material at hand. That oneness of purpose and steadfast co-operation has brought you into a relation that nothing can ever destroy.

We can see just a glimpse of the great brotherhood the Father symbolizes in the human family when we look beneath the surface and analyze the matter. Fundamentally, at heart, we are all the same. Our aspirations, if sifted, are of the same quality, we understand each other because we understand ourselves and only to that extent; but God sees the whole plan of our lives. He reckons not from last week or last year. He sees us as growing plants. Knowing our origin and equipment, He knows the ultimate result we are to and can attain; so He condemns not our present failures, for He knows they will urge us onward to future success. Do we not find this shadowed forth in the family circle? Back to the loving, enfolding embrace goes the weary, discouraged one who has done battle with the outer world and, for the time, failed. He receives no word of blame or harsh criticism, for they understand, and he is strengthened by their faith and sympathy to take up the struggle again with a new determination to win, and when the victory finally is won, it is in the bosom of the family that the greatest joy is experienced; for who could be so proud or delighted as the loved ones at home?

Love, forbearance, sweetness, loyalty and faith spring into life in the home circle, and these we all know are not confined to ties of blood only. Where-

ever these qualities are found and the desire truly held, a home centre can be established. So as we gather around our Thanksgiving board this year, let us recognize the great principle that lies enfolded in this beautiful, satisfying, Divine institution, and as ever, the harmony and completeness of the whole that lie in the quality of the individual members.

"It remains forever true
That those relations of man to man
Reveal to us the relations of
God to man and man to God."

Graciousness

Who takes in love a little child's poor offering,
With gracious word that in the child's heart lives
Through after years, like some sweet strain of music,
Is not less great of soul than she who gives.

Anna Perkins Chandler.

Good Night Kiss

Oh, mothers so weary, discouraged,
Worn out with the cares of the day,
You often grew cross and impatient,
Complain of the noise and the play;
For the day brings so many vexations,
So many things go amiss.
Mothers, whatever may vex you,
Send the children to bed with a kiss.

The dear little feet wander often,
Perhaps, from the pathway of right;
The dear little hands find mischief
To try you from morn until night;
But think of the desolate mothers
Who'd give all the world for your bliss.
As thanks for your infinite blessings,
Send the children to bed with a kiss.

For some day their noise will not vex you;
The silence will hurt you far more.
You will long for the sweet children voices,
For a sweet, childish face at the door;
And to press a child's face to your bosom
You'd give all the world for just this.
For the comfort it will give you in sorrow,
Send the children to bed with a kiss.

Nellie L. Harvey.

We should strive to be progressive in the formation of character, as well as in the more ordinary pursuits of life, and each day grow stronger and better able to smile at the lesser evils that beset our paths; to look at them calmly and philosophically, and so extract all the good we can from them, and profit from the experience and the lessons they undoubtedly present to all who are willing to search for them, and to look upon the bright side of everything instead of weakly succumbing and caviling at every ill.

You will find it less easy to uproot faults than to choke them by gaining virtues. Do not think of your faults, still less of others' faults. In every person who comes near you look for what is good and strong. Honor that, rejoice in it, and, as you can, try to imitate it, and your faults will drop off like dead leaves when their time comes.—Ruskin.

"The fearful and the unbelieving" are condemned by the scriptures and rightly are classed among those who are cast down. You have no right to doubt the spiritual self that is ever striving for the Godlike, and you have no reason to fear anything save sin. It is a Divine injunction: "Be strong, and again I say unto you, be strong."

The Power of Faith in the Home

It was the home of a wholly devoted wife and mother, and of a kind, upright husband and father, and still not a haven of peace and happiness. Far otherwise! Four bright, healthy children lived there. Still it was not a place of joy. Why not? Just because the spirit of fear prevailed—the habit of worry.

Thus went on, through all the troubled days, the gentle but querulous voice of the housemother: "Edward, I am afraid Ned is coming down with a fever. His tongue is badly coated." "Walter, don't bring in any mud on your shoes. You will spoil the sitting-room carpet." "Elsie is not home yet, and it is five o'clock. I told her to hurry. Something must have happened. Maybe she's been run over. Walter, run to the window and watch for your sister." "Edward, aren't you afraid that new manager will make changes? What should we do if you should lose your position, with the winter coming on?"

And so on, all through the long summer days and the long winter evenings. There were fears of sickness and danger, fears of robbery and fire, fears over matters great and small, from death or dishonor in the family to the misfit of a pair of gloves; fears ever changing, but never ceasing and never shifting into peace or flashing into radiant hope.

And thus a sweet and sensitive nature lost its joy of life, and a righteous home its comfort and children their birthright of gladness. All this till the happy day when the light broke, and the mother learned the truth which set her free.

Her deliverance came through sorrow. The first-born son was taken ill—diphtheria. As the child lay at the crisis, in the deadly grip of his disease the mother's remorseful thoughts yearned back to the childish joys he had missed. Care of the body—that had always been scrupulously his—comfort and protection, too. But the more precious things, glad companionship, understanding, sympathy, these had been wanting. Her anxieties had stood in the way of so many boyish pastimes, had checked so many innocent wishes and plans. And now what if all young delights were over for him! If God would only let her make it up!

A few hours passed and there came from the physician's lips the glad words, "He will live." A flood of joy and penitence filled the mother's soul.

Glad Bible words came to her mind, "My high tower is He." "Behold, I say unto you, 'Rejoice.'"

In grateful resolve, she renounced her troubled, faithless life, and trustingly as a child, with a prayer, she turned toward the better way.

That was the hour of dawn for the mother and the home. Months passed before she and her dear ones learned to walk in the full light of faith and joy. The ghosts of the old worries sometimes returned, but they were resolutely chased away, and the sunshine came back in their stead. "Mama" never worries now, and she is rarely too busy or too tired. Why should she be, for hers are little willing helpers and the rest of the spirit. And all, father, mother and children, rejoice in to-day, untroubled by the dread of to-morrow.

E. C. Webber.

Afterglow

DEEM no life ill spent,
Or lived in vain,
That ever by a word or look
Has eased some heart of pain
As drop by drop the brooklet flows
Into the boundless sea,
So grows and goes a loving word
Into Eternity;
Lingering there a beckoning star
Of dazzling radiance fair,
Till placed upon an angel's brow—
To gleam forever there

For the Children

How the Twins Gave Thanks

"Look, Dolly! see the fine things the groceryman is taking next door—oh, do look, Dolly!"

"Yes, Bess, I see. Isn't that just the biggest turkey you ever saw? And oh! oh! see the cranberries 'n' apples 'n' celery 'n' sweet potatoes 'n'—my, Bess! won't the Careys have a big dinner to-morrow? Oh Bess, if we could only have a reg'lar Thanksgiving dinner like other folks! If we—"

"Could have a real turkey," put in Bessie, "and not just a ham or stew or somethin' to make b'lieve turkey—if we only could, Dolly!"

"My!" echoed Dolly, "if we only could. But, Bess, I think we ought to be glad to have that much. P'raps we can't, this time—p'raps we can't even have a ham."

It was a neat, though barely furnished little room with clean, cheap curtains at the windows, a braided rug before the small stove, and a few ornaments here and there, showing that someone had tried to make it brighter.

In a window-seat sat two children, perched close together, their faces turned toward the street. They were the twins. Whenever anyone looked at Bessie and Dolly, he would forget all about the bareness of the room, for they were like two sunbeams, with their smiling little faces, frank, wide-open eyes, and dear little sunny, curly heads. They both wore pretty, dainty aprons—one blue and the other pink—for mama was such a dear, loving creature, and tried to give her darlings some pleasure, if they did have to live in such a stinted way.

It was growing quite dusky in the room now and the fire was getting low, but the twins still sat in the window looking eagerly out into the street.

"Mama will be home pretty soon!" cried Bess at length; "an' then we'll know whether we c'n have somethin' for to-morrow or not. Say, Dolly, I just know she'll get some money for the dresses she takes to Mrs. Crandall's. An' then—oh, Dolly, you know what she said she'd do."

"What—take us down to-night an' get the things? Oh, won't it be fine if she does! It's so nice downtown; the streets are all lighted up bright, 'n' the people are all buying things; oh, won't it be nice!"

And the pink and blue figures came close together in a joyful hug.

"Even if we don't have turkey, p'raps mama'll buy some sweet potatoes, 'n' some o' them little pound cakes with frostin' on 'em—an' then, she's goin' to make some little biscuits to-morrow—she said so!"

"An'—jest s'pose she'd get some slices o' chicken, or p'raps a whole chicken?"

"S'pose she would—oh, why don't she come? It's gettin' late. Now, jest s'pose she does have the money, an' s'pose she doesn't—what then?"

"Oh, bah, Bessie! 'Course she'll have it—Mrs. Crandall always pays her. 'Course if she don't, we can't have anything. Let's come by the fire, it's so cold."

The two little ones sat down by the stove, and put their arms around each other.

"It's gettin' cold," said Dolly, "'n' we can keep warm better this way till mama comes to fix the fire."

Bessie heaved a little sigh. "I wish," she said, "that mama didn't have to work so hard. I wish papa was livin', an'—"

"I wish we could have a nice Thanksgivin' as we did when he was here," added Dolly.

"I wish we could have a warm glowing grate like those in story-books," went on Bess, staring not very admiringly at the cold-looking stove.

"And I wish mama could have a warm shawl—"

"Listen!"

The two children stopped breathlessly. There was surely a step upon the porch—it must be—

"Mama!"

The door flew open, and the twins were hugging her before she could enter the room.

"Did you get the money? Can we go downtown? Tell us, mama dear!"

"Wait, children. Let mama get in first."

There was a half-smile upon her lips, but the twins saw tears in her eyes.

"What is it? Didn't you get it?" Mama sank into a chair and drew both little forms close to her.

"Don't cry now, but be brave, good children," she said. "No, I didn't get it. Listen, and I will tell you about it. When I delivered the dresses at Mrs. Crandall's the servant said that she was busy, and did not wish to be interrupted, so of course he did not tell her that I was there, and so I had to come away without the money. I know that Mrs. Crandall would have paid me had she known that I was there, but as it was, what could I do? I could not insist on seeing her."

"How mean of her!"

"No, no, Bessie. You don't understand, child. If you work for a person you have to submit to that

person's orders. It would have been rude of me to insist upon seeing her. Of course if it wasn't Thanksgiving to-morrow, I wouldn't feel so badly, but I knew that my darlings were waiting and expecting something, and my heart sank at the words of the servant. Of course I will get the money—Mrs. Crandall is an honest lady—but I cannot get it to-night and—"

"We can't have any Thanksgivin'!" broke forth Bessie with a flood of tears and a burst of sobs. Dolly pressed her tiny lips firmly together and winked very hard.

"Don't mind it, mama," said the dear child, patting the mother's cheek with her soft little hand; "we'll have some biscuit—you can cook some biscuit, an' that'll be nice—p'raps we can have a—pretty good Thanksgivin' af—after all." Dolly was trying not to cry.

"You precious love," cried mama, kissing her tenderly; "I shall certainly try to make your Thanksgiving happy. Bessie, my child, stop crying, dear. It is true, we cannot have the things we expected to buy for to-morrow, but perhaps we can have some little dessert or something. I haven't much money in the house, and the coal will just last for to-morrow, but we'll see what we can do."

After their supper of bread and milk the twins knelt down by mama's side, and the three began talking it all over. "Let us repeat some verses," said mama at last. "And then we must go to bed, for we must save the fuel as much as possible."

"Mama," broke in Bessie suddenly, "what for is Thanksgivin', if you haven't anything to give thanks about?"

"Don't say that, Bessie. We have many blessings, dear—"

"Well, we haven't lots of 'em," persisted Bess. "I mean there are lots of things we don't have. Why can't we have 'em, mama? We need so many things, an' why don't God give 'em to us?"

"Dear, perhaps it isn't best for us. He knows what is best—"

"But, mama, it surely wouldn't hurt you to have a shawl, would it? An' it wouldn't hurt us to have a warm fire when we need it—"

"God has some purpose in sending us these things—these trials, my child—"

"I don't see why," cried Bessie. "The Bible says God is good, an' God is Love. If He is, He couldn't send us things that aren't nice. I know He couldn't like to see people unhappy."

Mama was silent, but Dolly spoke up: "Then why do we have to suffer, an' have things that aren't nice? If God don't send 'em, who does—?"

"Why," cried Bessie, a light shining in her eyes, "it must be our fault that we don't get 'em. The Bible says that He gives us all good things—what verse is that, mama?"

"Every good and perfect gift cometh from the Lord," said mama softly.

"Well, then!" Bess said triumphantly, "it must be our fault that we don't get 'em."

"Because we don't b'lieve it?" asked Dolly.

"Yes, that's just it, isn't it, mama? Don't it say we must have faith, an' so, 'course if we don't have faith 'n' b'lieve what the Lord says, how're we goin' to get the things?"

"You are right in that, Bessie," murmured mama thoughtfully. "If we don't believe in the very things He has promised us—if we can't believe that they are ours, why of course we do not receive them. Now say your verse, Bessie."

"All things whatsoever ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye have received them and ye shall have them," repeated Bessie.

"Mama!" cried Dolly suddenly, "what does that mean? How can we believe that we have received 'em if we haven't?"

Mama looked very thoughtful for a moment and then answered: "Well, dear, of course there are things we can hardly understand, but this must be true that—"

"That we already have the things?" asked Dolly.

"Yes, even though we don't see them now."

A hush fell upon them, and the meaning of the words came to each one.

"We already have them," repeated Bessie.

"Yes," cried Dolly joyfully, "even though we don't see 'em now, we will see 'em if we trust long enough. But we have 'em now. Oh, mama, is it truly an' really so? I never thought of it that way before."

"It must be so, my child," replied the mother with a new look in her eyes; "and, children, it has come to me just now while listening to your talk, that the best kind of Thanksgivin' is that which is given before one sees the things he wants. Does it not seem as though one trusted God more who gave thanks first, and received what he wanted afterward?"

"Yes, yes!" cried the twins in concert.

Long after they had been tucked in their little bed that night, the mother sat downstairs thinking. What those two innocent children had said had sunk deep into her heart.

"I wonder," she mused, "why I never thought of it in that way before."

Upstairs, at the same time, the twins were talking softly to each other.

"I think we ought to give thanks," whispered Dolly, "the way mama said to do."

Then Bessie prayed: "Dear God, our kind Father, we are so glad that you are good and kind, an' that you want to see us happy, an' that you don't really send us anything but good, nice things. We are so glad that we have found it out, for now, dear God, we can trust you and thank you for the things we want, even before we see them. 'Cause you say that we have 'em an' so we must really have 'em now, only we don't see 'em yet. We thank Thee, very much indeed, dear God. Amen."

Then Dolly's sweet little voice arose:

"Dear God, we thank Thee for giving us nice, warm things, an' good things to eat, an' good things to wear. We thank Thee that mama has a warm shawl, an' that we have a turkey, an' that we have a warm, shining grate fire. We thank Thee so, so much, that we have everything good an' pleasant an' lovely for to-morrow. We thank Thee for being so good. Amen."

It was quite late at night when Mrs. Crandall, the lady for whose children the twins' mama did sewing, sat in her room meditating very deeply. Just that evening she had asked the servant if anyone had called while she was busy, and upon being informed that the seamstress had brought some dresses, but had not been paid, she had felt a little regretful. Mrs. Crandall was a kind-hearted woman; yet it had never before occurred to her so forcibly as to-night, that perhaps a great deal depended upon whether her seamstress was paid promptly or not. "To-night is the night before Thanksgiving," she mused. "I wonder if she expected the money to-night—she may need it"; and then Mrs. Crandall thought and thought. Somehow she could not keep out of her mind a certain frame house which she had often passed, and which usually had two roguish little faces peering from the window. "I wonder I have not thought of doing anything before," she said to herself.

Mrs. Crandall was a very charitable woman. She paid certain amounts of money regularly to each charitable organization that demanded her aid. And yet she had not often thought that perhaps there was something else lying still nearer to her hand that she might do.

After thinking until the clock struck twelve, she rose and nodded her head decidedly.

"Yes," she said, "it shall be done."

The next morning, as the twins sat over their saucers of oatmeal, they saw someone coming in at the front gate.

"Who is it?" they cried.

"It is Mrs. Crandall's man," said mama, looking surprised and hastening to open the door. At the same moment a wagon drove up to the side door, and this time the twins were simply dumb with amazement. What could it mean? Breathless, they listened to what the man was saying to mama.

"Mrs. Crandall neglected to pay you yesterday, and here is the money. She wished me to say that she was well pleased with the dresses," and then he withdrew.

"Mama! How much is it? Why—what's the matter?"

"It is double the real price," said mama, looking still more dazed as the groceryman tapped upon the door just then.

"Mrs. Crandall directed me here," was all he said, as he began to lift numerous packages out of the wagon.

"Oh, o-oh! a turkey!" said Bess, in a muffled tone.

"An' cranberries, 'n' celery," murmured Dolly, trying to hide her joy from the eyes of the groceryman.

"And a bag of nuts!" burst forth Bessie, almost unable to control herself.

At last the wagon rolled off, and then—well, you ought to have seen the twins! You ought to have seen their mama!

And at last, when they found a delightful little note from Mrs. Crandall, begging that they "share" with her some of her Thanksgiving festivities, mama just sat down and put her hands over her face. The twins were by her in a moment.

"Isn't it true?" they exclaimed joyfully. "God is kind, and He does send us good things, only we don't thank Him for 'em. Why, mama, are you cryin'? You're happy, aren't you? Well, I guess we might's well be happy all the time, since all good things are ours. Mightn't we, mama?"

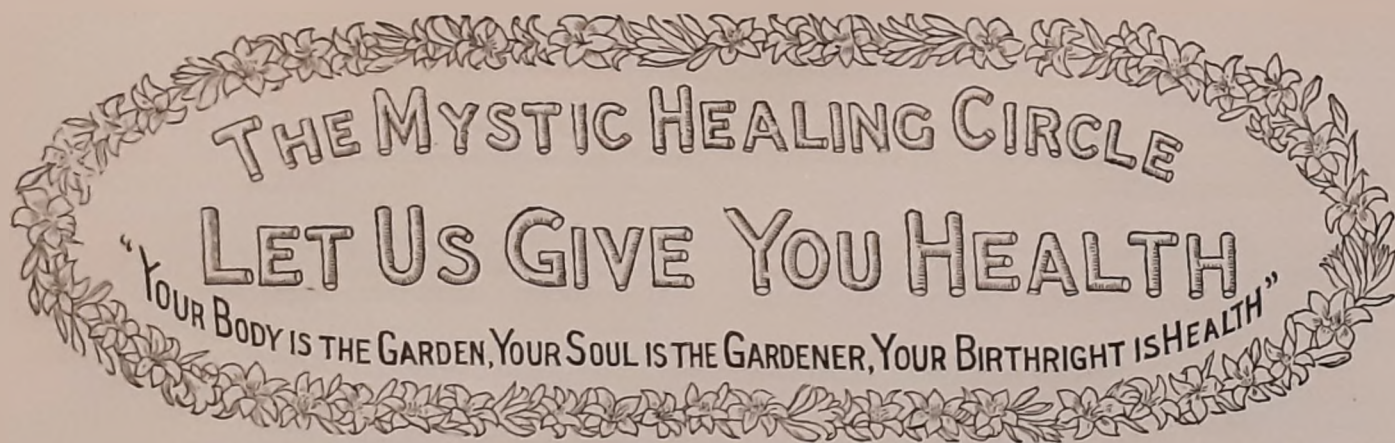
Nina Lillian Morgan.

Take Only Honey

SAID a little wandering maiden
To a bee with honey laden:
"Bee, at all the flowers you work,
Yet in some does poison lurk."

"That I know, my little maiden,"
Said the bee with honey laden:
"But the poison I forsake,
And the honey only take."
"Cunning bee with honey laden,
That is right," replied the maiden;
"So will I, from all I meet,
Only draw the good and sweet."

The Animals' Friend.



"Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow."

HOW WE HELP THE SICK

All those who are suffering from sickness of any kind are requested to write a personal letter to our Mystic Adept Spiritual Healer. Tell him candidly the nature of your disease, that he may immediately give you SPECIAL TREATMENT, surrounding you with HEALING VIBRATIONS, also giving you TRUTHS that will UNFOLD THE KNOWLEDGE OF LIFE'S LAWS, revealing the secret of PERFECT HEALTH and LONG LIFE.

This is truly a spiritual work. IF YOU ARE SICK YOU WANT OUR HELP, AND WE ARE EQUALLY ANXIOUS TO HELP YOU. We wish everyone to be HEALTHY, STRONG and vigorous. If you are sick or suffering, let our MYSTIC ADEPT SPIRITUAL HEALER RESTORE YOUR HEALTH. We now find that we can carry on this great work for the small sum of \$1.00 a month for each person (HUSBAND AND WIFE AS ONE PERSON), or PARENT AND CHILD AS ONE PERSON when one address does for both. We are pleased to make this announcement, as it shows how little money is required to do good and help each other when the right spirit is manifest.

When writing for vibrations always send GIVEN NAME FOR SELF AND OTHERS, instead of initials.

Please write your name very plainly.

Jesus taught us how to pray the prayer of faith when He gave us the affirmation, "FATHER, I THANK THEE THAT THOU HAST HEARD ME," even though He had not yet said to Lazarus, "LAZARUS, COME FORTH."

So, also, when you send your given name you are spoken to personally by that name AND RESPOND MORE QUICKLY.

We print a few of the many letters received from grateful hearts who have been blessed by the work of Mystic No. 12. Should you wish to aid in this great work and help and encourage the sick, please send in a few words that we may publish.

In writing, please inclose a two-cent stamp for reply. Address Mystic Adept No. 12, NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES, 22 North William Street, N. Y. City.

"LET THERE BE LIGHT"

Is all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths.—Prov. iii, 6.

Jesus said: Why callest thou Me good? There is none good but One, that is, God.—Matt. xix, 17.

I received a letter recently from a lady who was trying to help others, but they said she was not a perfect example of her teaching and she was discouraged.

Jesus said, There is none good but one, that is God. It is only when God uses us that we can do perfect work. We need to reach out more and realize our oneness with God, our Father, by speaking our Word.

In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God.

All things were made by Him; and without Him was not anything made that was made.—John i, 1.

We are God's children. We create with our silent and spoken Word.

Without the Word was not anything made that was made.

How are you using your creative Word? Are your creations all you wish for?

Are you building for time and eternity upon the sure foundation such a home that you will behold with joy when you behold it as it is?

There is none good but One, that is, God. Therefore to have a good foundation we must build upon but One, that is, God.

We must affirm that God is our Father.

We must always speak words that will strengthen us.

We must always speak words that will strengthen our faith.

We have been given power and dominion, because we are God's children.

And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.

And God said, Let there be light, and there was light.

Is darkness upon the face of the deep?

Speak thy Word.

Let there be light.

Does death seem near?

Speak thy Word.

Let there be life.

Does hope seem to be lost?

Speak thy Word.

Let there be joy.

Everyone understands how an earthly friend can help, yet we are told there is none good but One, that is, God.

Therefore we use the Word and affirm our goodness because God is good.

We affirm our strength because God is our strength.

We affirm our life, because God is our life.

We affirm our health because God is our health.

We affirm our prosperity, because God is our success.

We affirm our courage, because God is our Father, and in Him we live and move and have our being.

We have changed our world from darkness to light by speaking the Word.

We have come into our birthright by speaking the right word. Our birthright is God-given.

Our birthright is peace and joy and love and harmony, because God is Love.

This then is the message which we have heard of Him, and declare unto you, that God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all.

If we say that we have fellowship with Him, and walk in darkness, we lie, and do not the truth.—John i, 5.

I receive letters from mothers asking me to send the vibrations to reform their sons.

We have just considered our relation to God our Father-Mother.

We understand that we must keep in constant fellowship with God our Father-Mother.

This is the secret of life.

And this is the secret of Parent and Child.

Always keep them near your heart.

It is the little things, the little daily affairs of life, that the child confides in you that holds the child to you.

Train up the child, the little child, as you wish the child to be, and you will have no cause for grief in later years.

Never let the child out of your heart.

Let the child profit by your experience.

Let the child learn of you.

Plant the right word and the right thought in the young child, and when he is old he will not forget it.

Ask the ones who have made life a failure and a cause of sorrow to the loved ones at home, and they will tell you, "It was false teachings."

Someone bent the tender vine and it grew crooked. Oh, keep your children always near your heart.

Shelter them with your love and you will reap love.

Step by step—line upon line—here a little and there a little, teach them.

Give them understanding. You can see the ways of life from birth to death.

Let them look through your eyes that they may walk in the light.

Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that, when He shall appear, we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is.—I John iii, 2.

We enjoy the contemplation of the spiritual. But let us not forget to praise God for the physical.

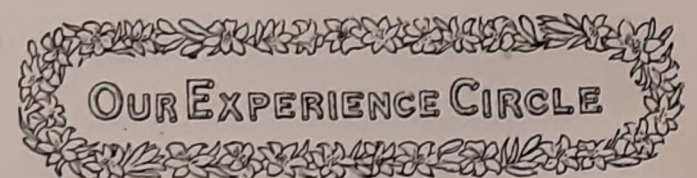
When we behold the glory of mountain and lakes and rivers and breathe the pure air of the ocean do we remember to praise Him? Do we acknowledge Him in all our ways?

Do we see heaven reflected upon earth when the crystal surface of the lake is like a mirror?

Do we see God in the silent mountain-top?

Do we behold Him everywhere?

All things were made by Him and without Him was not anything made that was made.—John i, 3.



Satisfied With Results

Dear Mystic No. 12—I want to let you know that I am satisfied with the results I have received from you and I expect to receive much more from you and God. I would be pleased to have you help my wife also. I shall want your help until we are perfectly well. Wishing you the very best that God has to give you, I remain,

Yours very truly,
W. H. S.

Improving

Dear Mystic No. 12—Inclosed please find one dollar for another month's treatment for W. H., my niece. I think your treatment must be doing her good, as she is improving. She is much better than she was six weeks ago, and I want you to continue the treatment until she is entirely cured. I am greatly encouraged.

Yours very truly,
M. P.

I Am Contented and Don't Worry

Dear Mystic No. 12—Inclosed find one dollar for the Mystic Healing Vibrations. I am beginning to feel better in every way. I am contented and don't worry as I did before. I read THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES and your printed letters. I get strength from reading them. I am trying to help myself as much as I can, but I depend on your good people, as I have so much faith in you all. May God bless you all. I want more strength and faith so pray for me.

Yours with love,
Mrs. E. B.

Progress

Dear Mystic No. 12—In remitting you one dollar for the month, I have some definite progress to report. I feel that I am gaining something. This is an occasion for praise and thanksgiving to the All-Good.

Yours fraternally,
J. G.

May God Bless You

Dear Mystic No. 12—My daughter says that I should tell you that she feels in her heart you are helping her. She has taken great interest in the papers you sent. She feels more patient with the things around her, which surely is a blessing. May God bless you. Inclosed is one dollar for another month's treatment.

Yours in Christ,
L. H.

Peace, Be Still

Dear Mystic No. 12—Inclosed find one dollar for another month's treatment. I know I have been greatly helped and you know I am very thankful to you and the All-Father. I have got along fine the last few days. While in bed the sweet words of Jesus came to me, "Peace, be still," and the thoughts came to me of Jesus saying to the waves, "Peace, be still." It was the same with me as it was of the wind and the waves. There came a great calm, and I am very thankful to the All-Father-Mother for His loving care. Trusting that God will bless you all and help us to come closer and closer to him, I remain,

With love,
Mrs. J. K.

More Peace and Ease of Mind

Dear Mystic No. 12—Inclosed please find one dollar for another month's treatment. I am thankful to you for taking such an interest in me. I feel more peace and ease of mind since you commenced to treat me. I received your printed messages all right. I am so much better, thanks be to God and to you for taking such an interest in me. I hope everybody under your treatment has received as much benefit as I have.

With love to all, I am,
M. F.

Continuity

Dear Mystic No. 12, My Dear Brother—Excuse my delay in sending the money for another month's treatment. I am benefited very much by your Vibrations. I received your special message No. 6, which is grand and beautiful. I inclose one dollar for another month's treatment. May God bless the Mystic Healing Circle.

Yours,
Mrs. H. Y.

Like Another Being

Dear Mystic No. 12—I only would like to tell you that I feel much better. Last Sunday I tried to help myself and I was well. I am so thankful that you remembered me a few weeks ago. How glad I am to be a member of the Circle! I feel since joining this blessed Circle like another being. Thanks to you and all the Mystics. What a blessing to be a healthy person! I hope soon I shall be able to help myself, but at present I must rely on you. May the Lord bless you, for your help to other people.

Yours,
E. C.

How to Pray

Dear Mystic—Having received your special message No. 6 and "How to Pray," I must say I am indeed very thankful for the same. I feel that I am started in the right direction, and hope and pray I will receive the light that my soul will be aglow with love and peace and harmony, and my mind and body a perfect whole. I feel very much strengthened in the thought that I am so powerfully assisted. I hope to make favorable progress in my soul life. Thanking you a thousand times for your blessed work, I beg to remain,

Truly yours,
Mrs. E. H.

Well Pleased With Results

Mystic No. 12, Dear Brother—I again take the pleasure of writing you to inform you that I am well pleased with results so far. My general health is good at present, with the exception of a slight cold, which is only temporary. As a general rule, I feel excellent, both mentally and physically. So well in fact that I can hardly restrain my feelings of gladness to either laugh or cry for very joy. Thanking you kindly for your efforts in bringing about the great good that I have received, I remain,

Yours in holy love,
J. S.

Eyes Are Stronger

Dear Mystic No. 12—Inclosed please find one dollar for another month's treatment. I am so thankful to you, dear friend, for all you are doing for me. My eyes are certainly stronger and I can use them longer. It is such a great blessing to be able to read and work. I am improving all the time, and I know your Healing Vibrations have helped me wonderfully. I trust to be permanently cured. Then, too, my mind is more calm in respect to physical conditions, and I have been able to overcome a great deal. May the Holy Spirit give you strength and power to heal all that apply for aid.

Sincerely yours,
A. P.

We Are All Improving

Dear Mystic—Many thanks for your Health Vibrations in the past and for the marked benefit received. We are all improving. For the inclosed two dollars, please continue your treatments another month for myself and for my son and his wife.

Sincerely yours,
J. E. B.

Gratitude

Dear Mystic No. 12—Just a little note to tell you how grateful I am for the improvement given to me and my dear mother. May the loving All-Father and the sweet angels ever bless you for the kind and beneficial Vibrations I have received. With loving wishes for every good to all members of our Club,

Gratefully,
J. B. Y.

I Sleep Much Better

Dear Mystic No. 12—I have had your Health Vibrations for three weeks now and am feeling a great deal better and stronger than I have for a long time. I sleep much better nights. I do not get so discouraged and downhearted as I did before. It seems to me that I am just beginning to live and that I only existed before. I bless the day that I first saw THE MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES. I have always had a hard life, but now I feel that it is going to be brighter and better than it ever has been in the past. Our Magazine does a great deal of good. I would not be without it. Your messages have helped me greatly also. Wishing you every success in your grand work for humanity, I remain,

Your friend,
J. C.

To Him Who Overcometh

See Rev. xxi, 7.

How great have the mighty fallen;
Love's primal state laid low!
Thro' lust and greed and passion,
Earth's harbingers of woe.

They seek their native nothingness;
The spirit must be free.
How sweet God's blessed promises
For thee, dear friend, and me.

Ah! "to him who overcometh,"
To him who "Seeks" the Light!
Unto him who overcometh,
Who conquers in the fight,

God giveth here—aye, here, on earth—
That peace that none may know,
Who have not crossed alone the planes
Of Gethsemane's woe.

"Unto him who overcometh"—
Take courage, sister mine—
There's nothing good impossible
To Love that is divine.

Thou canst be more than conqueror,
Thro' Christ's dear love alone;
The power of will thine heart must stir,
The Christ cares for "His own."

Oh! then be up—and doing;
Life's consecration make;
This task of overcoming, dear,
Is crowned for Jesus's sake.

Ella Caroline Clarke.

A Prayer

MAKE me pure and whole, my Father,
Though cruel fires must burn away the dross;
Fill me full of loving kindness,
Though my poor heart must suffer pain and loss;
Help me, Lord, to help my brothers,
Though doing so I bear a heavy cross.
IDA E. MACDONALD.

Rheumatism Has Gone

Dear Mystic No. 12—You have helped me so much that I want your help for my husband. He has had bronchial trouble for quite a while. I want to tell you how you have helped me. I can take journeys that I have not been able to for years, and feel so much better in every way. I believe my rheumatism has gone to stay. I am very grateful and feel that you will cure my husband.

Respectfully,
Mrs. J. E.

My Friends Marvel at the Change in Me

My Dear Mystic No. 12—Inclosed find one dollar for another month's treatment. Your Vibrations are certainly doing great wonders for me, my friends marvel at the change in me. I am like a new person. The doctors told me that I could never be cured, but the Lord is good and He opened my eyes, so I came to you. I can never thank you enough for the good I have received at your hands, but the Lord in Heaven will reward you bountifully.

Yours with love,
I. C.

Better

Mystic No. 12, Dear Brother—I inclose one dollar for one month's treatment. I am better than I was one month ago. I have more faith, hope and courage and patience in my recovery to health. I am in every way trying to help myself. Do all you can for me in this coming month.

Yours,
E. C.

Not the Same Man

Dear Mystic—Please find inclosed one dollar for another month's treatment for B. M. He has been under your treatment, and am pleased to say that he is not the same man. How much I thank you for what you have done for him. God has surely answered our prayers, and I cannot express my gratitude. My prayers are that God's great blessings be with us all.

Respectfully,
L. H.

All Right. All Pains Are Gone

Mystic No. 12, Beloved—I thank you for your help and your letters, and thank the dear Father of all good that sent you and your Vibrations to help me. I am all right now since your treatments began; all pains are gone. Keep me in your Mystic Healing Vibrations and the rose will get full grown. Thank you for your advice and the receipt you sent.

Yours,
K. R.

Has Been Helped

Dear Mystic No. 12—I am happy to announce that I have received much benefit from your blessed Vibrations and I pray that God will ever bless you and your noble work. I am gratefully yours,

S. L.

Neuralgia

Dear Mystic No. 12—I will drop you a line for the good you have done me. I think the neuralgia is cured. My husband is improving, but his case is obstinate and is going very slowly but surely.

Yours truly,
Miss N. H.

Peace and Love

Mystic No. 12, Dear Brother—While reading your message, "How to Pray," this morning my soul was lifted up out of earth's condition into the glorious light and love of God's Peace. The peace and love that came into my soul I cannot express in words.

I remain,
H. T.

Sound Mind—Sound Body

"MENS SANA IN CORPORE SANO," a sound mind in a healthy body, is a "consummation devoutly to be wished," and is a condition in which every person would like to be. The motto of your valuable magazine, "Health, Happiness and Prosperity," is an idea that appeals to every right-thinking man and woman; for, without these things, life would not be worth living.

You put "Health" first and rightly so, for without that the other two conditions could not exist.

Let us, therefore, consider for a little the conditions that make for "Health."

First, in order to be healthy we must be clean; and there is no excuse nowadays for anyone to be otherwise than clean. "Cleanliness is next to Godliness."

Second, we must be careful about our diet, for with the many varieties of food that are in existence to-day, there is a great tendency to overeat, and a very large proportion of all the "ills that flesh is heir to" is due to overeating.

Third, in order to be healthy we must be regular in all our habits.

Many people, especially women, put off doing those things which nature demands, and thereby bring upon themselves all sorts of trouble and disease.

Regularity in all the natural habits of life is certainly most necessary to health.

Fourth, exercise is essential, and should be taken in some form or other every day. It is not at all requisite to belong to a gymnasium, or even to take lessons in physical culture; but everyone can easily take some exercise.

There is hardly any exercise better than walking, and by that I do not mean walking just because it is walking, but to walk with a purpose and with intelligence, to put brains into one's feet and legs and oxygen into one's lungs, is the kind of walking that will benefit the whole body.

All of these things are good and necessary to health, but without some higher motive to govern the life, happiness and prosperity will not be gained.

We are told "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God"; and it is quite certain that, unless we live a moral life, we cannot have in the fullest and truest sense either "Health, Happiness or Prosperity."

Greatly Improved

To the Mystic Healing Circle, Mystic No. 12—Please find inclosed one dollar for another month's treatment. It is a great blessing to us. We have greatly improved in the last month.

Yours G. K.

Mother Is Better

Mystic No. 12, Dear Brother—It is with pleasure that I write this letter to you. Mother is a great deal better. The cough has nearly left her. I thank you for the treatment she has received and I herewith send you one dollar for another month's treatment and shall continue to send you the money till she is entirely healed.

Gratefully yours,
A. M.

Calm

Mystic No. 12, Beloved—I will take the liberty to drop you a few lines and let you know my condition. My restlessness has nearly left me and I thank God and the Mystic Healing Circle. I hope you will keep up your prayers for me.

Yours very truly,
R. R.

Wonderful Change

Dear Mystic No. 12—I have neglected writing, but not so in growing. I feel a wonderful change for the better. I am gradually gaining more power. I inclose one dollar for one month's Vibrations. I so earnestly desire purity of life and to have perfect control.

Yours in truth,
R. B.

Satisfaction

Mystic No. 12, Dearly Beloved—It is with great love and satisfaction that I write this month, and send in my small contribution for the Monthly Vibrations. I am exceedingly thankful for your assistance. I feel very well indeed. With love and best wishes to all who work for love and all, I am,

Yours,
R. D.

I Began to Improve at Once

Dear Brother Mystic—I am greatly rejoiced to have come under the influence of your health Vibrations, which I am quite sure found a prepared mind to work upon. I began to improve at once and the good work continues. Both mind and body respond to your invigorating influence.

Yours,
A. S.

Thanks Be to God

Dear Mystic No. 12—Inclosed please find one dollar for another month's treatment. I am getting along very well, thanks be to God and your help. I will continue under your treatment, however, for some time. I intend joining the Success Club later on. I remain with love,

Your sincere friend,
B. L.

I Am More Than Satisfied

Mystic No. 12, Dear Sir—As my month is nearly up, I take pleasure of letting you know that I am more than satisfied with the treatments, although I was a little skeptical at first. I am going to send to you for another month's treatment and I want you to treat my wife. I remain,

Yours truly,
A. G.

A Pure Heart

Dear Mystic No. 12—I inclose you one dollar for another month's healing Vibrations as my month is up. I have been benefited with your Vibrations and I can begin to see a glimmer of light. Although I desire health, I desire far more a pure heart and the constant guidance of the Holy Spirit, that I may be led into perfect love. I desire this for both my husband and myself.

Yours in love,
Mrs. E. H.

Long Life

WEBER sums the main points to be observed by those desirous of a long life as follows: First, moderation in eating, drinking and physical indulgence; second, pure air out of the house and within; third, the keeping of every organ of the body, so far as possible, in constant working order; fourth, regular exercise every day in all weathers, supported in many cases by breathing movements and by walking and climbing tours; fifth, going to bed early and rising early, and restricting the hours of sleep from six to seven hours; sixth, daily baths or ablutions according to individual conditions, cold or warm, or warm followed by cold; seventh, regular work and mental occupation; eighth, cultivation of placidity, cheerfulness and hopefulness of mind; ninth, employment of the great power of the mind in controlling passions and nervous fear; tenth, strengthening the will in carrying out whatever is useful, and in checking the craving for stimulants, anodynes and other injurious agencies.—British Medical Journal.

If You Would Be Well

NEVER stay out with wet feet.
Never sleep in a room that fresh air is not entering.

Daily cold water bathing, dip or sponge, will prevent colds.

Calfskin shoes are worth their weight in diamonds to women in winter.

Take off wraps, or, at least, throw them open when you enter a street car.

Wear your overcoat buttoned to the throat when you go out. Never wear it in the house.

Never breathe through your mouth. Its function in the breathing exercise is to throw off carbonic acid. It is the business of the nose to strain the air and pass oxygen along.

It is a great mistake for adults, and especially for those who work their brains much, to give up sports and games. The maxim on which I have acted and the maxim which I have often commended to my friends is: Be a boy as long as you can.—Herbert Spencer.

The Twentieth Century Thanksgiving

By Owen R. Washburn

Written especially for
THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES

OUT of floods of tropic heat the great earth rolls, and the cool November days make the heart glad as the work of the summer is revealed to us. By day the great autumn sun is shedding glory upon the world it loves; by night the glowing stars are flashing messages of might and splendor to man, while above, the great, encircling Milky Way sends to us impulses for good beyond our deepest guess. With the harvests of the Nation overflowing the great treasuries of the farms, and the growing millions of the new race looking forward to a winter of achievement as successful as the season of growth, we may feel the life of all the earth within our veins.

The season is the millennial dawn, not only for the year, but for the centuries. "Truth forever on the mountains watching till the day begun" has seemed to mock us, but in the glad messages of peace, of education, of liberty, of awakening life in lands that sat in darkness we may read this autumn as never before the confirmation of the prophecies and forewarnings of the seers who study star and soul. As though some fortunate star, far off, had begun to shine faintly upon us twenty centuries ago and now, having come near after billions of miles of journeyings, were giving us the impulse to become at one with God, so the soul of all Mankind is quickened and the great Babylon is fallen, and the Kingdom of the Spirit is established, even amid the rising dust of its desolation.

Darkened is that mind that has not felt the influences of the New Day. Out of a land where, a century or two ago savage men were the only people, there comes to-day the voice of the mightiest sons of the mightiest people. Time has brought forth and, is echoing back their proclamations of liberty and light, the newly aroused Orientals unstrap their bloody war-harness and declare that peace, fraternity and industry, with art and culture, shall dominate the world.

Not a poet's dream is this new age of golden promise. It was brought forth with tears and crucifixions in the long ago, when the plains of Palestine were cold with winter winds. It was struggled for when men and women gave their blood as a

testimony to the dominance of the spiritual, when the long hours of the dark ages were marked by the fagots that burned, when the later light was upheld by church reformers, Quakers, Abolitionists and the singers who sang alone with God. Now Truth, the Spirit of Freedom, has gained for itself Captains and Kings and mighty men of war and peace. It is enthroned in council chambers and is dictating peace at The Hague and in many a land, for the people, weary of the cruelty of kingcraft and the ancient forms, are already dead.

In such an environment the family life is being transmuted. "He who does not love shall not build a home; she who is not established in love shall go forth" is the decree of the purifying thought which unseeing men and women are panic-stricken as they face. Our households seem to crumble, but the "Master builds again" and the charmed life of goodness shall make every desolate hearth bright and like an altar stone when love has made the work complete.

Verily I say unto you that many prophets and kings have prayed to see these things, and have not seen them. You, who walk carelessly in the common day are permitted to even now behold a mystery of God. The Spirit is abroad in human hearts, and the turmoil that many deplore is the call of the Angel of the Morning. The Thanksgiving Day of the myriad years has come.

Did you look to see the better day dawn with trumpeters upon the hills and archangels in the valleys with a host in purple and scarlet and gold coming with glittering spears amid the clouds of heaven? "The Kingdom cometh not with observation." You shall see its hosts in the streets of the city as they go about their work in the consciousness that they are not as driven cattle but are dwellers with the Christ, heirs of God from the beginning, saintly in their final nature, reverent in their aspirations, bound to the perfection which is absolute joy.

What is the Thanksgiving message to you? What is the sign of its appearing?

First, these mighty proofs of the Divine Life among men. The shouting of nations that cry out against waste and destruction. The making of peace with justice. The mighty songs and affirmations of strong men who labor, but labor not as slaves. To you personally the sign of the drawing near of the Kingdom is the open hand. The hand that reaches toward you with love. Tiny hands of little people fresh from a life in the spiritual realms we do not see. Large hands that men who toil and suffer greatly extend to you. Clean hands of youths and maids who do not comprehend, but love. God gives us signs in street and home and store. The sign of the giving hand, the receiving hand that also gives unseen gifts. The sign of the

kindly glance, the smiling face, the quiet sympathy, the supporting arm when all is dimmed with tears.

There is no god but God, oh, burdened one! There is no power but His. No matter how the world has disciplined you, remember that. And now as the time of festival draws near, be strong in the good you feel within, be confident and unafraid and make Thanksgiving real. When thou makest a feast, said Jesus, do not be anxious to get only fashionable folk, but invite those who have need of you—the unfortunate, those you can help. If you do this you shall have joy from the Father. Heed well this advice. When you make your feast, bring to it those who have need of you. Perhaps your own relatives will more than fill your table. Bring to it those who have need, not of turkey dinners, but of your spiritual bread and wine. So crushed, so maimed, so halt and blind are some whom God meant should in this life be beautiful and strong, that no feast can be to them so welcome as the feast of kindly, helpful love and gentle compassion. Defects of temper are as hard to bear as defects of bone, the bound and crooked thought is as much an affliction as the bound and crooked limb. In your thankfulness be careful to manifest your gratitude, not to empty air, but to the little ones of the Kingdom.

It is more necessary to you that you love and forgive than it is to others, to whom your attitude is incidental rather than vital. Therefore drown in thankfulness and affection all the lower levels of your nature. The hate and scorn that you have should be carried far on divine tides of life into depths where they will no more be found.

Pity not yourself if your material feast is poor. Blessedness is not born of material things. He who lay upon the ground under the dews of heaven and less than the foxes found rest for His head, He who endured the forms of shame and sorrow, cried unto His followers, "Rejoice, and again I say unto you, rejoice!" It was the utterance of Eternal Affirmation triumphing over the prince of this world. Rejoice, and again I say unto you, Rejoice! cries the great Angel of Life as He stands to-day with one foot upon the land and one upon the seas and calleth to all kindreds, tongues and tribes to come out of the dying shadows of weakness into the Open Day of Love.

Make yourself part of this universal gentleness that is now moving mankind. Welcome home the wanderers. Forgive, forget, ignore. Shed no tears for your faithful dead. They have not forgotten you. That Power which gave them Eternal Existence is teaching them Eternal Love. You, too, shall enter where they are.

Put away the lesser self and sing with gladness all the days. The Messengers of Morning are on the hills of earth.

DOWN IN THE DEPTHS OF MY BEING

BY ALICE DAVIS MOODY



I ASKED the wind to bring me
From some far-off peaceful land,
Something to still my longing,
But it did not understand.
I felt a breeze sweep by me,
It scattered the leaves apart,
Then whistled away in the distance,
While a weight fell on my heart.

I strayed one day by the ocean
And gazed o'er its billowy crest;
A sudden impulse seized me,
I begged it to bring me rest.
Day after day I wandered
O'er its shell-strewn shore;
My heart, like the sea, grew restless
As it sang to me, "Nevermore."

I went to the world for solace,
But looked for peace in vain;
I still had the same old longing
And still the weary pain.
The world, though it flattered, stung
Its pleasures were thin as air,
I turned away broken-hearted
And gave myself to despair.

Weeping, I sought the silence
And told God of my unrest,
Then out of its deep, deep centre
Fluttered a dove to my breast.
For wind and ocean I care not,
And the world has lost its charm,
For down in the depths of my being
Reigns a restful, holy calm.



Kindness

"WHAT is the real good?"
I asked in musing mood.
"Order," said the court;
"Knowledge," said the school;
"Truth," said the wise man;
"Love," said the maiden;
"Beauty," said the page;
"Freedom," said the dreamer;
"Home," said the sage;
"Equity," said the seer.
Spoke my heart full sadly,
"The answer is not here."
Then within my bosom
Softly this I heard:
"Each heart holds the secret:
'Kindness' is the word."

British Weekly.

Love is the fulfilling of the law.—Paul.

"Never Give Up"

By Edgar G. Marin

"NEVER Give Up" in a cause that is just,
But labor with power and will;
"Never Give Up," be your motto and trust,
And your aims you'll surely fulfil.
"Never Give Up," it's a meaning that's true,
It's a power tho' silent that's dear;
"Never Give Up," it's plain to your view,
In the end it will bring you good cheer.

"Never Give Up" to troubles and care
You may meet in the pathway of life;
"Never Give Up" to the gloom of despair,
But conquer its sorrows and strife.
"Never Give Up" in the efforts of right,
Whatever your calling may be;
"Never Give Up," you'll win in the fight,
And your mind will be happy and free.

To Be Content!

To be content! To fare me on my way
With eyes bright to the splendors of each day;
To smile and think of times that are to be,
When sombre trouble comes to bide with me,
And iridescent clouds turn all to gray.

This is my wish—to be content and gay;
And if dull clouds should hide the sun away,
To wait the time again when it shines free—
To be content.

To be contented always; Lord, I pray
For nothing but the peace of this, and—aye,
The gift of smiling brave and cheerily
When Fortune shakes a sullen fist; my plea
To be content. Ah, Master, come what may,
To be content!

Stacy E. Baker.



There is a day of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night;
And grief may bide, an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light.

BLESSED be the "Gates of Day" that lead us to the land of Light. A Home where sorrows never come; where God's humble children may worship without fear or persecution, and pour out their heart's delight and their soul's gratitude to the Giver of all good gifts.

Truth only needs to be for once spoke out,
And there's such music in her, such strange rhythm,
As makes men's memories her joyous slaves.

OF THE WAY, the TRUTH and the LIFE, this is the untrodden way that leads to the OVERRULING GOODNESS.

Do GOOD, habitually, and so BECOME good!
Thus make your light to shine not to your vain-glory, but to the glory of your Father in Heaven.
Thus seek your soul's freedom. Break all fetters of sin and error.

The thing we long for, that we are
For one transcendent moment,
Before the Present poor and bare
Can make its sneering comment.

Seek to be Perfect, even as your Father in Heaven is perfect.

He is the absolute Good. "He keepeth truth forever." "His truth endureth to all generations." "The Lord is God who keepeth Truth." His will holdeth everywhere!

Glide on in your beauty, ye youthful spheres,
To weave the dance that measures the years;
Glide on, in the glory and gladness sent
To the farthest wall of the firmament—
The boundless visible smile of Him
To the veil of whose brow your lumps are dim.

In all the silver belfries of the sky the chimes strike the hour on the moment. Every part of the world keeps faith with every other part. The sun keeps it with his world of responsibility; the moon keeps it; every star of the thirty-four thousand that are visible in our Northern hemisphere keeps it. The straying planet never wanders from the line of Light; the Attraction ever holds perfect; the Aerolite is never lost on its predestined way.

Be true as Truth.

For they who sow the light shall reap
The golden sheaves of morning.

Every smallest thing on earth responds to the Celestial monitor—the leaf, the waterdrop, the mote, the foamflake on the wild Atlantic, the snowflake on the bleak Sierras, the sandflake on the desert—all shout or murmur in the silence their *Adsum*, "Here am I," when the voice that has no speech or language, the sound whereof is not heard, goes out to all the ends of creation.

THE LORD IS GOOD TO ALL!

There is no wind but soweth seeds
Of a more true and open life.

Then make your life divine.

The clearer eye of a contrite heart should see in all earth's seeming woe, the seed of heaven's flowers.

Consecrate your soul to the SPIRIT of TRUTH! The soul of Goodness is sincerity and Truth. As the Rev. O. B. Frothingham said:

"The soul of Goodness is sincerity. It may be more than this; it may be kindness, pity, compassion; but these are incidental, the sincerity and Truth are substantial. The essential of Goodness may be modified by circumstance, by temperament, by race and climate and blood; but the substratum always remains the same, like the rocky substratum of the soil, which here may be covered with deep earth, bearing trees and harvests, and there with delicate garden flowers, and again may crop out bare and hard, scarcely covered with lichens and moss, perhaps not covered even by so delicate a lacework as that, but which, whether clothed upon or naked, guarantees the stability of every house, the firmness of every farm, the husbandman's wealth and the food of the sheep and oxen. Goodness may be sweet and soft and delicious, fragrant as a bower of roses, beautiful as the foliage of early summer or autumn, abounding as the river, sparkling as the brook, but first of all it must be solid as the primeval rock, whose particles keep faith with each other over leagues of territory in spite of the solicitations of the sunbeam and the weakening persuasions of the rain."

Turn to the Soul of Goodness,
Who is abundant in Mercy.

FOR THE SILENT BROTHERHOOD

Thought to be held at 12 M.

"O give thanks unto the Lord: Call upon His name, make known His deeds among the people."—Ps. cv, 1.

Thought to be held at 9 P.M.

"Be Thou exalted, O God, above the heavens; Thy glory above all the earth."—Ps. cviii, 5.

BELOVED, as this is the month dedicated to Thanksgiving, it is well that you make it a month of SPECIAL PERSONAL REALIZATION of the wonderful STATE of thanksgiving. It is a STATE OF THE HEART and the REAL forerunner, as well as natural result of, many blessings. Gratitude or thankfulness is the expression of joy felt upon receiving gifts, and to be in this state CONTINUALLY is to OVERFLOW with thanksgiving.

As you look around you at the abundance of fruits, seeds and grains of the earth's harvests, at the gorgeous beauty of nature, at all the signs and evidences of the bountiful provision of God for His children's material needs, involuntarily you are filled with gratitude. Involuntarily your heart whispers in the words of the Psalmist, O GIVE THANKS UNTO THE LORD.

We ask you, dear Brothers, to give some time at the noon hour, if only a moment, to the recall of this text, especially the first sentence.

Even after you have said it a few days at the chosen hour, you will notice a PERCEPTIBLE increase in your FEELING of thankfulness. You will then realize the majesty and power of the Giver of gifts, and like the waves at flood tide will come the impulse to CALL UPON HIS NAME AND MAKE KNOWN HIS DEEDS among the people.

Whose name? This One Whose harvests are measureless, Whose abundant gifts fill the whole earth. WHY should you call upon His name?

Because, like a little child, you want things—want sometimes with an unutterable anguish.

Then is He the Wonderful, the Mighty, the all-loving Love, able and willing to answer you.

Will not your thanksgiving and childlike trust draw whatsoever you need or want as surely as the earth draws the sunshine or the rain?

Then Thanksgiving will be an expression of joy for what you HAVE received and a preparation for what you MAY receive.

O GIVE THANKS UNTO THE LORD.

Again we speak with all earnestness. Beloved, we ask that you, with ALL YOUR HEARTS, put God above ALL POWERS. Realize the One, all-inclusive Power.

Go to sleep at night feeling that your cause is His, your case is individually dear to the Universal Heart.

Speak to your Father in earnest tones of fervent faith, and say over and over again, until you are thrilled into new and deeper reverence, BE THOU EXALTED, O GOD, ABOVE THE HEAVENS; THY GLORY ABOVE ALL THE EARTH.

Let this be such a Thanksgiving as you have never known before.

In Holy Love,
No. 7.

The Final Harvests

By Winthrop W. Field

WHEN the harvests are all gathered the frost-touched acres are ready to yield further blessing if we have eyes to see the beauty of the shorn fields. When the fruit has been gathered from the orchards we may see in the unadorned branches still the glory of life, the grace of service, in the bending boughs that golden fruit has shaped when the winds were warm and the hum of bees was in the flowers.

So to you there is always harvest time and the last gleanings often are richer than the first. Old age steals on with subtle ways and men lament. Yet could they see the larger bounty of life they would rejoice in that season which brings contemplation, quiet love, deeper wisdom.

When the battlefields of youth are growing green again, when the hot fires have died in the broad prairies of desire, we begin to gather harvests of great thoughts, golden sheaves of unseen grain for the treasure houses of eternity.

Have you gathered only wild grasses from the graves where you have wept? Have you seen only the gravestones as you have viewed the passing days? Return again to the places where you have been troubled in spirit, and glean anew.

Ponder well the lessons you have before you in the lives that have been near you but now seem hidden from your sight. Why did they mean much to you? Why did they help you? Why were they cut short? Not one thing has occurred in all your life save by the working of a law, one supreme Law indeed, from which there is no escape, and the mission of which is to teach us wisdom, which is another name for God.

That Law is beneficent. Visiting our sins upon us that we may turn to righteousness; bringing our loves back to us that we may love more and receive more; causing tenderness and mercy to grow as wheat in good ground till it bring forth a hundred-fold, easing the burdens of those who can no longer endure, giving maternity and fatherhood to those who would not otherwise know life in fulness, moving us willingly or unwillingly, but always certainly, toward that high desire which is satisfied only in perfect purity, perfect truth.

No matter how the reapers have passed before you there are other harvests for you to gather. No matter how cold and wind-swept the fields of your activities there are flowers in bloom and grain to gather and harvest-homes to sing.

Never forget this: the soul, the self, is destined to joy, to wisdom and to final peace. Live in the upper rooms of your inner being and you shall not suffer overmuch. One hope held steadfast, one

consciousness of Divine Love never dimmed, one purpose full of trust, with these there is no hour wholly desolate.

A Prayer for Guidance

OUR Father, lead us into paths of Power. Show us the way from the dark valley of despair, to the clear mountains of Hope. Keep our feet from stumbling; save our hearts from failing; abolish all fear from our minds.

Kind Father, help us to walk the paths of duty courageously. Give us moral courage to do the things that we ought to do. Teach us so to open our hearts to the divine inflow of Thy suggestions and inspirations that we never shall be at a loss what to do.

Guide us, we pray, toward the fullest and the freest life, the highest and the most useful life. As we journey, open our eyes to the lilies of Friendship, the roses of Love and the immortal stars of Truth, filled with the glory of Thy Father-Love and Mother-Love. Above all things, gracious Father, we ask that our influence on our fellow-pilgrims be wholesome! Amen.

LAMAR STRICKLAND PAYNE.

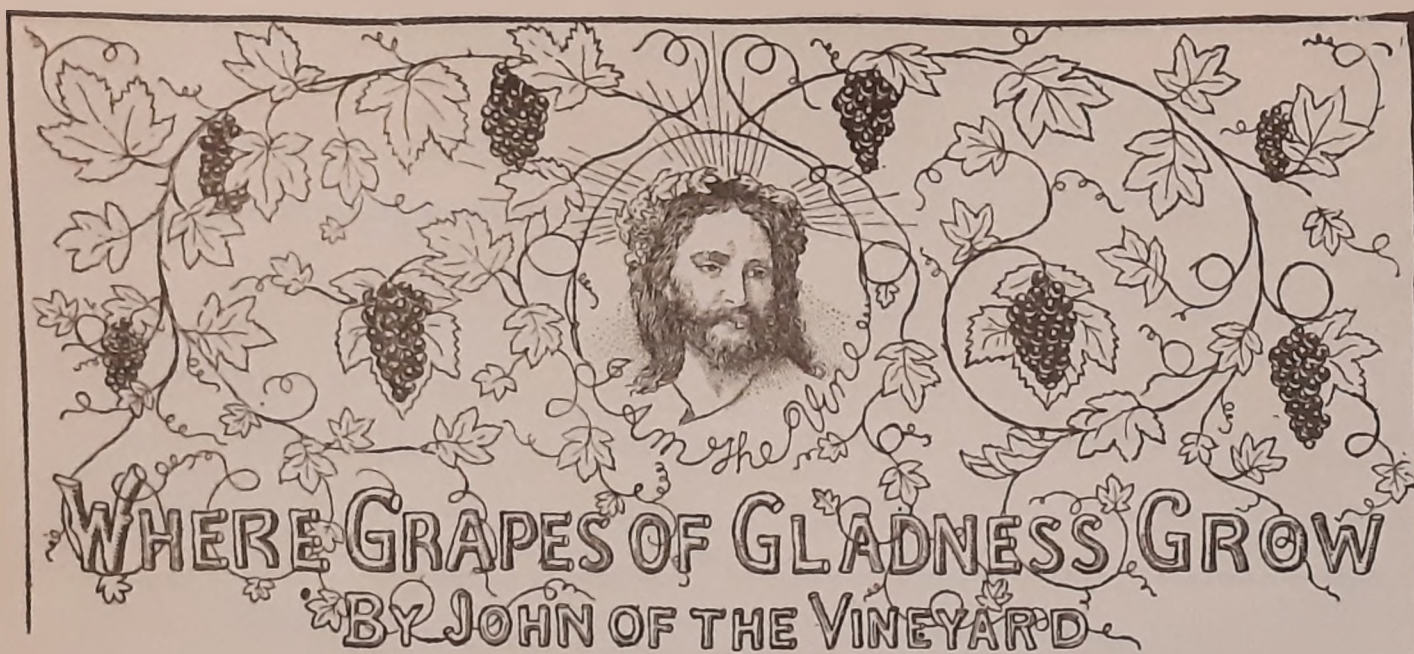
Be Like the Sun

Be like the constant sun and shine;
Be like unfermented wine;
Be like rosy morning's glow;
Be like light on drifts of snow;
For all this means your mind of cheer
Will scatter joy throughout the year.

Fulfil your duties with a smile;
When over-tired, rest a while.
Speak gently both to friend and foe;
'Tis better thus through life to go.
For all this means your mind of cheer
Will scatter joy throughout each year.
Helen Van-Anderson.

In the blackest soils grow the fairest flowers, and the loftiest and strongest trees spring heavenward among the rocks.—J. G. Holland.

"How shall we overcome temptation? Cheerfulness is the first thing, cheerfulness is the second, cheerfulness is the third."



THE sea is His also. His who makes grapes grow and suns burn, who fashioned mothers out of His own motherhood and children out of the holiness of His joy. The sea is His, for He made it. He is master of its storm and its shine. He knows its hidden deeps and its waves that reveal to the sky and the shore. He marks out the paths of life for the little ones and the great whose homes are in its tides. Something of Himself has gone into the sea, and we may find Him there in His love and beauty to adore.

The change of the sea! The tides come and the tides go. A multitude of waves lift, but never again in the same place. The waters that touch our feet to-day will grow alien to our shores, breaking in spray on Arctic rocks or rocks that burn with tropic suns. The wave there which broke into its white laughter for joy of meeting the shore, may lift to-morrow into the sky on the kiss of a sunbeam, ride in a chariot of cloud, fall through the glory of a summer shower into the heart of a rose. But every change is a change of value. Every experience is an experience of worth. And each change has this glory, that it moves ever in the loving wisdom of God. It cannot fly from his presence. Wherever it goes it finds Him the journey and the journey's end.

We, like the sea, change ever. The years come and the years go, and we are never the same. We cannot become a child again in our mother's arms "just for to-night." We cannot retrace life's steps and live over again the days that are no more. Some things are so inevitable—the death through which our friends have passed. If we pause in the shadow of this inevitable fact of change, we are saddened unto heartbreak. If we hold on to anything with the grasp of sense, there is a loss without compensation. If we grasp our beloved ones in these arms of flesh, asking just this as an eternity, we will lose them in a desolation in which the darkness is agony. But if the truth of the changeable sea is in our hearts, then it is in God that we have all our experiences, that we enjoy the things of time and sense, that we love all those who love us. Then in us and our loves and changes there is alive a spiritual quality, which is a part of the eternal presence of God in His universe; so there can never be any loss, for life moves ever in Him, and every change must be ever unto some glory when His perfect meanings appear. When we know and rejoice in His fellowship there is no uncomplained loss, there is no uncompensated loss.

The changeableness of the sea is not the change of untruth. There is no fickleness in it that mocks our faiths unto despair. It is always true. It is never false. If there is any hurt in it it is not because the sea is treacherous in falsehood. It is because we have not understood it. Our ignorance is the blame; and it were a weak sea, a weak world, a weak love, a vacillating God who could change the ways of His truth in His worlds at the call each ignorance of man cries. So creation would be the caprice of ignorance and not the faithfulness of truth. If you know the sea it will never disappoint you. It will feed you with its fishes. It will carry your treasures to the ends of the earth, making its winds and its waves the devoted slaves of your will. To the full of its nature and might the sea will bless you if, through knowledge, you will put yourself in harmony with its truth.

And so of the changes that befall us, these changes in life and love, these changes of being and becoming. In these changes that are upon the sea of ourselves there is no unfaith. Fickleness does not rule their waves. Whatever seems, there is a truth of being from which there is no escape. And that truth is a part of God's truth, and God's truth is eternal as Himself and never disappoints those who are, through knowledge, attuned to it. If the truth of being hurts us, it is through our ignorance that the hand reaching to bless is turned into a blow. Truth cannot change to our ignorance. Else would it be the slave of ignorance, blighted into fickleness and falsehood, the lamp of the universe put out, the night of chaos abroad. The truth of being is constancy itself, and in that constancy is the fulfillment of the beatitudes of love. The truth of our being is one with the truth of God's being. If

through knowledge we will put ourselves in harmony with this truth, it will work with us by the grace of all its might, fulfilling our desires, giving fruition to our wishes. When we know the truth the truth makes us free—free from the bruising limitations of ignorance, free in the perfection of the being of God. Then have we attained unto the immeasurable exhortation of Jesus which says, "Be ye, therefore, perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect."

The sea cleanses your body, if you will submit to its waves. Your very sewers, if you give them to it, it returns purified and fit to sweeten your body with cleansing, or your shores with the freshness of life. Submit any defilement of any kind to the sea, and in time that defilement will have passed and purity hold its place.

The truth of being cleanses from all defilement. When a soul comes to itself—its true self—like the prodigal, it returns to its Father, and there is the kiss that makes clean, the ring of power, the robe of purity. The truth of being is reconstruction. When it is recognized and realized evil is no more, nor can be. It has passed, even as unsubstantial shadows when the light is come. Let the infinite tides of being beat upon all your shores, gather up all your streams, and it will sweeten and cleanse, giving you a new heaven and a new earth. Learn who you are, and be so overcome with the grandeur that you can no more have a mean feeling, say a mean word, do a mean deed than the sunshine can be corrupted and give blackness for light.

The grace of the sea! How beautiful it is in its changing lights, in its replication of refluent waves, in its blue blending with the blue of the sky. Its charm is to be felt and not said. Words about it are discordant echoes. It is an experience, not a discourse.

How beautiful the truth of being! What a grace in the realization of our unity with the Father in heaven! We enter into the soul of beauty and adore God. In that soul of beauty we no more admire a thing apart. We are one with the beauty. In the beauty we are beautiful. We experience and live like God experiences and lives, grace multiplying in us and through us its endless beauties.

How merciful the sea! Out of it the multitudes are fed, like Jesus fed the multitudes in the desert on multiplying fish. Out of it come the showers that cleanse the winds and refresh the earth. Somehow the roses come out of the sea, and the grapes and all the harvests and the streams that run among the hills. When in August noons all the fields are a-faint and droop and a shower comes out of the sea and falls, is it not a mercy to grain and tree, to bird and beast, to woman and child?

So the truth of being is always merciful. It nourishes the fainting until they are strong. It sendeth the renewing showers upon all our fields, and life lives anew. It is not blind love that blundering blesses. It is love seeing through the eyes of the truth with unerring vision, which is kind with a kindness beyond the tenderness of a mother. To know who we are, to realize that the Infinite God has His being in us, there is no mercy like unto His in all the acts or experiences of man with man.

There is the peace of the sea, which, like the peace of God, passeth understanding. How it enters into the heart, as we behold it with the loving eye, until all the harsh noises of the day are hushed, dying away as in music! So the truth of being—the truth of our being—at one with the truth of God's being, speaks in us the word of peace, and the noises of sin, the moanings of sickness, the sighs of poverty pass as if they had never distressed our minds, turning beauty that blesses into sirens that blight. It is this peace that maketh perfect, and there is no place for wounds and bruises and putrefying sores.

When bath ears to hear the sea is ever saying its benediction of grace, mercy and peace. It preaches its sermon. It administers its sacrament. It says its benediction. We go from its cathedral into the ways of the world renewed, strengthened, realizing the presence of the Divine and Eternal.

By it the truth of God has entered into us, and forever we are new. In thinking upon it and its meaning, we have thought upon ourselves and our

meaning, and God is revealed in us as He is revealed in the sea, as the One abiding all changes, in whom all changes are experienced; as the changeless eternity in which our beings centre; as the power that makes clean; as the grace, mercy and peace which repeats itself endlessly, sanctifying life and being with the holiness of God.

The sea is His also, and we are His! As the sea never fails, ever renewing, so shall we fail never, never falling from out his grace Whose we are! In Him we live and move and have our being. In us He lives and moves and has His being. In the truth of being we are one, and no division may befall, keeping us eternally from sharing with Him the bliss of being.

The sea! The sea of glass mingled with fire! That is the glory awaiting every one of us when we have attained unto the truth of our being, and the truth of our being fills with its divine fulness the grail of our consciousness o'er the brimming with joy. So the grapes of gladness yield us the wine of the kingdom as we meditate upon and rejoice in the sea.

A Thought

CAN you tell whence our thoughts and
whither they go,
Or what is their mission? Does anyone
know
In what sphere they were born? Can any-
one tell
The aerial home where they may dwell?
In the gloaming this eve came a visitant
rare,
Like a whisper of love, or a sigh on the air,
Or a note of the song the glorified sing.
I scarce heard its soft stepping, yet did it
bring
Sweetest peace to my soul—my heart
opened wide
And gave it glad welcome to always abide.
'Twas there but a moment. Like a loving
caress,
With magical power it touched me to bliss,
And sang a glad strain which my quickened
sense heard,
And with rapturous music my whole soul
was stirred.
But 'tis gone, and it seems to have left in its
flight
A pathway of brightness—such radiant light
As only can come from the city of gold,
Where God dwells in glory to mortals un-
told.
Was that thought a message from Spirit
Divine
Sent for a moment in my soul to shine,
Just to show me the glory my eyes yet may
see?
Or was it a spark of Divine thought for me,
Revealing my Father's omnipotent love
In preparing my beautiful mansion above?
Or was it Divinity dwelling within
This heart that is struggling to conquer its
sin?
Whence came it? Where goes it? 'Twas
mine, but 'tis gone.
And I cannot recall it. Where has it
flown?
Will I find it again when I reach that bright
shore
Whose river death's boatman will carry me
o'er?
Will I find it again when with the glad
throng
I'll join in the chorus of heavenly song?
Will I find it again where the treasures lost
here,
Refined and made perfect, are found over
there?

M. J. O. Whitney.

If to love be added knowledge, and to knowledge wisdom, and to wisdom truth, we have four pearls upon the glowing golden chain that binds us to the Heart of the Infinite.

Surely I have loved and been loved, but while love walked on one hand, fear walked on the other, and love is not perfect when it walks with fear. The white dove and the black hawk do not dwell together. What I lack is that universal love that looking out upon the world claims every man as my brother, without fear, malice or doubt.

What is the definition of universal love? It is not the passionate and servile love that is of the earth earthy; but that clear, vibrating love that pulses forth from the Great White Throne. It is not love that demands all and gives nothing, that follows the object of its love with jealous, angry eyes; but it is the love that is all-embracing. It is love that is tender, compassionate, self-effacing; the love that is sympathetic, that sees in all things the spark of the Infinite; that gives, and is blessed in giving. That gives and demands nothing.

TEMPLE TEACHINGS



One thing have I desired of the Lord; that will I seek after: that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord and to inquire in His Temple.—PSALM XXVII, 4.

THIS is a day of gladness and beauty, of Thanksgiving and praise. And thou, Dear One of My Heart, comest thou to the Temple in the shadow of sadness? Away with it! Lift thine eyes. See the glory of the heavens above thee, the beauty of the earth around thee!

Hast thou not the blessings of life and love?

What! Thou art set apart as one most miserable? Thou hast lost home and friends and art suffering for food, clothing, shelter? How can I expect thee to give thanks or be joyful? Thus do I read thy heart. O Child, Child, leave thy self outside, and come to the Temple altar, in the white garments of thy pure soul. Come close, closer! Let Me breathe upon thee the breath of love. Let Me touch thee with the Light of Understanding.

Listen, Dear One, thou hast been poor and miserable because the adversary, thy earthly mind, hath made thee forget the Source of supply, made thee feel that only the human world could supply thy human needs. Yea, and thou wert centred in thyself, thy desires, thy emotions; thy friends were all and in all.

Hast thou forgotten the words of My Great One, who said, *Judge not according to appearances, but judge righteous judgment?*

These are words of the law. They are wise and true. And again spake the Great One, saying, *Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and all else shall be added unto you, for your Heavenly Father knoweth ye have need of these things.*

When thou wert desolate and thy friends forgot thee thy heart was bitter; thou didst not know or remember the Friend that sticketh closer than a brother, the Friend that is "nearer than breathing, closer than hands or feet."

When thou sawest thy house empty and no food in thy cupboard, thou wert frenzied with fear, and in thy heart faithless that thy Heavenly Father and His promises meant aught to thee in thy distress.

Nay, nay, Beloved, weep not. I have but placed this picture before thy mind's eye that thou mightest in this Temple lesson more surely learn the Temple wisdom.

Neither regret nor be ashamed. Full well I know, O Little One, how the mind of the flesh looketh upon that which appeareth before the eyes, and is affrighted.

But, My Child, thou canst learn and learn most truly that the spirit is greater than the flesh, or the earth, or aught that the earth containeth. Thou canst, if thou wilt, refuse to judge according to appearances and hold thyself steadfastly as spirit and one with Spirit, thy Father. Thou canst say, as did My Great One, *I live not by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God; therefore I depend not upon material bread, but the Word of Truth. That Word will I speak. By that Word will a new world be created, a world of Light and Joy and Plenty, for by that Word shall the Kingdom of God be made manifest. I, the Spirit, dwell in that kingdom, where Love aboundeth and provideth all things.*

And with this Word and its words in thy heart and on thy lips, Dear One, thou wouldst overcome

the mind of the flesh and wouldst know that the black shadows of poverty and want and human fear that so affrighteth thee were powerless to hurt thee or make thee suffer.

Then the blessedness of that peace, which is nameless, unsurpassable and heavenly, would be thine. Then wouldst thou see as one having a new vision the abundance in My Kingdom and thine.

Wilt thou not, from this moment, My Heart's Own, enter into this door I have opened unto thee, and henceforth live as one already in the possession of all good things?

To do this thou must so centre consciousness upon thyself as spirit and one with My Spirit that the flesh will seem but the garment which thou wearest. It is to be cared for, cherished, kept whole and honored in its time and place; but never is it to be thyself, for spirit only is the Master. When, therefore, in thy mind and heart thou knowest thyself, all that may threaten or happen to the flesh will be as naught to thee, the shining, the imperishable one.

When poverty faceth the flesh, thou, as spirit, serene in thy chamber of Light, canst say, *What care I for thee, Poverty? Thou canst not take aught from me, for I am Master of plenty. All things are mine. I cannot suffer, therefore I am not afraid. Even though my flesh be taken away, yet will I live, for I am deathless.*

Such words, O Little One, will sustain thy courage, keep thy thought on the plane of the Master, and so draw to thee succor from unknown, and, to the flesh, wholly unseen sources.

The subtle lines of thought force which continually go forth from thy mind and soul determine the quality of thy flesh environment. If thou think thyself to be flesh and say, *I am poor, I am afraid, I suffer*, then wilt thou, by such thinking, send forth such lines as will connect thee with all other flesh selves whose thought lines are of like quality.

See, then, Beloved, what a web thou weavest of thy environments when thou regardest thyself as flesh, and forgettest that thou art spirit, as I am Spirit, immortal, diseaseless, deathless. For is it not I within thee that maketh thee alive and giveth thee all power? Beware, Beloved, how thou dost use My power! If misused, misdirected, it createth evils of the flesh and in the flesh world. If used aright, it createth or bringeth to view, conditions that reflect the quality of thy right thought. Then art thou rejoiced and satisfied, for thy flesh and its environments are fair and beautiful.

Canst thou now give thanks and rejoice, Dear One?

You, let this be a day of rejoicing and prayer, of thanksgiving and praise.

Rejoice that thou art Spirit, and therefore Master of flesh. Rejoice that thou canst think My thoughts and that, though thy flesh be ill and miserable, thy Word from Me will renew and strengthen, make whole and satisfy.

There is a Spirit in Man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding (Job xxxii, 8).

Know this to be true, O My Child and rejoice, for if thou speak My words, thou shalt forget thy misery and remember it as waters that pass away.

Enter into My gates with thanksgiving and into My courts with praise. Peace and a new joy be thine, Beloved.

HELEN VAN-ANDERSON.

Trusting

It is easy to trust when the sun shines bright,
When the fields are green and the orchards white,
All things in a state of life.

It is hard to trust when the sky is gray,
When the grasses wither, the flowers decay,
All things in a state of death.

But the children of God have learned to say,
We will trust our Father both night and day,
For both are equally good.

Without the clouds there would be no showers,
Without the dark night no restful hours,
And life would be cut in twain.

IDA E. MACDONALD.

SAVE

How OTHERS Do It
How YOU Can Do It

A Savings Bank at Your Door

It may be that you are not located conveniently to a savings bank and that you have often wished that you were a little nearer to one, so that you might frequently lay aside some of your spare dollars.

No matter where you live, you may enjoy the advantage of a savings account with this institution. Our system of Banking by Mail practically brings this great bank right to your very door. To open an account with us, all that is necessary is to place the amount you wish to start with in an envelope, addressed to "The Citizens Savings & Trust Company, Cleveland, Ohio," drop it in your nearest mail box, and by return of mail you will receive a bank book showing the amount of your deposit. From that moment your money will be earning for you a liberal rate of interest. The United States mails are safe. Not a dollar has ever been lost in transmission between any of our depositors and the Bank.

The Secret of Success

The habit of saving is not such a difficult one to acquire as most people imagine. It does require a little self-control and sometimes a little self-denial; at least, at the time it seems like self-denial, though it really is not.

Thousands of people throughout the country are to day financially comfortable because they saved money and then took advantage of their opportunities. Real opportunities come only to those who possess ready money. However you do it, learn to save. Don't wait until you have "accumulated" a certain "even" sum. One dollar will do to begin with. Then add to it every little amount that you can spare. Try it once, and you will find this process absorbingly interesting. Keep adding to your beginning, whether it is only five cents a day, or a dollar or ten dollars per week. Send every small sum you can spare to your Bank. Help your account to grow. The more it grows, the greater the interest it will earn daily. And interest adds to interest.

A Dangerous Practice

It is a dangerous practice to keep money secreted about the house or upon your person. To the professional thief this practice offers an irresistible temptation; moreover, loss of money by fire is of frequent occurrence, and there are also many other risks of a similar nature to be guarded against. When one has surplus cash to spend, it is so easy to forget how hard it is to earn a dollar when hard times come. If the average man could recover all the money he has spent foolishly, he would possess a modest fortune.

By opening an account with this old established savings bank, you will avoid the care and anxiety of guarding your own money, and will experience that happy feeling which comes to those who know that their possessions are safe.



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The oldest and largest bank of its kind in the State of Ohio.

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SEND to-day for our free booklet A, explaining how you can open an account with ONE DOLLAR or more safely and conveniently by mail.

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The CITIZENS' SAVINGS AND TRUST COMPANY
Cleveland, Ohio

WE PAY **4%** INTEREST COMPOUNDED
TWICE A YEAR

"If you will promise me that you will do your level best to have PRINCE, his Phantom and Harness delivered to you Christmas morning all charges prepaid by myself, I will here promise you that should you not succeed, I will send you a Savings Bank Book from one of the largest and strongest savings institutions in this country, with a capital and deposits of over \$4,000,000, with a deposit in it commensurate to your efforts, made out in your own name. But, remember, I want you to try for the Pony and Harness!"

This is a part of a statement made in my announcement:

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The bank referred to is THE CITIZENS' SAVINGS & TRUST COMPANY, of Cleveland, Ohio. I have made a thorough investigation as to the safety of this bank, with a most satisfactory result. As a proof of my own faith in this institution I have myself deposited money in this bank.

CHARLES E. ELLIS, President,
22 North William St. New York City.

Just Speak Kindly

Just speak kindly—yes, speak kindly.
Every Human Heart must bear—
Bear enough of sorrows daily,
Bitter pain and anxious care.

Just speak kindly—yes, speak kindly.
Add not to another's woe;
For each path is strewn with briars
In Life's journey here below.

Just speak kindly—yes, speak kindly.
In your intercourse each day;
It will joy and comfort bring you,
It will help you on your way.

Just speak kindly—yes, speak kindly.
Why not cheer the fainting heart?
Ev'ry word in kindness spoken
Always soothes the aching smart.

Yes, it brings sweet consolation,
Quells the worst of passions here;
And prepares the Heart that's drooping
FOR SOME HIGHER, NOBLER SPHERE.

Dr. Wesley Kenton Burr.

Our Rights

We have a right to our own way if it is a right way, and if we can take it without infringing on the rights of others, but there are many better methods of clearing our path than by striking down all obstacles with a club. Persuasion is better than antagonism, and diplomacy, in its best sense, is an art worth cultivating.

To many persons, especially quick-tempered, candid-speaking persons, the idea of diplomacy is linked with duplicity. It is a sort of shrewd covering up of real designs, and a watchful scheming for selfish advantages which nations may perhaps find necessary, but which is not to be tolerated in individuals. Yet the word has a better meaning, and that which it represents has its righteous use.

"I never bring wills to a clash when it is possible to avert it," said a wise woman in authority. "The conflicts avoided to-day may not arise to-morrow. A pleasant word or a gentle suggestion will soften, while a sharp demand would have raised a barricade. Agree heartily so far as possible, in my rule, and skilfully avoid disagreeing so long as possible."

Be patient even with the irritating idiosyncrasies and the offensive mannerisms that are found in a most every one with whom we come in contact. Be patient with the peculiarities, especially if they are non-essentials in reference to the honesty and noble characteristics of a man. Be patient, especially because wrong types of marked individuality, if harnessed in the right way, will often mean great success for us and for those whom it is our privilege to influence. —Frank De Witt Talmage.

WORK IS A PLEASURE

It is One of the Real Joys Given Us

"Postum Food Coffee has done more for me in two years," writes a Wisconsin young lady student, "than all the medicines and treatments I had employed to overcome the effects of the coffee poisoning that was killing me by degrees."

"I had all the familiar symptoms and suffered all the well-known tortures. My stomach was wrecked and I could not eat, my head ached almost continually, I became the nervous victim of insomnia, and the capacity for study deserted me. Of course, this came on gradually, and without suspicion, for a long time, as to the cause."

"Two years ago a friend enthusiastically urged me to quit using the old kind of coffee and to drink Postum Food Coffee. I have never regretted acting upon the advice. As soon as the coffee poison was eliminated, the strengthening and nourishing properties of Postum began to build me up."

"Each day I gained a little, the color crept back to my cheeks, my limbs rounded out with new flesh, my complexion grew fair and clear again, my digestion improved, and now I can eat anything at any time, the nervous insomnia has left me and I sleep soundly at night and wake up refreshed. I have no more headaches, and mental work has become a pleasure to me." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in each pkg.

MY FAITH

By JULIAN VAUGHN

Written especially for
THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES

"A little sorrow, a little pleasure
Fate metes us from the dusty measure
That holds the date of all of us;
We are born with travail and strong crying,
And from the birthday to the dying
The likeness of our life is thus."

THESE few lines from Swinburne suggest a minor note in the song of life. Why is this? The pensive strain is echoed round about us. It is not an indication that we little ones of the earth life fail to apprehend the purposes of the All-Loving One! The why and wherefore of creation!

Is He not drawing us nearer and nearer to the Great Heart of Love, through the degrees of life, year by year?

The only condition He asks is that we shall strive earnestly and manfully to improve. But this improvement must be founded on a larger, deeper, broader love. If we cast that out, we cast out every thing.

Bad habits must be abandoned—reformed altogether—for persistent evil becomes at last radical, and works its way in.

Vice becomes an organic part of the system. Truthlessness may easily become an inherent quality of the mind. Then the moral sense suffers with an ingrained disease. It cannot be wiped out with a word, nor washed away with a few tears. There must be purpose, effort, struggle, a process of improvement going on, Heaven knows how long, before real forgiveness, which means reform, correction, regeneration, peace of mind, moral power and happiness of spirit, can come in.

It was Swedenborg who said that it is possible for men to go on and sin against the law of truth, purity, justice, until they cannot help sinning against them; it becomes a second nature, from habit, a law of their being to lie and steal and slander, to poison and kill. They surround themselves with a fiendish atmosphere and so have no peace, no rest, no home but hell. It is indeed dreadful, and yet it may not be for nothing that souls are permitted to wander, and sometimes they go to the very edge of despair!

I believe in the power of the OVER-RULING GOODNESS to make even the wrath of man to praise Him!—to make even despair a stepping-stone to reformation. I believe, boundlessly, in the giant possibilities of our human nature. At heart it is from God's life! I believe in the future of every human soul! I believe in the capacity for good that is stored up in every rational mind, and the angels will help the truly penitent. Yes, I believe that, whether he knows it of himself or not, yet it is there.

Why may there not come some sudden surprise, some shock, an unlooked-for thought or circumstance, some vision of beauty, or stroke of experience, some golden-gloried thrill of emotion which in an exalted moment shall so stir and quicken the latent goodness that there and then the power of Good shall get the better of the power of Evil.

We have no lack of "sudden conversions." The will is the touchstone of action. There is in each of our little human tenements "An Eastern Window of Divine Surprise!"

It is true it may be covered with dust and cobwebs—the long neglect appears, the poor, gray, glimmering dawn can scarcely struggle through the pane, but the morning for that darkened soul may come, yes, in God's Providence it shall come, when the shafts of light, streaming over the mountains, shall let in the heavenly glory, the soul shall find the way back to the Father's mansion.

I believe it, because this great cold world in which we live is yet God's world!

Yes, I feel sure of it, because every soul begotten in Light and Love, whether conscious of it or not, is a child of God and an heir to that perfect life that we call IMMORTALITY.

Courage

CONTINUE the song that your lips began
When the road was fair and bright;
With a word of cheer in a endangered run
You can battle the bogey Night.

And a brave song sung to the heart afraid
Dissembles the doubts and fears;
For the shadows of perils pull and fade
When a singer of songs appears.

Stacy E. Baker.

Join the MYSTIC SUCCESS CLUB and learn to be HEALTHY, FEARLESS and FREE. We want YOU, YOUR LOVE and YOUR SERVICE, for when you give these, you are one with our Grand Army of Workers for Universal Good.

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THE RISING FAITH

By J. P. Cooke

Written especially for
THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES

For Nature's life in Love's deep life doth lie.

I AM one who believes that the *real* will never find an adamant basis until it rests on the Ideal. Feeling is deeper than all speech, and being deeper it is nearer to the Inner life, the Divine breath that sustains us.

That one touch of nature that makes the whole world kin is a touch of sentiment, a sympathy which dignifies and ennobles us.

The sentiments hold the same place in the conduct of life that flowers and pictures do. Flowers are the fragrance of nature. They help to illustrate the genius of spirit working through the material world—the fleeting, enchanting bloom on the face of things. Suspect not your sentiments! A sentiment is oft the inspiration of a life.

Our doubts are traitors
And make us lose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt.

Is it not the noble Longfellow who tells us:

Of our vices we can frame
A ladder, if we will but tread
Beneath our feet each deed of shame.

I love to think of that charming story of Hawthorne, "The Great Stone Face," where a youth of the village seeing a face carved on the mountain-side set it up as an Ideal, strove to be in mind all that it seemed to be, and in the course of years built himself up into a noble manhood through contemplation of it. There was no face there. It was only a pile of rocks grouped grotesquely together. Everything depended on the point of view, whether one stood on a particular spot, at a special hour, caught the light at a peculiar angle. The youth did so. The image was in *his* imagination.

But this was enough. It is enough to have an image in one's imagination, no matter whether it exist in substance or not. Drawn of it, have a vision of it, catch the imagination of it, and it will work upon the mind with its fine chisel, producing the saint, madonna, hero, as Michael Angelo brought his "David" out of the useless block of stone.

The old problem is whether people can ever become any better than they are; whether they can ever do anything for themselves; whether they can mount into any higher realm of achievement. Now there is not one of us who may not become transformed and illuminated by an idea, a thought, a vision, a *sentiment*.

"All that we are is the result of what we have thought." Truly our being is essentially made up of our thoughts.

Our deeds must follow us even from afar,
And what we have been makes us what we are.

This wonderful Magazine, "Our Magazine," is ever helping to raise the spiritual level of its multitude of readers; to bring them to a fuller knowledge of their Divine Birthright, "Health, Happiness and Prosperity."

For this the MYSTIC BROTHERHOOD is laboring. And what, in truth, is a mystic?

THE SECRET OF YOUTH

Do Soto looked for the secret of youth in a spring of gushing, life-giving waters, which he was sure he would find in the New World. Alchemists and sages (thousands of them), have spent their lives in quest for it, but it is only found by those happy people who can digest and assimilate the right food which keeps the physical body perfect that peace and comfort are the sure results.

A remarkable man of 94 says: "For many long years I suffered more or less with chronic constiveness and painful indigestion. This condition made life a great burden to me, as you may well imagine."

"Two years ago I began to use Grape-Nuts as food and am thankful that I did. It has been a blessing to me in every way. I first noticed that it had restored my digestion. This was a great gain but was nothing to compare in importance with the fact that in a short time my bowels were restored to free and normal action."

"The cure seemed to be complete; for two years I have had none of the old trouble. I use the Grape-Nuts food every morning for breakfast and frequently eat nothing else. The use has made me comfortable and happy, and although I will be 94 years old next fall, I have become strong and supple again, erect in figure, and can walk with anybody and enjoy it."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. "There's a reason."

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in every pkg.

A man of Ideas, of Introspective Thought. A man who appeals not principally, as the source of his religion, to a book or a church or yet to certain arguments of logical procedure, but who makes the direct appeal to his own heart, his own Inner Life, knowing and believing that God holds all His creations by the spirit, yes, by the very heart-strings, the attraction of the "heart of hearts."

By mystic practices they behold the Divine Living Light whose attraction holds all things in a beautiful cosmos, ever renewing the life of all things from His own Infinite Life and Love. The mystic believes that there is a Revelation of the Infinite Life vouchsafed to every soul who asks and asks aright. And so it is that he listens in the holy Inner Silence, in the sphere of "CIRCLE OF LIGHT," to hear the voice of the Eternal and Unchanging Goodness speaking to him.

He believes that the Great God who made the heavens and the earth, and all that in them is, dwells in all and communicates with his Inner life and lives within his own bosom.

He perceives that all space is an ocean of unformed life—the raw material of creation. That every world throughout it is a mind organ for handling and forming that element of "mind stuff." They are like ganglia for thinking and forming the thought of the universe.

Each Individual life is a nerve for specializing thought in the great world uses and for bringing the human minds into rapport with the Great, Positive, Divine Mind, the HOLY ONE, the FATHER OF ALL.

The Soul is thus employed in creating, forming and bringing into existence powers and things and forms of life and intelligence, and as we grow and deepen in the spiritual life we become able to work by and through the spirit of the All Mind. Thus building by the spirit of Good, our work becomes perfected. We learn to build from Supreme wisdom and we see that "all is Good."

The readers of "Our Magazine" should ever read *carefully* and *well*. Digest the thoughts well. He reads most wisely who thinks everything into a book that it is capable of holding. Then it will so quicken our insight and stimulate our thought that it will make us feel as if we helped to create it while we read.

It is thus the spirit and life blends with you. Whoever values life and thought will not waste time, for that is the stuff that life is made of.

Time, so complained of,
Who to no one man
Shows partiality,
Brings round to all men
Some undimmed hours.

Then let these "undimmed hours" of communion with the Magazine lift your soul up and onward. Think helpfully and sympathetically with these Christian Mystics.

Is it not easy to grant that Christianity is the Queen of Faiths? The most impressive, tender, humane, helpful form of religion that is known to the world? Why? Because it is the *last*. It has the benefit of all the evolution that went before. It is the residuary legatee of all the ancient religions of the race.

It is the deeply rooted sentiment and religion of the modern world and of the modern man. It is the religion of the most intellectual, the most persevering, the most humane epochs of history. Its age is the age of art, of philosophy, of science, of speculation and philanthropy. It has used its many advantages. It has improved its opportunities.

It is ever growing and striving to develop its SPIRIT OF LOVE, for

If love is not worth loving, then life is not worth living.
Nor ought is worth remembering but well forgot:
For store is not worth storing and gifts are not worth giving
If Love is not.

Not all your dreams are spiritual leadings. From the deep wells of our inner life come the waters of refreshing, but in them we have cast now and then a poisonous weed, and the influence of these upon what should be our waters of joy is often apparent. Try all your intuitions to see if they are harmonious with spiritual love.

Every true lover knows the world is transformed by his spiritual awakening. The rose has a deeper tint, a fairer breath of fragrance. The hills are more beautiful, the faces of common men and women are more fair. If this be true of the manifestation of divinity which we perceive in the mortal we are drawn to commune with, how much more shall we not finally see of beauty and grace and joy when we come to a perfect comprehension and unity with that God who ever lives and loves in perfection and unlimited power.

Take your birthright as God's child and be glad, knowing there is no limit to your Father's gifts, both spiritual and material.



SUGGESTIONS FOR THE HOLIDAYS DIRECT FROM THE FACTORY.

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|-----------------------------------|---|
| 1 Silver Spoon, "Wild Rose," .75 | 9 Solid Gold Brooch, - - - 2.50 |
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| 3 Solid Gold Brooch, - - - .50 | 11 Gold Plated Brooch, - - .50 |
| 4 Solid Gold Cross, - - - 4.50 | 12 Solid Gold Pin, - - - 1.00 |
| 5 Solid Gold Brooch, - - - 1.00 | 13 Gold Plated Scarf Pin, - .75 |
| 6 Gold Plated Brooch, - - - 1.00 | 14 Solid Gold Scarf Pin, Sapphire, 1.50 |
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Kinship

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox

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I AM the voice of the voiceless;
Through me the dumb shall speak,
Till the deaf world's ear be forced to hear
The cry of the wordless weak.
From street, from cage and from kennel,
From stable and zoo, the wail
Of my tortured kin proclaims the sin
Of the mighty against the frail.

Oh, shame on the praying churchman,
With his unstalled steed at the door,
Where the Winters beat with snow and sleet,
And the Summer sun-rays pour!
And shame on the mothers of mortals
Who have not thought to teach
Of the sorrow that lies in dear dumb eyes—
The sorrow that has no speech!

The same force formed the sparrow
That fashioned man the king;
The God of the whole gave a spark of soul
To furred and feathered thing.
And I am my brother's keeper,
And I will fight his fight,
And speak the word, for beast and bird,
Till the world shall set things right.

How a Beautiful Hymn Was Written

ONE day Mr. Wesley was sitting by an open window, looking out over the bright and beautiful fields. Presently a little bird, flitting about in the sunshine, attracted his attention. Just then a hawk came sweeping down toward the little bird. The poor thing, very much frightened, was darting here and there, trying to find some place of refuge. In the bright sunny air, in the leafy trees of the green fields, there was no hiding-place from the fierce grasp of the hawk. But seeing an open window and a man sitting by it, the bird flew, in its extremity, toward it, and with a beating heart and quivering wing, found refuge in Mr. Wesley's bosom. He sheltered it from the threatening danger and saved it from a cruel death.

Mr. Wesley was at that time suffering from severe trials, and was feeling the need of refuge in his own time of trouble, as much as did the trembling little bird that nestled so safely in his bosom. So he took up his pen and wrote that sweet hymn:

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the waves of trouble roll,
While the tempest still is high."

That prayer grew into one of the most beautiful hymns in our language, and multitudes of people, when in sorrow and danger, have found comfort while they have said or sung the last lines of that hymn—*Our Dumb Animals*.

What time is it?
Time to do well;
Time to live better;
Give up the grudge;
Answer that letter;

Speaking that kind word to sweeten a sorrow;
Do that good deed you would leave till to-morrow.

What time is it?
Time to be earnest;
Laying up treasure;
Time to be thoughtful,
Choosing true pleasure;
Loving stern justice, of Truth being fond—
Making your word just as good as your bond.
Maudslayi Witness.

Thanksgiving is a good time to show your love for your neighbor—every day should be a thanksgiving day.

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Greenville Washer

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that does the washing, but they are so arranged that when the leverage pressure is applied the garments are held in such a position that it is really the garments rubbing over themselves that do the washing, and, as our customers put it, "the clothes wash themselves."

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Waves of Influence

By Janet Turner

"THE smallest wave of influence set in motion extends and widens to the eternal shore."

As we have stood on the seashore and cast pebbles into the clear expanse of waters we have seen the surface rippled by waves widening and ever widening until the eye could no more follow them.

So, as we stand on the shore of the sea of life we cast in, it may be a smile, a pleasant word, a kind deed, a vote on the side of a right cause, and thereby set in motion waves of influence that widen far beyond our knowledge, yea, even to the eternal shore.

This learned I from a tree whose shadow to and fro did sway upon a wall. Our shadow-selves, our influence may fall where we may never be; believing thus, how careful we should be that our influence is always cast for good, that our "mental attitude" is right, for what we daily do within our hearts we grow to be. Such as are our habitual thoughts such will be the character of our minds; and what we are we influence others to be, for it is true that no man liveth to himself alone, no one fills so small a place in the world but he has some influence for right or wrong, and it is true, though much to be regretted, that bad influence is just as far-reaching as good.

Then let us fling into the flowing stream of life for others the best we have, be it a word, a tone within a word, a smile with a word, a kind thought, our heart's sympathy, kind actions, as we have opportunity, knowing that in the economy of life nothing is lost, no thought conceived by the brain, no word spoken or written, no act performed has ever been lost or ceases to exert its influence upon mankind. The world is to-day what the thoughts, words and deeds of all who have gone before us have made it, and the world of the future will, in this respect, be like the world of the present.

Let us try to take a little from the world's vast store of sadness and add to joy's too scanty score a little more.

Roll on, O waves of influence,
Roll on to ocean caves,
And give high inspiration,
Tell of a power that saves.
Peal in a mighty harmony,
Speak with a mighty tongue,
Till never grander symphony,
In mortal ear hath rung.

Be Happy To-day

Do not dwell in the future,
Do not dream of the past,
But live now, in the present,
Trusting the present will last.

To-day is your day to be happy,
To-morrow may never come;
Then drink of life's joys sweetest,
Of the future let lips be dumb.

The castles you're building may tumble,
The love that you trust may wane;
Then keep in the present, living,
And live not to-day in vain.

'Tis hard not to trust to-morrow,
Or another day that may dawn;
'Tis hard to look back with sorrow
On the yesterdays that have gone.

But such is life's great lesson,
Or at least I've found it so,
And the only way is keep trying
To make "good" each day as you go.
—Light of Truth.

True worth is in being, not seeming,
In doing, each day that goes by,
Some little good; not in dreaming
Of great things to do by and bye.
For whatever men say in their blindness,
And in spite of the fancies of youth,
There's nothing so kindly as kindness,
And nothing so royal as truth.
—Alice Cary.

The Brightest Truth

ONE of the brightest truths for which we stand is, that there is hope for all—that from the unlikely life there may spring at last a growth of beauty in "the garden of the Lord."

We once planted a tree and watched it for two or three years without any promise of growth. At last it dwindled and was said to be dead. We resolved to dig it up, but went away for a long holiday without doing so. On our return we saw that from the heart of it a new strong shoot had sprung. We cut away the dead parts, and gave the new growth light and air. In the end we got a goodly tree.

Will the Almighty Father be less patient and less provident? Will the Power which holds so fast by the germ of life in a falling tree be unable or unwilling to watch over and develop the germ of life in a falling soul?—Light.

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The Righteous Man

THERE are times in the life of every man who takes his stand on high moral principles when his faith in, and knowledge of, those principles is tested to the uttermost and the way in which he comes out of the fiery trial decides as to whether he has sufficient strength to live as a man of Truth, and join the company of the free, or shall still remain a slave and a hireling to the cruel taskmaster, Self.

Such times of trial generally assume the form of a temptation to do a wrong thing and continue in comfort and prosperity, or to stand by what is right and accept poverty and failure, and so powerful is the trial that, to the tempted one, it plainly appears on the face of things as though if he chooses the wrong his material success will be assured for the remainder of his life, but if he does what is right he will be ruined forever.

Frequently the man at once quails and gives way before this appalling prospect which the Path of Righteousness seems to hold out for him, but should he prove sufficiently strong to withstand this first onslaught of temptation, then the inward seducer, the spirit of self, assumes the garb of an Angel of Light and whispers, "Think of your wife and children, think of those who are dependent upon you; will you bring them down to disgrace and starvation?"

Strong, indeed, and pure must be the man who can come triumphant out of such a trial, but he who does so enters at once a higher realm of life, where his spiritual eyes are opened to see beautiful things; and the poverty and ruin which seemed inevitable do not come, but a more abiding success comes, and a peaceful heart and a quiet conscience. But he who fails does not obtain the promised prosperity, and his heart is restless and his conscience troubled.

The right-doer cannot ultimately fail, the wrong-doer cannot ultimately succeed, for

"Such is the Law which moves to Righteousness, Which none at last can turn aside or stay"—

and it is because justice is at the heart of things—because the Great Law is good—that the man of integrity is superior to fear, and failure, and poverty, and shame, and disgrace. As the poet further says of this Law—

"The heart of it is Love, the end of it
Is peace and consummation sweet—obey."

The man who, fearing the loss of present pleasures or material comforts, denies the Truth within him, can be injured, and robbed, and degraded, and trampled upon, because he has first injured, and robbed, and degraded, and trampled upon his own nobler self; but the man of steadfast virtue, of unblemished integrity, cannot be subject to such conditions because he has denied the craven self within him and has taken refuge in the Truth. It is not the scourge and the chains which make a man a slave, but the fact that he is a slave.

Slander, accusation and malice cannot affect the righteous man, nor call from him any bitter response, nor does he need to go about to defend himself and prove his innocence. His innocence and integrity alone are a sufficient answer to all that hatred may attempt against him. Nor can he ever be subdued by the forces of darkness, having subdued by those forces within himself; but he turns all evil things to good account—out of darkness he brings light, out of hatred love, out of dishonor honor; and slanders, envies and misrepresentations only serve to make more bright the jewel of Truth within him, and to glorify his high and holy destiny.

Let the man of Truth rejoice and be glad when he is severely tried; let him be thankful that he has been given an opportunity of proving his loyalty to the noble principles which he has espoused; and let him think—"Now is the hour of holy opportunity! Now is the day of triumph for Truth! Though I lose the whole world I will not desert the right!" So thinking, he will return good for evil, and will think compassionately of the wrong-doer.

The slanderer, the back-biter and the wrong-doer may seem to succeed for a time, but the Law of Justice prevails; the man of integrity may seem to fail for a time, but he is invincible, and in none of the worlds, visible or invisible, can there be forged a weapon that shall prevail against him.—James Allen.

You Get As You Give

Look for goodness, look for gladness,
You will find them all the while;
If you bring a smiling visage
To the glass, you meet a smile.
Do not look for wrong and evil,
You will find them if you do;
As you measure for your neighbor
He will measure back to you.

Alice Cary.

"You must take joy with you, or you will not find it even in heaven."

The Better Way

By Susan Coolidge

HE serves his country best

Who joins the tide that lifts her nobly on;
For speech has myriad tongues for every day,
And song but one; and law within the breast
Is stronger than the graven law on stone;
There is no better way.

He serves his country best

Who lives at home and doeth righteous deed,
And walks straight paths, however others stray,
And leaves his sons, as uttermost bequest,
A stainless record, which all men may read;
This is the better way.

No drop but lifts the slowly lifting tide,

No dew but has an errand to some flower,
No smallest star but sheds some cheerful ray,
And man by man, each giving to all the rest,
Makes the firm bulwarks of the country's power;
There is no better way.

A Test of Spiritual Progress

By Winthrop W. Field

NOTHING better indicates the progress gained in spiritual life than the measure of success attending one's effort to mind his own business. To attend to only those things which really concern us is a great victory over the imperfect and the evil within our own thoughts. The little man is concerned with little things because his spiritual powers are little. The great man is concerned with great things and troubles, not with the personal affairs of any man unless by so doing he can do good.

If you will watch life about you it will be easy to observe that spirituality is ever withdrawing us into the sphere where we belong. The material lives, the Uriah Heeps and sharp-nosed gossips of little communities, and of great ones as well, are wholly taken up with each other's affairs. They pry and pick and worry and inquire in an attempt to learn details that are of no importance to them and of little moment to anyone. As you study those in a higher scale of spiritual activity you find them only slightly interested in scandals and other people's minor personal affairs. When you contemplate the life of Emerson, Paul and Plato, you find them wholly absorbed in great thoughts and almost wholly withdrawn from the trivial bickerings and criticisms of their fellows. They take lofty views, condemn little, judge not the sins of others, are more anxious to hear good than evil. When we study the story of the life of Jesus we find no condemnation, but only sorrow and a great compassion, for the weakness and wickedness of mankind, and He refuses to even judge between two quarreling brothers. Their affairs are not His, and they must settle them without His interference.

When we study the nature of God we find Him absolutely refusing to interfere in any man's affairs. He works and moves in perfect love. Those who approach Him do so only in perfect humility and sweetness of character. Without this attitude they may think they draw near to Him, but they do not. But to those who come unto Him, He—by His perfect and eternally impersonal law—gives power over all problems. Speaking with the utmost reverence, we may say that God minds His own business, and that those who worship in Spirit and in Truth also mind their own affairs and do not try to rule over any other soul.

It is not by yielding to outside authority that you are to attain a more eternal life, but by yielding to the PERFECT LAW OF SPIRITUAL ACTIVITY. The Law and the Prophets are within, and must be respected within your own soul and obeyed in your own heart before you can gain the highest joys or be truly a follower of the Infinite. When you are delighting in petty meddlings and little scandals, even when you are trying to rule another by your own mental power rather than to enlighten that one so that self-rule in the Spiritual may come, you are not in harmony with God.

The wise teacher only suggests.
If you have inharmony in your home, look to see if you are minding your own business. If you have not joy in life, consider whether you are concerning yourself only in making your life great and pure. If you are distressed over others' sins, remember they are not your sins, and the only duty you have is to live as far from any sin as possible. This impersonal, sinless life satisfies God, and it ought to satisfy you.

Be as sure of God's love and care
as you are of His gifts of sunshine,
rain and harvest. Then you will live
in peace and trust.

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Be Determined

By Jennie M. Scott

WHAT the multitude of people who populate the world need most is a strong determination to succeed.

There are those who become faint-hearted and give up when the first obstacle presents itself and drag along in despair. The person who permits the little things to overcome him to-day will never surmount the mountain of difficulties that will be waiting for him to-morrow—those that fall thick and fast when we get into the world of action.

We must be fortified by a strong will and determined effort. It is well to select a goal high above us and each day struggle bravely to attain the summit of our ideal.

Nothing is gained by giving up or losing hope; the crowd looking for success will push on and you will be trampled and left desolate while the more strenuous will push on to victory.

We look about us and see the successful men and women of to-day and wonder how they attained eminence and renown.

Not by sitting idly and letting someone else shoulder their burdens; on the contrary, they cultivated self-reliance, one of the greatest essentials in the world to-day, if we would succeed.

Few of them were born to luxury. The majority of the names that adorn the pages of the history of a nation were cradled and nourished in the lap of poverty.

It was by a strong determination and a fixed purpose that they won. We wonder why we too are not prominent and identified with the active members of state and society. We need only look within ourselves and behold that faint heart and lack of confidence in our own ability, little or no self-reliance or fixed effort, a will that is swayed by every breeze like a straw upon a turbulent sea, will never bring success; for, while others are struggling nobly, we are idling our time and bemoaning our sad fate.

Then we call it luck. But we know better. Luck had nothing to do with it. We are born with the same advantages as that poor little fellow next door, the only difference being that he kindled within his breast a fire to succeed and associated with such people and books as enabled him to keep it burning ever bright until he reached the goal of his ambition. Not so the others. The fire thus kindled soon burned low, and they failed to replenish it with right thoughts and actions and it smoldered and died, leaving them as much, if not more, a weakling than before, *sans* hope, *sans* ambition.

They then grumble and call it fate. Don't do it. Fate knew nothing about it. The man or woman who succeeds has to be ever alert and active. No time for loitering. Minutes are precious, and to the wise man or woman mean dollars.

Some find it easy and a sort of consolation to blame Fate, but this old fellow has more burdens than he can carry, just because some of us lack the energy to call forth the best that is in us.

Awaken! Come to a realization of yourself. Shake the cobwebs out of your mind and plant the seeds of good thoughts. Let them flourish, and if the soil is good you will bring forth a harvest of ideas that will mean success in abundance. That is what we are here for.

We are not doing the work we are intended for if we do not succeed.

We should not allow ourselves to be swept along like a piece of driftwood, but husband all our forces and make a niche for ourselves in the world.

We can all do it. It requires a little effort and perseverance, but the result is worth the time spent. A strong determination and strength of will should carry us along.

There isn't a human being possessed of all his faculties who has not in him an idea that will lead him on to a successful goal, but there are very few who have stamina enough to adhere to it until the dawn. Some give up at the beginning, some because that which they anticipated is not realized in a day, some get disheartened at the very last minute, with success almost in view, while the few plod along and finally realize all their dreams.

This is not luck, not chance, not fate. It is all an effort and a hard one, but we are fully recompensed when it is finished and success crowns our labors. Then we can rest and enjoy the fruits of our toils.

We must learn to strengthen the will, to instill into ourselves the fact that it takes grim determination to succeed, that we must keep at it until the desire of the heart is fulfilled. This is the disposition of our successful people of to-day and those of the past. Do you want to be successful? Then hold on with unswerving tenacity. If you are weak and vacillating you must march slowly along an ambiguous road with the mass who try to get results without effort and are grumbling, moaning and filled with discontent.

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You can know 900 or 9,000 people, and all the desires of the 900 or of the 9,000 may be reduced to these desires.

They come in nine times 9,000 guises, but they are always these few.

Look into the life, the real life, the career of the soul of anyone you know, of anyone you meet, and you find your own life, your own soul, your own career.

TRUE

This world holds many a sorrow and many a thorn, 'tis true,

But not all of earth's fairest roses have faded or turned into rue;

There are blessings and comforts and sunbeams, though sometimes the heavy clouds lower,

And the losses and crosses and shadows, you'll find will have lost half their power

When you've faced them and know them as only just so many steps toward the light,

For sunshine must follow the shadows as surely as day follows night.

The way may seem long, yet the turning will come when you least can expect,

And perhaps e'en this moment you're standing close by where the roads intersect.

Be brave. Trust the Infinite Goodness Whose laws will work out good for you,

For thus have His promises spoken, and, dear heart, we know GOD IS TRUE.

FANNIE HERRON WINGATE.

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FAITH AND WORKS

By **W. J. Colville**

Written especially for
THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES

EVERY intelligent observer of human conduct, and certainly everyone who studies the influence of conviction on behavior, cannot fail to realize that faith is inseparable from reasonable and beneficent activity. Faith and belief should never be confounded, because the latter can, and often does, exist without the former.

To believe whatever reports may be in circulation is no mark of fidelity or faithfulness, but is, on the contrary, a sign of faithlessness or lack of definite conviction of one's own.

In the earliest days of the Christian Church, as the Epistle of James abundantly proves, the same controversy existed which has convulsed ecclesiastical bodies throughout many succeeding centuries. Faith is the root of a great spreading spiritual tree whose branches must ramify widely above the surface of the earth. Faith without works is comparable to a root which remains buried in the earth without supplying vigor to a trunk above the ground from which fruit-bearing branches should proceed. Good feeling, sincere friendliness, honorable purpose, must be the great motives which lead to noble conduct, but when they produce no visible effects the world may be pardoned for thinking lightly of their value.

It is no part of the duty of organized society to inspect private beliefs or to inquire into secret feelings; therefore from an exterior viewpoint they are justified who declare that religious convictions are of no moment any further than they produce results in conduct. Matthew Arnold's famous saying, "Conduct is four-fifths of life," provokes deep inquiry as to the hidden remaining one-fifth and its influence upon the manifested four. Were it possible to conceive of a state of existence where internal convictions bore no relation to exterior life, where thoughts and feelings exercised no sway over words and actions, we could dismiss faith as a spiritual possession entirely from our social and industrial reckonings and confine our teaching exclusively to the domain of manifest behavior. But living as we do on a plane where every inward feeling and secret thought is liable at any moment to spring forth in corresponding words and actions, we should prove ourselves insane did we attempt to teach the non-importance of interior convictions.

We are delighted by every exhibition of benevolence and pained by every manifestation of injustice, but we never reach the cause of either until we trace it to faith or unfaith, to righteous conviction or disaster-breeding faithlessness of some variety. Lack of faith in the essential goodness of human nature is responsible for more misconduct, often amounting to positive cruelty and flagrant injustice, than all else combined. Reason tells us unmistakably that we shall never rise on the plane of conduct above the ideals we entertain in secret, and we shall derive but small benefit from entertaining even glorious ideals if we discredit our ability to make them manifest. Faith is fundamentally fidelity, but it is also trustful and confident assurance that we can succeed in ultimating whatever it is our fixed desire to render actual.

Self-confidence is a very necessary form of faith, but it ranks no higher in intelligent esteem than confidence in others, and surely no keen observer doubts that whoever finds true nobility in self will find it equally in others.

Faith in human nature is the master-key to all successful reformatory work, and without it every educational enterprise must necessarily languish, for we cannot reasonably attempt to alter nature at its source, though we can greatly aid in its evolution.

Ingersoll made the unreasonable statement that faith and fear are the twin daughters of superstition; but what he termed faith was only mean gullibility or unreasoning credulity. To believe whatever we are told is not faith, but reveals its absence, consequently, as long as belief and unbelief are confounded with fidelity and unfidelity it must prove impossible to show the beneficent results of faith in many instances.

Let us imagine a state of society in which the doctrine of universal confraternity is sincerely held as a conviction by whole communities, the result in action must inevitably be worldwide peace, for neither war nor unrighteous competition can possibly prevail where public sentiment is utterly benevolent. Faith is sometimes regarded by philosophers as intellectual rather than affectional, and such it may well be considered when we remember that many kind-hearted people are mischievously wrong-headed. Good-will is the first

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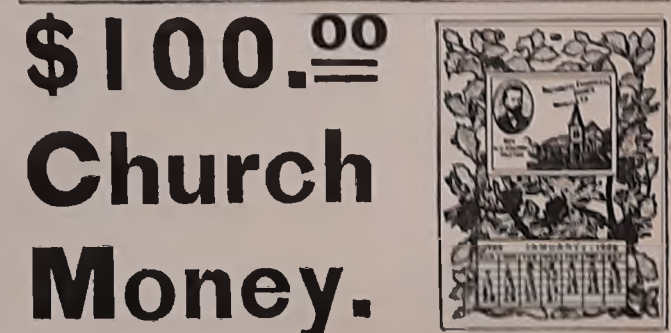
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essential in noble character, but right understanding must keep it constant company or we shall witness the pitiable spectacle of sweet-tempered people falling into grievous errors on account of lack of knowledge.

To have faith in the goodness of Deity but no confidence in human nature is to start well as a theologian but end badly as an anthropologist, and so greatly does lack of confidence in human integrity neutralize the blessed results which might logically flow from kind intentions, that lack of faith is alone responsible for failure to carry many a noble desire into effect.

With regard to what is known technically as religious faith much ground needs to be cautiously traversed on account of the exceeding bitterness, which often accompanies religious controversy. Simple faith in God is always ennobling and sustaining, and that intellect must be clouded indeed which fails to acknowledge that confidence in Supreme Goodness must of necessity prove a well-spring of practical beneficence.

If we all had faith in infinite Love and Wisdom we should never be really discouraged or disheartened, nor should we in any circumstances despair of any soul or any righteous cause.

Lack of faith in Deity is the fruitful cause of immeasurable misery, because without sustaining and enlightening faith we naturally feel overwhelmed and crushed when confronted with the many appalling perplexities which meet us at every turn.

Faith in immortality is another perennial fountain from which can flow living water to fertilize this arid outer earth, where the mystery and sadness of physical dissolution wraps multitudes of tender hearts in gloom. The stupidity of those materialistic brawlers who tell us that we have no need to concern ourselves with any future state of human existence is a colossal insult to human intelligence, in view of the fact that millions are today weighed down with almost insupportable grief because their nearest and dearest have been removed from this external plane.

It is unquestionably true that in so far as faith produces no effect on conduct we can afford to treat it with unconcern, but instances are so exceedingly numerous where works and words are the palpable results of faith or of misbelief that we cannot remain rational and deny there is intimate connection between inward conviction and outward life.

In the case of religious prejudices we can see continually the baleful effects of wrong beliefs, and judging trees by fruits they bear there is little difficulty in tracing the relation between what people believe and what they say and do. It seems almost incredible that people should long entertain decided views on any subject without displaying them in action even if not in speech. Where there is positive knowledge, belief is no longer necessary, but in such instances a lesser light has given place to one of greater magnitude. Real faith in the blessed truth that all things are working together for the best inspires us all with courage and equips us for the performance of heroic work.

Optimism in theory leads to enthusiastic determination to do the good which we can assuredly accomplish, while a pessimistic creed is paralyzing in its effects on effort.

Though we are told perpetually that we cannot prove the being of Deity or demonstrate human immortality as we can demonstrate an example in mathematics, we are not logical or rational if we refuse to trace the effects which proceed from holding certain articles of faith on conduct. We ought to know from experience to what extent and in what directions our own faith affects our lives, and we should never hesitate to proclaim and advocate whatever doctrine we find tending toward nobler living when we entertain it. If some individuals sincerely believe that by appealing to the latent goodness in others those others can be aroused to become useful and even noble members of society, benevolent work will be undertaken with excellent results in the community in which such individuals reside; if other individuals equally well situated believe it useless to employ such measures in their vicinity, all such wholesome work will be neglected.

Show us your faith by your works is a most reasonable challenge which everyone who has faith in his own faith will be ready to accept. Faith without works can be repudiated faithfully, for such reputed faith is truly faithlessness. The relation between faith, which is interior and spiritual, and works, which are exterior and physical, is exactly the relation between mind and body and between blood and skin.

If we all hold to a high standard of interior fidelity we can safely allow our speech and conduct to proceed from it spontaneously, as foliage, flowers and fruit proceed from the roots of trees.

Faith is the substance, faith the soul,
While deeds, like fleeting shadows roll.
Faith is essential; acts proceed
As flowers and fruits from hidden seed.
Let faith in goodness reign within;
Soon will our lives be saved from sin.
Let trust in God abide secure;
Our outward conduct must grow pure.
Faith is the root from which doth spring
The glad life-song that angels sing.

Frown's Companion

SAID the Frown to the Smile, "Come, walk with me to-day."
"Very well," said the Smile, "since you're going my way."

They journeyed on slowly for perhaps half a mile, And each person they met said, "Good morning, dear Smile."

Till at last cried the Frown, "Now, this never will do;
There's no greeting for me, though I'm bigger than you."

"That's true," was the answer; "but remember, the while,
Even you, as companion, selected the Smile."

—Clara J. Denton.

The Years Will Laugh

THE yesterdays are hid away
Behind the pall of years,
And some we knew were bright and gay,
And some were filled with tears.

The morrows speeding toward us now
Wear each a smiling face;
Not one of them, with gloomy brow,
Goes scowling into place.

So, this, the moral of my rhyme—
Be pleasant all to-day,
And, through the aisles of spacious time,
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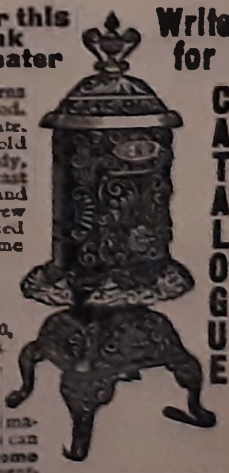
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A Library of 52 Life Science Books All About Yourself

By ERNEST YATES LOOMIS

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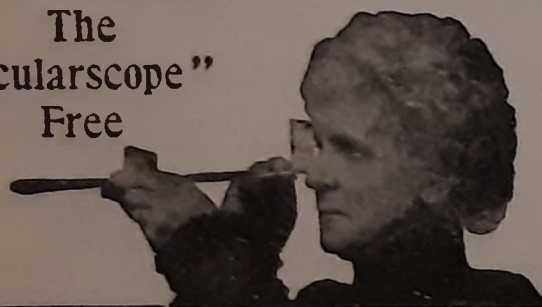
- | | |
|---|--|
| 1 The Magic Self | 23 Power of Integrity |
| 2 Power of Thought | 24 Law of Attraction |
| 3 Love is Power | 25 Life Science Helps |
| 4 Woman's Secret Powers | 26-27 Thought Laws and Methods |
| 5 How to Rule Your Kingdom | 28 The Coming Church |
| 6 Useful Practices | 29 The Soul of Beauty |
| 7 Laws of Happiness | 30 The Soul of Fortune |
| 8 Mental Helps | 31 Soul of the Future |
| 9 Life Science in a Nutshell | 32 The Soul of Love |
| 10 Marriage | 33 Soul of Your Surroundings |
| 11 How to Create Opportunities | 34 Secret of Perpetual Youth |
| 12 Your Talents | 35-46 (inclusive) Concentration: Drills and Self-Culture Helps for each day of the year. These Essays are worth many dollars |
| 13 Health Recipes | 47 Secret of Personal Power |
| 14 Methods of Using Your Powers | 48 Rules of Life |
| 15 Methods of Self-Help | 49 The Way to Wealth |
| 16 Self-Help Through Self-Trust | 50 Art of Living |
| 17 Self-Help Through Self-Knowledge | 51 Sources and Conditions of Happiness |
| 18 Self-Help Through Self-Culture | 52 A Plan of Life |
| 19 A Plan of Self-Culture and Self-Help | |
| 20 Helps | |
| 21 Sex Forces | |

These books are being introduced as regular studies in some colleges. Judge J. M. L. of Maine says: "The whole Truth of Life is well expressed in them," and that "at the age of 71, I have built myself all over by observing their teachings." Dr. Yates, of Cincinnati, says: "I am convinced that you have the best work on the subjects taught, and I am familiar with most all writers on these and kindred subjects." L. Donnelly said: "I would gladly give \$100 for the set if I could not get them for less." The verdict of nearly all who receive them is equally enthusiastic. Over a quarter of a million copies have been sold within the past year. Note the following

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Our Friend As He Is

On every side of life we are dependent upon our friend, whether it be the business, professional, social or religious world, whether our path in life lies smooth and clear and amid sweet flowers, or up steep and rocky ways amid thorns and brambles—we are dependent all the way on our friend. He aids us when danger or trouble threatens; he laughs with us in our joy and pleasure and weeps with us in our sorrow; he helps, comforts, guides, directs and loves us, and, in short, life without him would not be worth the living.

When we realize that everyone whom we meet, man or woman, is somebody's friend, and when we know that a large percentage of the men and women of the world are not exemplary characters, we are brought face to face with the fact that hundreds of people are leading dual lives—the one given to the world and the one given to the friends.

I have seen a man in the business world talking to a fellow-citizen. He might be rival, enemy or friend, and consequently the hearer was clothed with an armor of defense; his whole manner was aggressive, or at best betrayed a tolerance that was little short of downright rudeness. In the midst of their conversation a friend enters (friend—what does the word mean? One who had by some little accident of social or business life touched a responsive chord and brought forth harmony instead of discord); immediately his manner changes and the whole man is transformed. He welcomes the new arrival with winning smile and cordial grasp of the hand; a strong current of good-will and fellow-feeling flows in that touch from one being to the other, and another link is formed in the chain which binds these two beings together in the bond of fellowship.

One of the greatest men of our day has remarked that until this inborn feeling of antagonism can be erased from our natures, until we can look with feelings of fellowship and brotherhood on all sects and classes, until we can be big-hearted and generous-natured enough to look upon a fellow-man as working with us, not against us, and admit him into a broad love for humanity—until then our politics will continue corrupt and our nation will never attain that high pinnacle of moral worth which it should be the desire of every American to achieve.

We grasp the hand of our friend, we look into his eyes and listen to his conversation with whole-souled feeling and regard; we leave him and go forth to meet with another human soul, whom we either treat with careless, irritating indifference or goad into bitter feeling with rod of envy, malice or revenge.

It is impossible to take into our affection and regard the whole world of humanity, to treat every individual with the warmth and tenderness of feeling which we give to those who, by natural affinity or sympathetic tastes and attributes, are singularly dear to us; but we can, and it is our duty to, cleanse ourselves and thereby our lives of the unhealthy, sin-engendering influences which we constantly send out and spread around us on every side in our daily contact with humanity. Every human being, no matter what station or position in life he may hold, who sends out among his fellow-men the disturbing and poisonous elements of hate, malice and similar evils has committed a sin whose result will be incalculable; while, on the other hand, that man who lives for the benefit of humanity, who sends out around him on every side the health-giving currents of strong, pure, unselfish, helpful good-will and love for humanity, who takes into his life work—no matter where it may lie—the purest feeling of good-fellowship and the desire to help, not hinder; to lift up, not cast down; to make a friend of his rival, not an enemy—will do more for the world and humanity than can ever be estimated.

That man who lives for his God and his country will keep ever before him the fact that we are one great, united body working toward the same goal, that of highest commercial and moral attainment, and to gain this it is absolutely necessary to work in sympathy and concord.

Will you be a lumberer of the earth or will you be a God-given element to lift it to a higher level?

Will you be a friend, as Christ was a friend, to the whole world, or to a favored few? Every human soul whom we meet possesses the wonderful electric currents of love, good-will, harmony, etc., undeveloped perhaps in many but still there, which—if we will send out corresponding ones to meet them—will rise in majesty over the whole world, spreading such a glorious tide of brotherly love as will raise it to the highest plane of moral perfection.

We have it in our power to do this, and with each one of us lies the duty of fulfillment.

G. M. Wheelock.

Courage

Dear anguished soul, take heart, the darkest, saddest hour is just before the cramped and shell-bound bud bursts into flower.

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The Tyranny of the Dark

Hamlin Garland, who has been an investigator of spirit phenomena in connection with the American Psychical Society, of which he served as president for two terms, has written a novel, the plot of which is based on the results of his experiences in this field.

The heroine is a Western girl, possessed by a strange psychic power which she does not understand. In New York she becomes the centre of a heated controversy between her followers and men of science. Completely in the power of this strange "Tyranny of the Dark," she is the unwilling medium in startling spirit manifestations which baffle all explanation on the part of her lover and other skeptical investigators.

The unusual and astonishing events here recorded, which make this book a striking departure from current fiction, are within the personal experience of Mr. Garland. It is a strong story in a strange and wonderful setting, and it presents to the public the problems of psychic mysteries in a way that has created a profound impression.

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SEND US 25 CENTS this ad, state which one of the six colors you want, and we will send you a full quart can of that color, our highest grade Seroco ready mixed house paint, a good brush, the valuable instruction book "How to Paint," the complete 16-page book of color samples, all information, how to calculate the amount of paint required to cover a given space, how to select, harmonizing colors, everything will be sent to you immediately by express prepaid, not another penny for you to pay. You will get enough paint with material free to do quite a job and paint information that you ought to have. **SEND 25 CENTS AT ONCE.** (Stamps accepted.) Address,

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From the Depths

"Do you know what is good for a sad, troubled heart?"

Is there not some remedy for its smart?

Is there not a cure for this torturing pain,

That will lessen the ache—make it tranquil again?"

I asked the Sage. He turned and smiled,

As he softly answered, "Yes, my child."

"Do you know what is good for a soul's unrest—

By worry convulsed, or by fear oppressed?

For its agony what will bring relief—

What will temper its hurt and assuage its grief?"

Again he smiled, as he answered low,

"Panacea for every ill I know."

"Then speak, tell me quickly of something, I pray,

That I may apply, and this heart-pain allay;

Oh, give me some balm, that its calmness may roll

O'er the turbulent waves of my anguishing soul."

To my earnest appeal he gently replied—

His words rang true, as he came to my side:

"Go forth 'neath the shelter of Patience's calm

wing,

And bathe in the waters of Sympathy's spring

Then bask in the sunlight of Love's genial rays—

Move along the bright path of Mercy's sweet ways;

Give helpful hand—lend pitying ear—

Do kindly deeds—speak words of cheer.

"Pluck the flowers of Hope which grow at your

feet,

And scatter their fragrance o'er all whom you meet;

And, like the soft drops of the summer's warm

shower,

Or the morning's moist dew to the withering flower,

The grateful waves from each blest heart

Will flow o'er your soul and peace impart.

"Your heartache will vanish and a feeling of cheer

Will reign in the space which held worry and fear."

I listened, and thrilled; his words brought surcease;

To my heart and my soul came a deep, wondrous

peace.

Though dark the path in which I stray,

His words will linger and light the way.

—Georgiana Moody.

Needful Rest

It is as cheap to rest half a day Thursday as to be sick all day Friday, and it is decidedly cheaper to rest than to pay doctor's bills. Multitudes of women drag out their lives, never doing their work easily and pleasantly, simply because they are over-worked.

Many a woman stands when she might sit down, and keeps on her feet when, if she were watchful of her opportunities, she could often take a little rest. It requires much more muscular strength to stand than it does to sit down, and more strength to remain in a sitting position than it does to lie down. If weary women would sit when it is possible, instead of standing, and if they would take time to rest in the middle of the week, instead of taking time to be sick at the end of the week, they would doubtless find themselves able to do more work in the course of a year, and do it better and more easily than they can by their present method.

Helpful Hands

In the biography of Albrecht Durer, the famous German artist, a very suggestive incident is given. Durer had a friend, who, with little real genius, aspired to be an artist. The two, in talking about our Lord's crucifixion, planned that each should make a drawing of the solemn scene. When they brought the pictures together for comparison, one was full of pathetic sublimity, beside which the other looked cold and lifeless, and failure was too plain to be mistaken.

Durer laid his hand tenderly upon the bowed head of his friend, as he said, "Franz, dear Franz." Then out of the silence came a long-drawn sigh, almost a sob, as Franz, lifting his face, turned his tearful eyes upward, and holding out clasped hands, cried: "Dear Lord, I have failed, but there must be something yet for me to do. No matter how humble or hard the work, I will do it as unto Thee."

"O Franz," said Durer, "be quiet, do not move for one instant." Hurrying to the table he made quick strokes with his pencil. The next day he held up the drawing to his friend. "Why, these are only my hands!" said Franz, "where did you get them?" There was hardly need of answer. "I took them yesterday, as you so bravely surrendered your life to the dear Lord. I said to myself, those hands that may never paint a picture may now make one. I have faith in those folded hands, dear Franz, they shall speak to disappointed hearts, and lead many a one to lift up hands in faith and prayer." The prophecy was true, for over the whole of the artistic world has gone the story of Franz Kingstein's folded hands, and as a result, many a life has been lifted from a sense of failure to a quiet, brave submission to the will of God.

The Common Things

The sunshine and the gentle rain,

The clear bird song that hails the morn,

The meadowland which flowers stain,

The swaying banners of the corn,

The grass that whispers to the breeze—

What common, common things are these!

The broad, blue mirror of the lake

That smiles back at the sleeping sky;

The billows, too, that leap and break

And fling their foamy jewels high;

The silver clouds that one by one

Toss back the lances of the sun.

The stars that blaze as jewels blaze,

And make the world-old mystery,

While they on their appointed ways,

Go speeding through eternity

Across unfathomed seas of space

On paths that we but dimly trace—

All these are common—brook and bird,

And rose of red, and meadow green;

So common that they seem unheard,

So common that they seem unseen;

And yet there is no day or night

But borrows all of their delight.

No common thing is held apart

From us, or pent with lock and key,

But in the goodness of His heart

They are all made for you and me.

It always seems God loves the best

Things He makes the commonest.

Boston Budget.

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A certain amount of the **RIGHT KIND OF ADVERTISING WE WANT**, and our aim is to admit **ONLY** such advertisers and advertising in the columns of "OUR MAGAZINE" as will prove thoroughly reliable and helpful to our readers. To insure this we carefully look into the claims of every advertiser as well as the merits of his goods, and accept only such as bear the test of our examination and judgment.

It happens sometimes that we are deceived, but be assured we endeavor to **DO OUR BEST**, dear readers, to protect as well as aid you.

Should you discover any fraudulent or harmful advertising matter in "OUR MAGAZINE" let us know **AT ONCE** and help us to avoid the offense again; for this we shall thank you. We desire our advertising pages to be as **EXCELLENT**, as **CLEAN** and as **RELIABLE** in their particular sphere as are our inspiring and beautiful literary pages.

We intend to go on improving and correcting every department of "OUR MAGAZINE" till you will exclaim with admiration: "Even the advertisements in the NEW YORK MAGAZINE of Mysteries are perfect!"

Nature's Unseen Forces

By George W. Dougherty

Written especially for
THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES

THAT we are surrounded with an unseen force or forces goes without saying, for we can see nothing in motion without a question as to what and whence the power that drives it. Even an individual moving upon the public highway must have the consent of his own will power acting upon the muscles of the body before he can produce locomotion or make a change of position. The car moving upon the track with some unseen power propelling it is not starting and stopping with its own volition or voluntary will, but by the will power of the motorman, the secret forces of nature having been previously brought under subjection or within the control of some one man's power by the large number of wills that have been exerted in the same line of research by those that have preceded him in the exercise of mind over matter in previous thought, thorough investigation and the complete subjugation of the forces of nature to the mind or will of the discoverer.

Whence comes the power or the driving force that moves the machinery on the earth's surface, or the secret and unseen power that moves the world in its orbit, that holds the system of nature in its place, that rocks the cradle of the universe, that moves all things movable this side of the Deity himself? The thought or query is not without compensation in nature. It is either the direct action or the reaction of a principle from a positive to a negative. When we come to look into or to unlock the storehouse of nature we see there the effect of forces that we must control if we would use them to our advantage.

In those vast unfathomable depths, whose illimitable space finite mind cannot comprehend, there are as yet undiscovered realms whose secrets are held in reserve for the investigation of minds that are or get in touch with the spirit of the infinite Deity.

The electrical current that for countless ages permeated the unknown fields of space, and was the dread of all of the ages past as its forked tongue played in the heavens above, or leaped among the clouds illuminating the lofty mountain-tops, has revealed to man one of the invisible forces of nature which, to some extent at least, has become as one of the playthings in his hands as well as one of the most useful and powerful of agencies for subduing the other intractable forces in the realms of nature.

By means of a kite and a string Franklin caught the lightning horse, and when harnessed by Professor Morse it was chained to the chariot wheels of man's twentieth century car of progress, and is made to do the menial work of a slave, as well as to illuminate his pathway in other walks of life. The novice may well inquire how it is done. By experiment, by investigation, by analysis, by combinations innumerable he finds that it enlivens and enlightens almost every walk of life.

To enumerate some of these triumphs in man's conquests:

By his inventions and his discoveries man encircles the globe with his conductors of electricity, and friend converses freely with friend. Messages of business or of congratulation flash from city to city or from nation to nation or from continent to continent, bringing peace or war, joy or sorrow, pain or pleasure, with almost instantaneous rapidity. Electricity lights up the mansion of his repose and illuminates the city of his choice. It lifts the curtain of darkness and drives the machinery that carries him to and fro upon the earth. It warms his body, cooks his meals, and has become within proper limits his daily servant.

As heat is one of the component parts and one of the vital forces in the economy of nature, we may well inquire into its source and the part it plays in reference to the development of life or its antithesis in death. We are sometimes instructed in lectures on the exhaustion of the heat of the sun and its ultimate consequences in the loss of vitality in the earth, as though the sun is the furnace that does the cooking for all of the universe.

Now while we would give the sun all due credit for its virility in nature, we are at liberty to question the manner in which men have reasoned out this or that theory of the disseminating power of the sun's rays. We have all of the elements of heat development or of caloric vitality stored up in nature's laboratory beneath the surface of the earth.

So we have in the lucifer match or in the many illuminating combinations of the day, but until the combustion is touched either by the force of concussion or by chemical action there is no development of heat or of force. But let the necessary force be applied and you have all of the horrible effects of an explosion produced to order right at home.

Now in the atmosphere surrounding the earth we have all of the forces combined—the

oxygen, the hydrogen and the nitrogen. What we need, then, is the chemical ray direct from the sun acting upon a sufficient condensation of the atmosphere. You can strike a blaze and manufacture right upon the spot all of the heat that may be necessary for man's happiness or for his complete misery. According to the sun heat theory, when upon the mountain-top we should have the greatest amount of heat, being nearest the sun, but there we come into the region of the eternal snows. Why? Because there is not a sufficient condensation of the atmosphere to produce the necessary reaction, being perhaps four to five miles above the earth's surface. But go down into the valley of the river Jordan or the Dead Sea, a half-mile below the level of the Mediterranean Sea, where the atmosphere is most dense and where the oxygen is compressed into the smallest compass, and the sun's chemical rays consume the greatest amount of oxygen so rapidly as to make life almost intolerable.

Thus, as in the absence of all heat, as on the mountain-top, we have death. So down in the valley, too, much combustion produces the same death-dealing results. Thus showing that we are not robbing the sun of his vitality, but that the sun's rays are manufacturing the heat right at home where it is needed. A simple experiment will convince even the most skeptical of this fundamental truth. Take a magnifying glass of sufficient power to condense enough of the sun's rays, and the combustion of oxygen will be sufficient to produce pain upon the hand or a flame upon some combustible material.

Then suppose that the furnace fires under the crucible in the chemist's laboratory will continue to develop the secrets of nature's hidden mysteries, what may we not expect to see developed from her secret chambers in the not distant future?

Suppose that we take the more recent discovery of the unknown power called radium; if it proves what its sponsors claim for it, the illimitable of an unknown creation or creator is within the grasp of finite power. Thus we see that the twentieth century is opening out with a radiant prospect of wresting still more of the secret forces from the unknown crypts in those deeply hidden vaults.

We, as common observers, in looking for the unseen forces of creation usually see them only in their more direful possibilities, and then reason back through them to their more powerful origin. Thus we catch some glimpses into the secret power surrounding us. In thus going back through nature to nature's God we get but a slight glimpse into one or two of the mysterious and unseen forces of nature that man has made subservient to his will.

Let Something Good Be Said

By James Whitcomb Riley

When over the fair fame of friend or foe

The shadow of disgrace shall fall, instead

Of words of blame, or proof of thus and so,

Let something good be said.

Forget not that no fellow-being yet

May fall so low but love may lift his head;

Even the cheek of shame with tears is wet,

If something good be said.

No generous heart may vainly turn aside

In ways of sympathy; no soul so dead

But may awaken strong and glorified

If something good be said.

And so I charge ye; by the thorny crown

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And by your own soul's hope of fair renown,

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The Value of Talking to Yourself; or, Auto-Suggestion

By Oliver Oakley

EVERY act, whether it be mental, moral or spiritual, perpetuates itself indefinitely or until it fulfills its errand, by the force with which it was sent. Just as when a stone is thrown into the water each wave or circle caused by its introduction widens until it reaches the rim of its environment. To realize this fact would be to stay the angry thought and word, which impeaches our further effort and weakens our influence among our fellows. It is much easier than we think to succeed ourselves from the attrition and after effects of our actions and thoughts.

You know what it is to talk to yourself? Well, this is one of the finest avenues of escape from the self-indulgent, self-conceivable! There is no possibility of being overheard, and even though the "other self" will "talk back" sometimes, yet, if you will take him or her, as the case may be, when good humor is feasting in the heart, you will be able to hold the floor until you get in your work.

Mr. Hudson calls this "auto-suggestion" and impressing the "subjective mind"; but whatever it is, it is a most valuable method for getting cured of things you wish to get rid of. You can get rid of the worst habit through talking earnestly to yourself and making good your argument by believing it and desiring it with all your might. This is a belief worth working for.

Faith may be worked for the same as for the culture of music or painting or any desired acquirement. We gain understanding through such endeavor. Faith is the direct result of knowledge. To become acquainted with any subject or thing, to know its meaning and character and power, is to have faith in it. This is a practical faith that will bring results. It is an acquirement, the requirement reached through the Paul planting and Apollo watering kind, to which the Spirit giveth increase. Nothing is ever gained without the fulfilling seeds of desire, patience, honesty, sincerity, faithfulness and persistent attention.

To be of practical value, faith must be founded on knowledge; knowledge must be the base for any permanent thing. Denial of the mountain would never move it, but the affirmation of its non-existence would.

As we rise above our infirmities and difficulties through the assertion of our faith in the progressive perfection of all things, they become as naught to us.

The twin of every new-born soul is faith. As Emerson has said, we are born believing. Trust is as natural as the blossom is to the bud. It is the poise of the angel within, in whose guardianship we have come here, and who, if we do not drive it away by doubt, will teach us to rise in safety to the sublime heights of that consciousness which knows that it knows; into the substance of that which gives evidence of the invisible side, from where all things come that are made visible.

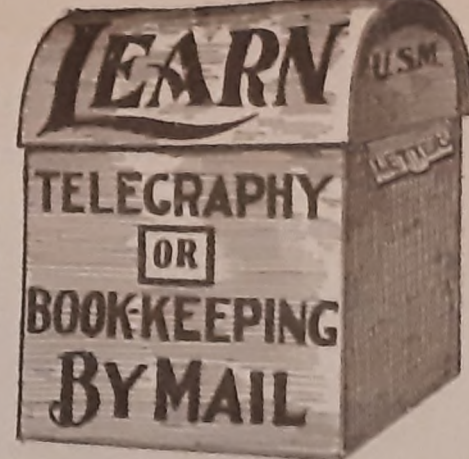
We spring from the root to the bough; from sap to bloom by the vitalizing power of Faith. To make ourselves know this truth is to push ourselves forward into the kingdom of self-possession very rapidly.

In holding these self-communings we can say anything to ourselves we please and suggest extreme means of improvement, for no one outside of ourselves knows just the form of the desire, and the thing we know we ought to be and do!

Remember this also, you can no more waste life than you can empty the sea by shaking its spray from your eyelashes; it would be like picking thistles in seed time to try to waste life, but you can miss (for a time and an incarnation) the opportunity that is sure to come your way, and by neglecting to cultivate some gift that has been concentrated in you—which is another form of opportunity.

Remember in this auto-suggestion—which is the most valuable and easy method—you can make of yourself very nearly (if not quite) anything you desire.

"Donal saw a ripe soul looking out of its tent door all but ready to leap abroad into the sunshine of a new life."—George McDonald.



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STORIES OF THE MYSTICS

By Emily J. Bouton

Written especially for
THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES

III

PLATO was one of the greatest of the old mystics. Considering the wonderful influence which he has exerted upon all of the philosophy of the twenty-three centuries since he lived, he may, perhaps, be reckoned the greatest. He is certainly the most famed.

"He was," writes Dr. Alexander Wilder in the *Word*, "a man of the ages; in him was concentrated the wisdom of the world before him, and his discoveries have been the quarry from which the newer ages obtained their choicest treasures." This is a high estimate, but one which few scholars and thinkers will care to dispute.

Little is known with certainty about the life of Plato, of his home, his family, his companions. His birth is recorded as occurring about 427 B.C., in the city of Athens. His father, Ariston, was of the lineage of Solon, the celebrated law-giver, while his mother was descended from that patriot king, Kodras, who offered his life a sacrifice to give his people victory.

At this time and during the years that Plato lived and talked and wrote, Greek culture was at the height of its glory. It has been called the most intense, disinterested and fruitful outburst of activity in the annals of mankind. Athens was moved and thrilled by the teachings of Socrates, and it was then that "men talked with men seriously, passionately, on other topics than those of business or practical politics, and their discussions wrought out the distinctions, the definitions, the categories in which all subsequent thought has been cast."

In such an atmosphere Plato's youth and early manhood were passed. He was a pupil of Socrates, and his writings show that this master had, in many respects, the greatest molding power upon his thought. It was after the death of Socrates that he went to Italy to subject himself to the training received by the students of Pythagoras, and his after-life was largely influenced by these teachings. This influence was, however, almost wholly upon the mystical side of his philosophy, entering, in its turn, into and blending with the other two lines along which he worked—the scientific and the political and ethical. It was this which made him an idealist. He was what Emerson calls "a prophet of the soul."

From Italy he went to Kyrene, Africa, to perfect himself through the instruction of Theodoros in geometry. Later he visited Egypt to obtain a knowledge of their esoteric temple teachings, and there he remained for several years, adding to his great powers and wonderful knowledge.

Upon his return to Athens he founded his celebrated school to which flocked pupils, young and gifted men and women, from all parts of Greece. Some were attracted, as they would be to-day, by his reputation for learning, while many more sought to understand the mythical or spiritual side of his philosophy, of which it formed so essential a part.

Very little is recorded of the later life of Plato except that he spent the years until it closed, when he was eighty-one, in teaching and writing. He is described as a man who, in spite of stooping shoulders, was of noble mien, with a strong face, broad forehead and deep-set, luminous eyes. He was wonderfully self-controlled, and when angry refrained from speaking lest he might say something to regret—an example worth following.

Another of his strong characteristics was his fidelity to his friends. At any risk to himself he remained openly true, defending Socrates, for instance, to the last, even when warned that the hemlock was ready for him also.

It is impossible within the limits of an article like this to give more than a glimpse of his philosophy. It is contained in his books, for, unlike Pythagoras, he left it in a form to be transmitted to the world, and the earnest student will find, according to his understanding, more or less of that which will enrich his life.

The central thought of Plato is what is termed the doctrine of ideas. Briefly it is this:

Everything in nature may be classified, each class being represented by a common noun, such as tree, bird and stone. These special classes may be grouped into general classes, and these again finally come together into one class, as, for instance, in Being, which includes all expressions of life in whatever condition.

He believed that corresponding to the common noun representing a class is a *real, perfect and eternal* being, in the likeness of which and through the power of which the class was made; that corresponding to the general classes before spoken of

are systems of *real, perfect and eternal* beings, and finally, corresponding to the one highest word representing the union of all, is a Highest Being which is the prime source of all lower ones. These perfect beings Plato named Ideas, the highest of which is God. The same essential thought, you see, which based the philosophy of Pythagoras—that from the One, in an orderly and harmonious sequence, come the many.

Plato taught, as did Pythagoras, the pre-existence, the double eternity of the soul; that before its birth into the flesh it lived in the world of ideal beings; that it retains the memory of this former life; that the longing and striving to grow spiritually comes from that memory which is clouded by the senses. By stilling the outer senses, which are the source of all our sinning, it will return more and more completely until at last the soul knows itself and its past. To-day the same thing is expressed by "illumination," the end and aim of all students in occultism, of all schools of mental healing, of all searchers after truth.

His great works are in the form of dialogues. In them Socrates is made the moving spirit. Into the mouth of his beloved master Plato has put his own thought of the problems of life and their solution, filling his words with such a wealth of strength and beauty as to make him regarded as one of the greatest masters of prose literature ever known. His dominance over every note in the compass of his idiom was complete and absolute. It is said of him that he is "the only writer of prose who ranks in the literature of power with the Bibles and supreme poets of the world."

The Dialogues may be roughly divided into two classes. The first are marked by an enthusiastic idealism which touches to a white heat every subject. In the second his enthusiasm seems to have been transmuted into a fervor of desire to uplift mankind. And when he wrote the celebrated *Republic* he had reached the conviction that purposes and ideals are supreme realities which can be applied to life in all conditions, in all ages, and made to govern it to its betterment. Truth and Zeal for human improvement are the two great forces which persist in Plato through every part of his works. And the faith is always visible that truth is never lost, and that he who will woo it persistently will find it, and that it is always essentially moral. His intensity of insistence upon the moral sentiment sometimes rises to a pitch of spiritual exaltation which some writer has said makes of Platonism one of the greatest religions of the world.

The Dialogues are dramatic in expression. Grouped around the central figure of Socrates is represented groups of Athenian youths with their parents and friends, an inner circle of disciples, and then visiting philosophers and statesmen who come to argue their own views with the master. In the first Dialogues the Socratic ideas are most manifest; in the later Plato gives his own deductions and his theories regarding life and death.

Four of them refer especially to the trial and death of Socrates. The first seems to me of less importance than the remaining three—the *Apology*, *Crito* and *Phaedo*.

In the *Apology* Plato makes Socrates defend himself against his official and non-official accusers. They were the same accusations in kind that are brought to-day against the reformer who would bring about a conflict in the established order of things in the political, social and business world, with the hope of arriving at something better.

In *Crito* Socrates is shown as the good citizen who will, though unjustly condemned, give up his life in obedience to the laws of the State. His friend urges a plan of escape that will involve no one in danger or in disgrace. Socrates refuses, declaring the higher law demands of him the death which the Government has decreed.

Phaedo is, to me, next to the *Republic*, the finest in thought and expression of all of Plato's works. His arguments to prove the immortality of the soul—the soul which came from Heaven "in trailing clouds of glory," and must find its way back again because of its essential Divinity—are put in splendid prose which is like a poem and shows how close to Plato's heart is the subject.

What was held to be Plato's greatest production, the *Republic*, seems almost as if written yesterday, so completely does it describe present social and political conditions and their need of betterment. In the Middle Ages this wonderful masterpiece of philosophy and literature was known under the title "Concerning Justice," because the first of the ten books into which it is divided is devoted to a discussion of the nature of justice.

The next three outline the perfect condition, the ideal city, which is not, but some time *may be*, where the "inbrothering of man" is a fact and not a theory. To produce this glorious city he depends upon education, the teaching of the children, and the key to the whole is right character building. He enters more particularly into the way in which this is to be brought about in the following three books, resuming the more general exposition in the ninth and concluding with a vision of judgment.

At the close of the tenth book, after declaring that justice is more than might, and that if there

is no such city or republic on earth as he has been describing, he writes, "There is laid up a pattern of it in Heaven which he who desires may behold, and, beholding, may set his own house in order. Each one in his own life may live after the manner of that city," thus developing the idea of personal responsibility and the duty of every individual to make the most of himself and his opportunities, but in a way to help those who need help to reach the higher ideal.

You can see from the slight outline which I have tried to give you that what Plato stood for above and beyond all was the same with the prophets and apostles of all time—the reality and the power of truth. He believed, writes one, "in the truth; that the truth is one and eternal; that the truth rules all things both great and small in the world and in the lives of men; and men need the truth and no other thing to compass them about in infamy with influences that make for righteousness, and to rise in their souls as clear knowledge and as holy purpose with their growth and manhood."

This faith in the power of truth determined his attitude toward life, made him tolerant to the thought of others, made him perceive the true objects of life, which are not money, nor fame, nor pleasure, but only progress toward our higher ideals, individually and collectively, toward the true health and happiness which come from righteous living. And through all of his philosophy, in the face of the evils he perceived, ran the thread of optimism which led him to see the ideal city, the glorious republic, a possibility, drawing near with a rapidity of movement proportioned to the increasing clearness of man's conception of duty to his brother man.

Plato's teachings give the keynote to the writings of Shelley, Wordsworth, Dante, and, above all, our own Emerson, and all of them breathe in their deepest thought the spirit that animated the poet who triumphantly sings:

O world, rejoice with me,
For the joy that is to be,
When far as the bright arch of heaven extends
The world of men shall be a world of friends.

The True and False

Don't believe all men are faithless
And no woman e'er is true:
Don't believe we're sinners mostly
And the Honest are the few;
Don't believe that Right's a pretense
And that Virtue is a blind;
Don't believe man's heart is cankered,
And deceitful is his mind—
DON'T BELIEVE IT!

There are sinners in high places,
There are sinners, too, in low,
But the Truth will overtake them
Though its progress may be slow;
For the power of Truth's resistless
Though it crushed be for a day;
It will rise in might majestic,
And triumphant claim its sway—
MAN, BELIEVE IT!

Don't believe because you daily
Read of reputations lost,
And of masks torn from fair faces
When the sin demands its cost,
That mankind has retrograded
And the Good died with the past;
Know the lesson that Time teaches
Is that Right alone can last—
AND BELIEVE IT!

What though human nature weak is
And temptation hard to bear,
What though many in the struggle
Fall into the Lie's deep snare?
Know the Lie will meet destruction
And the Sinner live to rue,
For the World's great Heart is ever
Reaching for the Good and True—
OH, BELIEVE IT!
Henry Waldorf Francis.

In this world nothing is permanent. Therefore, to-day's griefs will not, to-morrow, appear the same, and trials which now seem to crush you beyond the help of any event will not be the same after a little time has passed. Therefore patiently believe in goodness, love much, endure firmly "He who endureth unto the end" shall inherit all things.

There is nothing in this world so helpful as a direct, conscious relation with God. If you have not believed go quietly, in your secret thoughts, to that source of all, and earnestly desire to be led into perfect goodness. If you find not comfort at first do not be discouraged, but seek patiently, and meanwhile do good and live goodness. So shall the Great Good come into your life till you are blessed before you are aware.

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For selling 1 doz.



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For selling 4 doz.



No. 35—Kitchen Cabinet
Top 26x48 in., 2 large flour bins, 2 drawers, one divided into compartments.
For selling 4 doz.



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Solid oak front, finely finished, very artistic drawer box 22.
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For selling 3 doz.



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Burns hard and soft coal, or wood. Nickel plated top, foot rails, drafts, etc.
For selling 3 doz.



No. 45—Extension Table
Solid oak, well made and beautifully finished, new pattern top, 42x42 inches when closed.
For selling 4 doz.



No. 125—Tea or Dinner Set
Fine quality, 56 full size pieces, elegantly decorated; our best crockery offer.
For selling 3 doz.



No. 674—Iron Bed
Height 55 inches, 3 coats best white enamel, brass trimmed.
For selling 3 doz.



No. 1208 Lyon & Healy Mandolin
9 ribs, highly polished, sweet tone and well made.
For selling 2 doz.



No. 13—Silver Set
Neat shell pattern, good quality, wear forever; 6 knives, 6 forks, in satin-lined case.
For selling 2 doz.



No. 75—Clock
8-day, half-hour strike, correct timepiece, oak case, 22 in. high, 6 in. dial.
For selling 2 doz.

No. 27—Gondola Couch
Hardwood frame, best figured velour covering in attractive colors; size 28x76; spring edge, seat and head. For selling 4 doz.



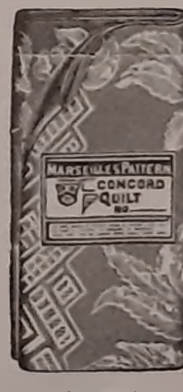
No. 3024 Oak Rocker
Our best, all quartered oak, roll seat, 19 inches wide, back 20 inches wide and 24 inches high. Front posts carved.
For selling 4 doz.



No. 501—Oak Sideboard
Well built, beautifully finished, showy design, top 42 x 21, bevel plate mirror 16x24, weight 180 lbs.
For selling 8 doz.



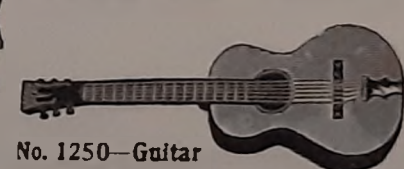
No. 14—Arm Rocker
Of golden oak, high back, shaped seat, and bolted arms. Full size seat.
For selling 2 doz.



No. 116 Bed Spread
Fine quality, in white, 72x88 in., neat patterns.
For selling 1 doz.



No. 396—Lace Curtains
Nottingham pattern, 40 inches wide, 3 yards long.
One pair for selling 1 doz.



No. 1250—Guitar
Full size, beautiful mahogany finish, excellent tone, a genuine Lyon & Healy instrument.
For selling 3 doz.

HELP WANTED.

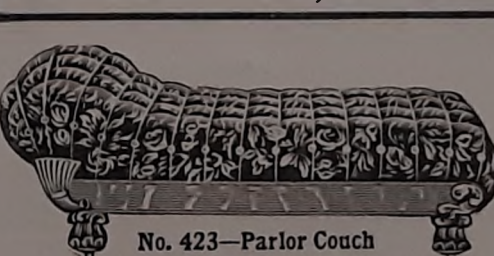
LADIES AND GIRLS: We want you to help us introduce among your friends our celebrated "RED CROSS" Flavoring Extracts and earn any of these PREMIUMS or your choice of several hundred others. Our Extracts sell at 20 cents and are quickly sold, because extracts are used in every family. Ours once bought are always asked for again—and our first customers are our best ones. We sell them on a guarantee—money back if not satisfactory.

In this advertisement we illustrate a few of the many hundred PREMIUMS we give, which are fully described in our New 150-Page Catalogue.

WE HAVE PREMIUMS FOR SELLING 1 DOZEN UP TO 40 DOZEN. and you are at liberty to stop work at any time and select your premium from this big assortment. We believe our offer to be the most liberal ever made by a reliable firm. You will be surprised to find how pleasant the work is, and how quickly you can sell the Extracts. By our plan you are not overstocked with goods until you find for yourself how many can be sold.

NO MONEY REQUIRED IN ADVANCE. Your credit is good with us. Fill in and cut out the Coupon below and send it to us at once; we will then send you by mail, postpaid, 1 dozen assorted "RED CROSS" Flavoring Extracts to convenience with; also our Big Premium Catalogue. If you can't sell them we will take them back; but there's no can't about it—you can. Do it now.

PETERSON & CO., 95 Kinzie Street, Dept. 29, Chicago, Ill.



No. 423—Parlor Couch
Quartered oak, carved frame, spring edge and head, size 30x73 inches, weight 130 lbs.
For selling 5 doz.



No. 99—Smyrna Jute Rug
30 in. wide and 5 ft. long, oriental or floral design.
For selling 1 doz.



No. 112 Parlor Lamp
Beautifully hand decorated flowers in natural colors, height 18 in., complete. For selling 1 doz.



No. 3109 Upholstered Rocker
Parlor rocker, solid oak, rounded arms bolted to back, turned spindles, upholstered seat and back.
For selling 3 doz.



No. 200 Combination Desk and Bookcase
Solid oak, French plate mirror, large glass door in bookcase, and a complete, full size desk.
For selling 5 doz.



No. 312—Brown Fur Scarf
Fine double scarf over 70 in. long, with 6 large 12-inch tails, and ornament at neck.
For selling 2 doz.

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PETERSON & CO., 95 Kinzie St., Dept. 29, CHICAGO, ILL.

Send me one dozen Extracts, assorted flavors, and premium list, both by mail, postpaid. I will try my best to sell them and select premium later.

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Post Office

Street..... State.....

Music of the Future

By Walter De Voe

Music is a universal language, embracing in its vocabulary all possibilities of human thought, feeling or utterance, from the crudest rhythm of the natural man—the untaught savage—to the keenest analysis of the philosopher or the deepest emotions of a soul on fire with God, wrapped in the devotional bliss engendered by direct contact of the soul with the divine Heart of Love.

In the blending of musical tones there is the possibility of unimagined and unfelt emotions and revelations. The ancient seers of India did not try to convey by written scroll the revelation of things celestial attained through exaltation of the soul senses to direct perception of eternal verities. The sublimity of truth and the glory and power of the emotions awakened in the soul of the seer while attuned to spiritual realities could only be expressed in the language of the emotions, through the modulated intonations of the human voice. The illuminated teacher intoned his revelations to his pupils, teaching them truth in mantras, every tone of which had deep spiritual significance. When the words of the mantras were written and the tone values forgotten, their spirit was lost.

The spirit of truth contained in them no longer appealed to the pupil because the emotional effect of the tones upon the soul was not felt; in other words, truth was something the soul might be led to feel were the tones sounded that embodied true emotions, or the emotions of truth, and the teacher who realized truth was able to awaken the same realizations in his pupils by clothing his interior feelings in proper musical language.

Modern music represents in a large degree the dark side of mortal experience—the melancholy of a Chopin or the depths of darkness and sorrow felt by a Beethoven. And even when the lives of the gods are pictured, they are not the gods who have evolved to the transcendent heights of immortal love and sympathy, but common mortals cast in heroic mold, full of the petty vindictiveness, jealousy, passion and affection of beings in this mortal world.

If Chopin, Beethoven and Wagner could have lived an ideal life, apart from the petty side of mortal life with its cares and troubles, and have realized the sublime truths revealed in the souls of the ancient seers of India; if they could have heard the songs of the cherubim and seraphim and seen the glories that the prophet Isaiah and others saw by open soul vision, or have felt the heavenly truths that John the Revelator tried to picture in symbolic language, would they not be the mightiest teachers of heavenly verities to the soul and the most convincing that the world has known? Their musical revelations would be soul-moving and soul-convincing. Souls that would give themselves up to the sway of the heavenly emotions induced by their musical pictures of the joyous life of the celestials would be awakened to the Divine Motive of existence, would be attuned to harmony with the divine nature and purpose. Such music would compel the soul to feel and see God, and once a soul felt Godlike emotions it would forever desire to live up to that Godlike ideal.

Music is but in its infancy. Musicians have been learning the language of the emotions—how to express in musical terms what they felt—and as it is natural they could not express more than they felt. But as the musicians gain a deeper perception of eternal truth, which is sure to be revealed to the searching souls of mortals, they will reveal more of Divinity and less of mortality in their music and awaken divine emotions in their hearers.

In the future the vast processes of human evolution will be understood, the warfare and strife among nations as well as in business life will be done away with, and the necessity for competition and its concomitants, selfishness and hatred, will no longer exist; man will rise above the savage in thought and action, and music will not only keep pace with man's spiritual evolution, but it will be the most inspiring guide to that evolution. For, through the ability of inspired musicians to feel the nobler and higher sentiments of spiritual manhood—through feeling the inspiration of high ideals—musicians will make those sentiments and ideals real to their less fortunate brethren and lead them to feel and act the ideal life. Thus music will become the mightiest redeeming and transforming power in the development of character, and, through character, of the whole welfare of the race, that human evolution has produced.

It is now positively proven that thoughts and feelings create poisons and tonics in the flesh. Analysis of the perspiration and breath a half-hour after a fit of anger, for instance, shows that anger has created a poisonous element; or, *vice versa*, after a period of joyous emotion, the blood is enriched by a tonic element. Some eighty different elements have been traced directly to the creative power of thoughts and feelings by Prof. Elmer Gates, of Washington, D. C.

The composer who understands this wonderful fact holds the key to a new healing art, the most magical and mystical that the world has ever heard of, and also the most potent. In the emotion-creating power of music we have in embryo a whole



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We Pay the Freight

All Stoves and Ranges sold direct from factory to user—freight prepaid. Don't delay—don't buy until you know of the Kalamazoo-direct-to-you plan. Send for most attractively priced, illustrated Stove Catalog ever issued, No. 301.

Address a postal to **KALAMAZOO STOVE CO., Manufacturers, Kalamazoo, Mich.**



SEVENTH SUCCESSFUL YEAR
SUN Incandescent Gasoline LAMP
with its beautiful fixtures and glassware for the ornamentation as well as the BRILLIANT ILLUMINATION (100 candle power) of homes, halls, stores, churches, etc. Makes the electric light look yellow and pale, yet it

Saves the Eyes and Saves Money.
Costs less than kerosene and is as safe as a candle, (conforms to Insurance underwriters' rules.) Write for our catalogue and Liberal Terms to Agents. Branch supply depots in all larger cities.

SUN VAPOR LIGHT CO., Box 932, Canton, O.
Licensee of the Campbell patent.

science of healing which shall yet be developed for the overcoming of discord and inharmony and the restoration of divine harmony or health in the nature of man.

The inspired musician of the future will feel the celestial emotions of love, joy and peace, and he will weave these emotions into music like that which breathes through all the atmosphere of the heavenly spheres of eternal life. He will evolve such music as shall create health-compelling emotions in humanity. He will make the joyous brightness and health of heaven real to spirits clad in the vestments of mortality and awaken them to the reality of their divine nature through the use of like musical emotions. With mystical minor tones he will enter into the dark recesses of their hearts, where they brood alone in "chambers of imagery," nursing their sorrow in selfish misery, and then when he has reached the secret chamber of their hearts and gained dominion over their feelings, he will lead them and compel them to follow him through the mighty magic of his music out into the brightness of a God-lit land, in green pastures and beside still waters, away from and beyond themselves into a heavenly atmosphere where joy perpetual reigns, where it is life to live, where living is a song of praise to the Eternal, and everything pulsates with goodness and health. He will lead them from the bondage and darkness of their ignorant, mortal concept of life into the freedom and joy of the eternally true and real.

OUR MAGAZINE stands for the deep things of the heart and life. It helps you to know the *best* in yourself and your Brothers everywhere. It brings you days of joy and nights of peace, and teaches you how to be a *living* joy. Send \$1.00 for a year's subscription. 22 North William Street, New York.

We Want Names

We want the names and addresses of from ten to twenty-five farmers living in the United States, having a few head of stock (cows, horses, pigs). You can send us the names from any number of different post-offices. If you will send us these names and 20 cents we will enter your subscription for a whole year to our helpful paper that is teaching practical farming from individual experience, and shows how to make the farm yield \$2.00 where only \$1.00 grew before; how John got 800 bushels of ordinary potatoes and his brother 2,000 bushels of fine potatoes from the same acreage; how a farmer got \$1.00 a pound for his butter while his neighbors sold theirs for one-fourth the price; how the Gates boys got an extra 5 cents a dozen for their eggs, and so on. Any one of these experiences you can duplicate if you know **HOW**—and **THE RURAL HOME** teaches **HOW**. We want to show **YOU HOW**, and in addition, so that we may broaden our field, we offer to send to every subscriber who sends us 20 cents for a year's subscription, and who will in addition send the names of 20 to 25 farmers, as above requested, **ABSOLUTELY FREE FIFTEEN BEAUTIFUL DECORATIVE PICTURES**, 6 1/2 x 8 1/2 inches in size, printed on plate paper. These pictures were arranged to sell at 35 cents a set. They are Reproductions of the World's Famous Pictures, Statuary, Italian Scenes, etc. You will be pleased and delighted with them.

We want to send a sample copy of the **RURAL HOME** to a lot of farmers who are not now taking our paper and that is the reason we want these names.

The 20 cents pays for our great big agricultural paper for a whole year; the 15 pictures are given for sending us the list of 20 farmers.

Send us immediately a list of at least twenty farmers, inclosing 20 cents, and we will send you, **ABSOLUTELY FREE, FIFTEEN REPRODUCTIONS OF THE WORLD'S FAMOUS PICTURES**, and also send you for a whole year our great big helpful agricultural paper that tells you, in their own stories, how successful farmers do things. Address **THE RURAL HOME, M. M., 20 North William St., New York, N. Y.**

"These two I use daily."

ARNICA Tooth Soap

Is antiseptic; preserves while it beautifies. No spilling or wasting; convenient and economical.

25 Cents
At all Druggists



STRONG'S Arnica Jelly

(Carbolated)

Keeps the skin free from roughness and pimples. Nothing better for sunburn or chapping; also for cuts, bruises, burns and all eruptions. Keeps the skin soft, smooth and delicate. The collapsible metal tube is convenient and unbreakable.

Take it with you wherever you go. If your druggist hasn't it—Send to us.

Sent postpaid on receipt of 25 cents.

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\$50.00 SAVED

if you buy one \$10.00 order from us each month for one year. We give over 250 useful premiums to our customers to help us introduce our Celebrated Manhattan Brand of Groceries.

Our Illustrated Catalogue will be mailed Free to anyone interested

The Manhattan Wholesale Supply Co.
BOX F, SPRINGFIELD, OHIO



Darken Your Gray Hair



DUBY'S OZARK HERBS restore gray, streaked or faded hair to its natural color, beauty and softness. Prevents the hair from falling out, promotes its growth, cures and prevents dandruff, and gives the hair a soft, glossy and healthy appearance. **IT WILL NOT STAIN THE SCALP**, is not sticky or dirty, contains no sugar of lead, nitrate silver, copperas, or poisons of any kind. It is composed of roots, herbs, barks and flowers. **PACKAGE MAKES ONE PINT.** It will produce the most luxuriant tresses from dry, coarse and wiry hair, and bring back the color it originally was before it turned gray. Full size package sent by mail, postpaid, for 25 cents. **OZARK HERB CO., Block 30, St. Louis, Mo.**

FREE 10 DAYS' TRIAL!

We will send a pair of these "FAIR" Handy Hat Fasteners for a free 10 days' trial. If satisfactory send us 25 cents. If not, return to us. Positively holds the hat securely without injury. Instantly adjusted to ANY HAT. Big profits to agents.

Write to-day. Avoid worthless imitations.

Fair Mfg. Co., 515 Eleventh St., Racine, Wis.



MAKE \$1000

Best carpet and rug machinery. Elegant rugs can be made from old worn-out carpets. Catalogue, and full information how to start a profitable business of your own, free. Write to-day and become your own employer.

Eureka Weavers' Supply Co.
113 Clyde St., Battle Creek, Mich.

What the Hand Symbolizes

Look where we will, we find the hand in time and history, working, building, inventing, bringing civilization out of barbarism. The hand symbolizes power and the excellence of work. The mechanic's hand, that minister of elemental forces, the hand that hews, saws, cuts, builds, is useful in the world equally with the delicate hand that paints a wild flower or molds a Grecian urn, or the hand of a statesman that writes a law. The eye cannot say to the hand, "I have no need of thee." Blessed be the hand! Thrice blessed be the hands that work!—*Century*.

JOHN MORLEY, in his essay on Victor Hugo's "Ninety-Three," speaks of his "finished loveliness and penetrating sympathy" and masterful power in depicting the beauty and life of childhood, and says: "There is infinite tenderness, pathos, love, but all heightened at once and strengthened by the self-control of masculine force. A man writing about little ones seems to be able to place himself outside, and thus gain more calmness and freedom of vision than the more passionate interest or yearning of women permits to them in this field of art. Not a detail is spared, yet the whole is full of delight and pity and humor." "What a bird says in its song, a child says in its prattle. 'Tis the same hymn, a hymn indistinct, lisping, profound. The child has what the bird has not, the sombre human destiny in front of it. Hence the sadness of men as they listen, mingling with the joy of the little one as it sings. The sublimest canticle to be heard on earth is the stammering of the human soul on the lips of infancy. That confused chirruping of a thought that is as yet no more than an instinct, has in it one knows not what sort of artless appeal to the eternal justice; or is it a protest uttered on the threshold before entering in, a protest meek and poignant? This ignorance, smiling at the Infinite, compromises all creation in the lot that shall fall to the weak, defenseless being. Ill, if it shall come, will be an abuse of confidence."

"The child's murmuring is more and less than words; there are no notes, and yet it is a song; there are no syllables, and yet it is a language. . . . This poor, stammering is a compound of what the child said when it was an angel and of what it will say when it becomes a man. The cradle has a yesterday, as the grave has a to-morrow; the Morrow and the Yesterday mingle in that strange cooing their twofold mystery."

"Her lips smiled, her eyes smiled, the dimples in her cheeks smiled. There came forth in this smile a mysterious welcome of the morning. The soul has faith in the ray. . . . The heavens were blue, warm was the air. The fragile creature, without knowing anything or recognizing anything or understanding anything, softly floating in musings which are not thought, felt itself in safety in the midst of nature, among those good trees and that guileless greenery, in the pure and peaceful landscape, amid the rustle of nests, of flowing springs, of insects, of leaves, while over all there glowed the great innocence of the sun."

Lida Hood Talbot.

Justice

If things don't seem just square, my boy,
In this strange old world to-day,
Don't worry a mite, for they'll all be right
In God's own time and way.

There's a saying old I will tell to you;
"God's mills grind slow, grind slow;
But they grind, they grind exceeding fine,
And the mills forever go."

The mills, my boy, are the laws of God,
Immutable, yet wondrous fair,
And out of the chaos of seeming wrong
Full justice will come, somewhere.

Yes, justice will come to one and all,
Never doubt or fear, my boy;
The measure you mete will come again,
Purest gold of base alloy.

Then if you measure only the gold,
The gold will return one day;
Don't worry a mite, all will yet be right,
In God's good time and way.

"If I knew you and you knew me,
If both of us could clearly see
And with an inner sight divine
The meaning of your heart and mine,
I'm sure that we would differ less
And clasp our hands in friendliness,
Our thoughts would pleasantly agree
If I knew you and you knew me."

"If I knew you and you knew me,
As each one knows himself to be,
Could look each other in the face
And see therein a truer grace.
Life has so many hidden woes,
So many thorns for every rose."

How I Got My Hearing Back

BY GEORGE H. WILSON

I WAS once a deaf man!
I was so deaf that I couldn't hear a watch tick when held close against my ear. The Deafness came on by degrees, and first I hardly noticed it. As it grew I noticed my friends falling away from me. Then my business chances began fading out. It was too much trouble to talk to a Deaf man. Now, I want you to know that I was ambitious and had made large plans for my own future. I knew I had the Brains to succeed, if I could only get over that terrible curse of Deafness. It seemed to shut me out from all my Opportunities. My Deafness set me worrying and thinking hard for a means of Cure.

For nearly two years I haunted the offices of Ear-Doctors. Then I tried about every quack remedy, and my money melted as fast as my chances for making more vanished. The end of it came at last, and I had to work out my own cure.

That was my salvation! First, I read nearly every book printed about the ear. Then I made a model of the hearing part of the Ear. Then I tried all kinds of experiments on this artificial Ear. Whenever I worked out any device that looked promising on this artificial Ear, I tried it on my own living Ear. Night after night I worked on my experiments, with feverish hope and anxiety, for the result meant everything to me in this world. I am sure I worked harder, thought deeper and experimented further than any Ear Specialist had ever done before.

At last I hit upon the right idea, and I worked on this steadily for months, to apply it.

I found out how to increase Weak sounds, just as spectacles or eye glasses increase the size of small letters in a book.

From that time on my progress was rapid, till I had a clumsy pair of Listening Machines.

Finally I worked the principle down so that it was contained in two little telephones.

These went entirely within the ears, where no one could see them, nor suspect me of wearing them. The only thing now left to do was to make them so soft and comfortable, in the Ear holes, that one did not feel their presence.

I could hear as distinctly, with them in my ears, as I ever did before my deafness came on me. I could hear a watch tick three feet away, when they were in my ears, though I couldn't hear a sound from that watch when the "Listeners" were removed.

But a greater wonder took place a little later on. Removing the tiny telephones from my ears one day, to clean them, I held my watch up to my right ear. I was amazed to hear it tick clearly and distinctly without artificial aid!

I tried this again with a yard measure from week to week, with the "Listeners" removed. I was de-

lighted to find that each week I could hear the watch tick a few inches farther away.

My little Listening Machines had made the sounds so loud for my Hearing Nerves that they had no longer any straining to catch weak sounds.



"My Deafness set me worrying and thinking hard for a means of Cure."

This easy hearing rested these Ear Nerves so much that they soon got back all their old strength and keenness. That's what a famous doctor said.

Well, after I got back my hearing you'd be surprised how my friends came around, and talked to me. Why, I never knew I had so many friends, and I don't think I ever knew their value till I lost my hearing.

A thousand people in this city of Louisville, Ky., know the story of my struggles against deafness, and of my ultimate success—greater than I had ever hoped for.

Since then thousands of deaf people, in this country alone, have recovered their hearing in the same way, and I wish you could read the letters they wrote me. I have published a book containing 400 of these letters, which I will gladly send you on request.

I think I understand deaf people better now than any other man in America, and when advice of mine can help them they are welcome to it. I can tell them how to recover their hearing, and I will tell any of them who writes me.

I can always be reached by letter, care of The Wilson E. D. Co., 94 Todd Building, Louisville, Ky., and I'll send copies of the letters if you'll mail me just the postage, which is two cents.

11 Cents a Week or 48 Cents a Month
FOR ONE YEAR or FOR 12 MONTHS

THAT'S OUR PRICE
FOR THE WONDERFUL
MISSISSIPPI WASHING MACHINE
SIX MONTHS FREE TRIAL

With its **SPRING MOTIVE POWER AND ROLLER BEARING ROTARY ACTION**, it runs easier than any other washer made; a mere child can run it. Forces double the water through the clothes at double the velocity of any other washer and will do double the work in half the time. Will wash **cleaner, better and with less soap** than any other washer made. Won't wear or injure the finest lace, and will wash the heaviest blankets or carpets. No more wearing out clothes; this alone will save its cost in a few months. **Washing made EASY, QUICK, CLEAN AND ECONOMICAL.** Worth twice as much as any other machine advertised or sold at \$10.00 to \$15.00.

OUR OFFER.

Cut this ad. out and mail to us, or on a postal card, or in a letter, say, "Send me your new **Washing Machine Offer**," and you will receive by return mail, **FREE, the most wonderful liberal washing machine offer ever heard of.** You will get a proposition never made by any other house. Don't buy any kind of a washing machine, at any price, on any kind of terms, **until after we mail you our great offer.** Write **TODAY** and get all we will send you by return mail, **FREE.**

SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., CHICAGO.



THIS FINE DESK OR CHAIR GIVEN AWAY

Absolutely Free with a \$10.00 ORDER of LOCKWOOD SOAPS, EXTRACTS, Spices, Baking Powder, Toilet Articles
and other home necessities. Send us an order for your home use or for clubs among your friends and neighbors. This desk is 60 in. high, of highly polished golden oak, fitted with lock and key and French beveled mirror. This Morris Chair is well made of selected oak with golden oak finish and reversible velvet cushions. Either is worth fully \$10.00.
You can furnish your entire home without cost, because we give you hundreds of premiums free with orders of \$5.00 or over. Send name to-day for large illustrated premium book. Tells all about the Lockwood Club Plan, 30 Days' Free Trial and easy way to secure these premiums.
LOCKWOOD SOAP COMPANY, Dept. H, KANSAS CITY, MO.

EARN GOLD WATCH

This watch has a **SOLID GOLD LAID CASE** ENGRAVED ON BOTH SIDES. American movement, fully warranted to keep correct time, equal in appearance to Solid Gold Watch. **GUARANTEED 25 YEARS.** We give it **FREE** to boys and girls or anyone selling only 20 of our handsome jewelry articles at 10c. each. Send us your address and we will send jewelry postpaid. When sold send us \$3.00 and we will **POSITIVELY SEND YOU OUR SOLID GOLD LAID HIGHLY ENGRAVED WATCH FREE of Charge.**
EAGLE JEWELRY CO. DEP. 84 CHICAGO.



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OF HEALTH, HAPPINESS AND SUCCESS. A booklet that tells of the **HEALING POWER** within yourself. It is based upon the teachings of the Hindu Adepts and Masters of India. This booklet sent for a 2-cent stamp. Address



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Be Your Own Boss and Earn all the Money You Really Deserve. I Will Give You the Opportunity. READ EVERY WORD and Learn How YOU, Like Thousands of Others, Can Devote Your Time to a Straightforward, Honorable Work which will Easily Pay from \$3 to \$5 Per Day.

I mean just what I say and the marvelous success of those associated with me is positive proof that my method of work is as attractive and remunerative as can be offered by any reputable individual or company. The plan I desire to present to you is **entirely new** and it makes no difference where you live or what your line of work may be, I will offer you the chance of a **lifetime** to establish yourself in a **permanent** and **profitable** business in your own locality.



Yours for Prosperity, HARRIET M. RICHARDS.

I will give you the opportunity to become associated with a well established business of many years' standing whose foundation is just as solid as the Rock of Gibraltar, and if you act upon my advice under our new plan

A PROFIT SHARING BOND

will be issued to you, under my direction, so that you will be placed in a position to participate in the profits to be derived from a business which readily appeals to all classes of people and offers to both men and women, who are willing to work, a **rare opportunity** to make money. With this new and original Profit Sharing Bond System, which I have referred to, you are sure to be liberally rewarded for every effort you put forth under my direction, and you will become, as it were, a working partner in a very pleasant and permanent position, which will yield you **handsome profits** the year around. In fact, I really feel that any man or woman who cannot make money under this new system which I will unfold to you, cannot make money at anything, and I know if you will only take the time and pains to investigate the value of the splendid position I can offer you, you will be satisfied that I am in a position to show you how to **make more money** than you have ever had the opportunity of making in the past. Indeed, I have a most attractive proposition to offer to any man or woman desirous of improving their financial condition, and all I want is that you, or anyone desirous of earning money, should write to me for **full particulars**. I will gladly answer your inquiry free of cost, and I feel sure when you have learned all the details you will readily appreciate the value of the splendid position I have offered you.

I WANT YOUR HELP AND WILL PAY WELL FOR IT

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FORGIVENESS

By Mary Catherine Barrett

Written especially for
THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES

FROM the fiction of our serious, thoughtful writers one can always cull much beautiful philosophy on the subject of forgiveness, and the fine, broad sentiments of those great minds must make the self-centred, self-tortured soul think differently and feel ashamed of the emotion sinfully wasted.

Charlotte Brontë, in her pathetic story, "Jane Eyre," says, through the patient, noble little consumptive, *Helen Burns*, "Life is too short to be spent in registering wrongs and nursing animosity." The profound wisdom of a Socrates, the humane principles of an Ingersoll, have given us nothing to equal it in its duality of magnanimity and simplicity.

Because of errors we have made, and the infringement of other people's lives on ours, there are some of us to whom the words "Peace on Earth" have become a mockery, bitter as disillusionment. Life, for a large number of us, has lost its zest and the hope of death is its only consolation. Many of us have wrongly allowed ourselves to become like brooding bats in a desolate rookery, blinded by our own misery, picking at our hearts and morosely refusing the sunshine, hope and cheer which a loving God holds out to us with the touching patience of a mother coaxing her silent, sickened child with the things it used to enjoy. It is to these beclouded souls that this simple message should come: "Life is too short to be spent in registering wrongs and nursing animosity." At the best, it is a dismal, miserable occupation, and not only useless but harmful. We must come to look upon our errors as ignorances, and upon experience as "the knife that hurts while it cuts out the cataract that blinds."

Necessarily, our lives infringe upon each others'; we meet our Judases, we are disbelieved, denied, wronged, misunderstood and suffer many spiritual crucifixions. These are the experiences of a Christ; we can make them divine. Was Judas happy? If we could look into the hearts of those toward whom we are embittered, those whom we accuse of our life's wreckage, we would see enough anguish there to fill us with pity and sympathy, and readily, even as Christ, we would forgive and love our Judases.

Temperament and character largely determine destiny, our inclinations tend toward certain lines of conduct which brings inevitable results, and that man who will not accept philosophically, and with dignity and comprehension, the experiences which come to him in a lifetime is as childish as the boy in a game of tag who cries "quits" when he is "it."

Truly, as George Eliot says in her most moral-bearing story, "Adam Bede", "There are robberies committed that leave men and women forever beggared of peace and joy. There are life stories and concealed sorrows that are committed to no sound except that of low moans in the night, seen in no writing except that made on the face by the slow months of suppressed anguish and early morning tears. And while our hearts may be bruised with weights too heavy for them to bear, Nature is holding on her calm, inexorable way, in unmoved and terrible beauty. The stars are rushing in their eternal courses; the tides swell to the level of the last expectant weed; the sun is making brilliant day to busy nations on the other side of the swift earth. The stream of human thought and deed is hurrying and broadening onward. The astronomer is at his telescope; the great ships are laboring over the waves; the toiling eagerness of commerce goes on; the fierce spirit of rebellion is only ebbing in brief rest; and sleepless statesmen are dreading the possible crisis of the morrow. What are we and our troubles in this mighty torrent, rushing from one awful unknown to another?" We might feel the pain of insignificance and insult when we read the answer: "Lighter than the smallest centre of the quivering life in the water drop, hidden and uncared for as the pulse of anguish in the breast of the tiniest bird that has fluttered down to its nest with the long-sought food, and has found the nest torn and empty." There are eighty millions of people in the United States alone, and surely your trouble is not the greatest.

There are some of us who lack flexibility of disposition, who form passions and permit them to petrify, who cannot relent even when the hand of death is paralyzing the voice in the throat and extracting the soul from its shattered flesh abode. These souls are petty, and it is for them that tears of pity fall from the eyes of a Christ; it is for them He feels the pangs of despair! And even more unfortunate there are some of us who, in the white heat of a supposed triumph, have exclaimed, "Revenge is sweet." But God, *aeons* before, in the Old Testament, told His children, "Vengeance is mine," and which one of us would be deliberately bold enough to interfere with divine prerogatives, even



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though we had the base and peace-of-mind-destroying desire for revenge?

Brooding on real or fancied wrongs warps the soul and injures the whole life, and the life that constantly contemplates only itself must indeed be burdensome; but there are few such. The philosophy of *Helen Burns*, then, is a truth which makes the vindictive, perverted soul ashamed!

Forgiveness is the virtue which makes us kin to God, for God is FORGIVENESS!

On the other hand, we all know that suffering such as is expressed in the following paragraph from George Eliot is almost a privilege and God-sent to awaken our souls and develop our better selves. Suffering stretches the soul and forces open its eyes, and those who love nobility will not resent it. "Deep, unspeakable suffering may well be called a baptism, a regeneration, the initiation into a new state. All the intense emotions which some experiences bring make us look back on previous years as if they had been a dim, sleepy existence, and we had only awakened to full consciousness. It seemed to us before that it was a light thing that men should suffer. Doubtless a great anguish may do the work of years, and we come out from that baptism of fire with a soul full of new awe and new pity. Does a sorrow slip from us as a temporary burden and leave us the same men and women as before? God forbid! It would be a poor result of all our anguish and our wrestling if we won nothing but our old selves at the end of it—if we could return to the same blind loves, the same self-confident blame, the same light thoughts of human suffering, the same frivolous gossip over brightened lives, the same feeble sense of that Unknown toward which we have sent forth irrepressible cries in our loneliness. Let us rather be thankful that our sorrow lives in us as an indestructible force, only changing its form, as forces do, and passing from pain into sympathy—the one poor word which includes all our best insight and our best love."

And to those who are "registering wrongs and nursing animosity," I would say be up and doing. Bury the corpses of past misdeeds, errors, ignorances! Let your soul rise from the narrow tomb of self-contemplation, where it shall surely stifle, into an atmosphere of health and wholesomeness. Dare to be kind, dare to be noble, dare to forgive!

Our thoughts are angels pure and white
Leading us home,
Or demons foul and dark as night
Lashing us on
To deeds of sin, decay and blight—
Brother, think right.

In days when the winter approaches the ground hardens with frost. Never have you seen from frozen ground flower or fruit brought forth. Like iron it gives out nothing and remains desolate. Warned and moved from within by subtle forces it clothes the earth with glory, feeds the toiling millions of humanity, blesses and serves the all-wise God. So your life, when hardened, chilled, set sternly so that it yields not to any entreaty of others, any stir of the wholesome plowshares of discipline, produces nothing. Be not tempted by any pride to pose as one who no longer feels and loves. Yield not to the sternness that estranges you from good lives. When the soil beneath your feet rings as you tread upon it, note that there is no productiveness in it till it has lost its coldness, that your life is also of no consequence to others here in this world if you make yourself like it. Jesus said, "The Father worketh hitherto and I work." You must be warm and active if you would escape sorrow and know joy.—C. W. Redington.

When I open my eyes in the morning,
All ready for work and for play,
I think I hear God sweetly whisper,
"Be my dear little sunbeam all day!"

The Reading Habit

From the total training during childhood there should result in the child a taste for interesting and improving reading, which should direct and inspire its subsequent intellectual life. That schooling which results in this taste for good reading, however unsystematic or eccentric the schooling may have been, has achieved a main end of elementary education; and that schooling which does not result in implanting this permanent taste has failed. Guided and animated by this impulse to acquire knowledge and exercise his imagination, through reading, the individual will continue to educate himself all through life. Without that deep-rooted impression he will soon cease to draw on the accumulated wisdom of the past and the new resources of the present, and, as he grows older he will live in a mental atmosphere which is always growing thinner and emptier. Do we not all know many people who seem to live in a mental vacuum—to whom, indeed, we have great difficulty in attributing immortality, because they apparently have so little life except that of the body? Fifteen minutes a day of good reading would have given any one of this multitude a really human life. The uplifting of the democratic masses depends on this implanting at school of the taste for good reading.—President Eliot, of Harvard University, in *Educational reforms*.

A raindrop is a little thing,
But on the thirsty ground
It helps to make the flowers of Spring
And beauty spread around.

A ray of light may seem to be
Lost in the blaze of day;
But its sweet mission God can see,
Who sends it on its way.

—Coleridge

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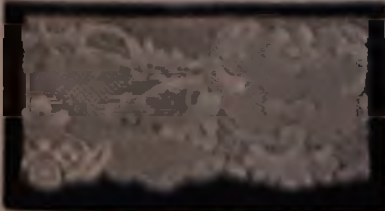
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UNIVERSAL LIFE

By C. W. Saleeby, M.D.

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Nor only because of recent scientific investigation, but also because of the contemporary interest which attaches to the history of the idea, may we now consider the magnificent conception that the universe is alive. For we find the earliest trace of it in the first evolutionist, the Greek Heraclitus (circa 535-475 B.C.), while it recurs on the last page of the last work of Herbert Spencer, who has placed the doctrine of evolution upon the inextinguishable foundation of modern science. I quote from the last paragraph but one of his *Autobiography*.

So [incomprehensible] is it, too, with our own natures. No less inscrutable is this complex consciousness which has slowly evolved out of infantine vacuity—consciousness which, in other shapes, is manifested by animate beings at large—consciousness which, during the development of every creature, makes its appearance out of what seems unconscious matter; suggesting the thought that consciousness in some rudimentary form is omnipresent.

Between these two great names—separated by an interval of nearly two and a half millennia—the idea of *hylozoism*, or the universality of life, has had an intermittent yet ever-recurring history. Matter, "the living garment of God," is Goethe's inspired phrase.

John Tyndall says:

By an intellectual necessity I cross the boundary of the experimental evidence, and discern in that matter which we, in our ignorance of its latest powers, and notwithstanding our professed reverence for its Creator, have hitherto covered with opprobrium, the promise and the potency of all terrestrial life.

So much by way of briefly reviewing the history of the idea. In doing so, perhaps we have sufficiently defined it. Hylozoism, which many of the thoughtful minds of to-day hold as a matter of faith, asserts that **life is universal**; that though the life of what we call "dead" matter does not obviously resemble the life of the plant, yet that the difference between it and the life of the plant may perhaps be hardly greater than the difference between the life of a mold and the life of a man. Of course no one denies nowadays that plants are alive, though time was when men thought differently.

But before we look at the recent positive evidence in favor of hylozoism, or the logic which suggests its truth, let us consider the causes which have led modern science back in this direction. And, first of all, let us inquire whether there is any entity which is characteristic of living as distinguished from dead matter. In other words, is there such a thing as "vital force"? If there be, hylozoism is disproved at the outset. But whether or not we can trace the history of "vitalism" or the causes which led to its overthrow, every reader knows perfectly well that the doctrine of vital force has long been exploded. That mysterious entity called *Energy*, the actual nature of which is essentially transcendental and unknowable, has its field of action in living as in "dead" matter. If the supply of it be withheld from living matter, the peculiar characteristics of such matter soon cease to be manifested. Without food we die, food being simply a store of potential energy. The living organism can supply or create no iota of energy for itself. It can but transform—and as such it is a magician indeed. "There is no creative energy whatever in the animal or vegetable organism, but all the power which we obtain from the muscles of man and animals, as much as that we develop by the combustion of wood or coal, has been produced at the sun's expense." The same is true of nervous action resulting in consciousness. If you shut one eye and gaze at something with the other, and then press your finger upon the side of the eyeball so as to compress it without interfering with the path of vision, a blur comes over everything within three seconds. Your visual consciousness has ceased simply because the pressure of your finger, exercised for only that short space of time, has prevented your retina from receiving that continuous supply of energy-containing blood on which its activity is dependent. It follows that the forces of organic matter are not different in kind from those of inorganic matter. "It is the compounding, in the organic world, of forces belonging equally to the inorganic, that constitutes the mystery and the miracle of vitality." The energies of "dead" and living matter are the same in kind. There is no such thing as vital force.

So far, then, hylozoism has no insuperable objection in its path. But when we look at certain forms of living matter we find a phenomenon which constitutes the chief item of the objection to hylozoism, but which hylozoism alone has made any attempt to explain. That phenomenon is *consciousness*. The objector may admit that "vital force"

is a myth, and may be quite content with our explanation of the growth of the plant by the transformation of the energy in sunlight; but he draws us up sharply if we dare to suggest that sunlight can be transformed into *mind*. And he is quite right. We have not the intellectual organ, nor any rudiment of it, as Tyndall said, that enables us to conceive of the causal relation between matter and mind. The two entities are totally and irreconcilably different in kind. As I write I am perfectly aware of a number of very interesting chemical and physical changes which are going on in my head. So interesting are the problems of human consciousness and unconsciousness, especially in sleep, that I hope to deal with them on another occasion. But if I could write an equation for every chemical action that is occurring under my cranium at this moment, and though I know that by compressing my carotid arteries and thereby arresting these changes I could rapidly reduce myself to unconsciousness, yet I cannot conceive—nor can anyone else—how chemical change can result in mind.

But it is precisely this crowning difficulty—a difficulty which I believe to be in the nature of the case forever insoluble—of which hylozoism affords a philosophical conception. An explanation we cannot call it, and yet it is in part an explanation. For it is indeed a path to clearer vision to suggest that "consciousness in some rudimentary form is omnipresent."

When we talk of atoms being conscious, the objector at once thinks of a consciousness such as his own. No one who is acquainted with the marvels of the human brain—that acme of the material universe so far as we know it—would commit such an error as to suppose that unorganized atoms could rival its stupendous powers. We must approach the conception gradually, passing from the alert man of the world to the consciousness of a dull-witted yokel, a child of five, a new-born baby, a fish, an amoeba, a fungus, a crystal. At some one of these items you may object. But are you prepared to deny consciousness to a fish, or an amoeba or a fungus or a crystal? Realize how different must be the consciousness of the first item in my list and the last that you accept, and then, passing from it to the crystal, ask whether consciousness in some rudimentary form may not be omnipresent: whether there is really such an essential difference between two lovers who rush into one another's arms, and two atoms, one of hydrogen and one of chlorine, which rush together to form hydrochloric acid. That, or something like it, was Goethe's way of trying to show what we mean.

But it would be doing hylozoism scant justice to present it for public consideration without attempting to face one of its great difficulties. The fundamental belief of science is expressed in the law of continuity. Hence when we find consciousness evolved in matter we suggest that consciousness, in rudimentary form, may perhaps be an inseparable property or function of matter. Similarly when science is asked as to the origin of life, it seeks to avoid any solution of the law of continuity—such a hap being unthinkable to the scientific mind—and tries to show how living could have evolved from non-living matter by the action of natural causation. This would suggest that life, like consciousness, is, in some rudimentary form, inherent in matter: and would practically prove the case of the theory of hylozoism. But to the question, "Can you make life in your laboratories?" the answer is an unequivocal negative. The famous experiments of Pasteur and Tyndall and others settled the question of spontaneous generation some decades ago. Denying though we do the existence of a special "vital force," yet we are bound to admit with Harvey that "omne vivum ex ovo," or with Virchow that "omnis cellula e cellula"—every living thing is from a pre-existent living thing. This dogma is very nearly tantamount to a denial of hylozoism, is it not? Here am I urging the view that all things live, and then asserting my belief in the dogma that every living thing must have a living progenitor, and that science cannot manufacture life.

But it all depends on our definition of life. And at once we find ourselves in profound difficulties. What is life? "The sum of the forces that resist death," says one. But it is easy to see that that is begging the question, for pray what is death? Let us try another. "Life is self-movement," said Thomas Aquinas—a simple and apparently satisfactory definition. But is radium alive? If not, where in living matter or elsewhere are we to get a better example of self-movement? The Cosmos is the best example of self-movement. The universe is the only perpetual-motion machine. On the Thomist definition, the universe is therefore alive—which is the hylozoistic contention! Plainly that definition of life will not serve to dispose of our view. Then let us take the latest and wisest thinker of all. Summed up, Herbert Spencer's definition of life is, "the adjustment of inner to outer relations." Only unfortunately that is exactly a definition of the activities of radium: and now the physicists tell us that radio-activity is probably a universal property of all matter. So that Spencer's definition lands us in hylozoism as completely as that of Aquinas. The truth is that you may try as long as you like, and may search the works of every thinker the race has produced, you will not get a definition of life that can withstand criticism. And why? Simply because every dis-

inction that has ever been drawn between living and non-living matter has now *broken down*. Not one of them will stand. There are no absolute distinctions, and therefore there can be no definition which the hylozoist will not show to support his case. Let the objector give us a property of all living matter which is not found to belong to non-living matter, and we will forever hold our peace. Meanwhile we claim the victory. We only ask for one absolute distinction *in kind*—not in degree—and we will thereupon retire into well-deserved obscurity.

The vitalists are always thrown back upon *movement* as the essence of their definition. But modern physics has taught us that movement is everywhere. We knew this even before the discovery of radio-activity. We know that the still surface of the diamond covers an incessant motion of every one of its constituent atoms, to say nothing of the intra-atomic motion, which is the latest wonder of physics. We know, further, that there is reason—so to speak—in this motion. Adjustment and interplay of forces is universal. For the Cosmos is indeed a "mighty being," as Wordsworth well calls the ocean, and its parts are all living and mutually congruous parts of "one stupendous whole." Is there not indeed somewhat of nobility as well as truth in this conception of universal life?

But hylozoism is not to be silenced even if the obvious forms of life, as seen in the living cells of animal and plant, are declared to be, though indefinable, the only forms of life. M. von Schrön, the director of the Pathological Institute of the University of Naples, has been working for years at this question, and though his results are not yet confirmed, there is nothing in them that is incredible to anyone whose conceptions were not finally fixed in adolescence. He believes a crystal to be an organized evolving being, like an animal, or a plant, with its own biological laws. In the rock, indeed, he believes that there are distinguishable "petro-cells," of which a definite nucleus can be seen by the microscope. He has taken thousands of photographs of what he believes to be crystal cells formed when a salt crystallizes out of a solution, and he even believes himself to have detected the struggle for existence among such cells. According to him, all minerals are colonies of beings which live or have lived. His results may be collated with those of the Indian physicist, Chundra Bose, who has detected in tin and other metals all the phenomena of response and fatigue and electric modification which, according to the text-books of physiology, are characteristic of living muscle. I briefly adduce the work of these investigators not because it is possible yet to accept their results as finally demonstrated, nor because they are essential to my argument, but merely because they show what some scientists think about hylozoism, even assuming, as we are not entitled to do, that what we call life is essentially different from other forms of activity associated with "dead" matter.

For, after all, it is the supreme law of continuity which is the chief bulwark of hylozoism: nor do we need to wait for that manufacture of obvious life which, we cannot doubt, will be eventually achieved. All science and all philosophy teach us to regard the Cosmos as a *whole*. All mental segregations of certain portions of it, all attempts to raise absolute barriers between different manifestations of the Eternal Power that is behind all phenomena, tend ultimately to fail. In our own day physics and chemistry have ceased to exist as separate sciences, physical chemistry having absorbed them. Physiology is simply the application of physico-chemical laws to obviously living matter. Psychology has been wrested from the waste of metaphysics and has become the most precious fruit of physiology—the basis of which has just been stated. The "law that molds a planet rounds a tear"; and the supreme truth about the Cosmos is that it is self-consistent. "Brute matter" has been rescued from the contempt poured upon it by metaphysics. Its seeming deadness has been proved to hide the most incredible activity. The great Lucretius guessed this truth, and with a poet's power used the illustration of a flock of sheep with skipping lambs, which at a distance looks like a motionless white patch upon a green hill. So with the diamond or the grain of dust. Surely Lucretius was right when he affirms that "Nature is seen to do all things spontaneously of herself without the meddling of the gods"; and Bruno, when he declares that Matter is not "that mere empty capacity which philosophers have pictured her to be, but the universal mother who brings forth all things as the fruit of her own womb."

Thus to suggest that the Cosmos is alive, and that there was no need of supernatural interference for the production of obvious life upon our planet, is not to deny the existence of an Eternal Power in which "all things live and move and have their being." It is rather to support that Higher Pantheism which Wordsworth has put into language even nobler than Tennyson's:

... a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
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No. 159—Extension Table.

Hardwood throughout, solid oak top, 42 in. square when closed, 6 ft. when open. Massive 4-inch legs. Highly polished. For selling 3 doz.



No. 411—Morris Rocker

An improvement over the old Morris Chair. Solid oak, finely finished, height 41 in., width 30 in., seat 22 in. square. Upholstering, best velvet. For selling 3 doz.



No. D219—Roman Chair

Made of seasoned birch, beautifully finished in rich mahogany. Height 24 in., width 30 in., seat 15x21. For selling 1 1/2 doz.



No. 6350 Child's Coat

Three-quarter length, melton cloth, double breasted, storm collar, loose back, with belt, colors red, blue. (Our line this season of misses' and ladies' coats, jackets, capes, furs, etc., is stronger than ever.) For selling 6 1/2 doz.



No. 01045 Hanging Lamp

Solid brass frame, 30 glass pendants, hand-decorated dome, automatic spring extension for high or low ceilings. For selling 2 1/2 doz.



No. 796 Dresser

Princess design, solid oak, beautiful finish, base 44x21, height 70 inches. French plate mirror 18x36. For selling 6 1/2 doz.



No. 888—Couch

A new style, up-to-date hardwood frame in mahogany or oak, elaborately carved, massive claw feet. Upholstered in beautiful velvet. Steel construction, 6 ft. 4 in. long, 2 ft. 4 in. wide. Best couch ever made. For selling 3 doz.



No. 889 Chiffonier

Entirely constructed of solid oak, finished golden, highly polished, 55 in. high, 32 in. wide, 15 in. deep, 5 brass trimmed drawers, 20x14. For selling 3 doz.



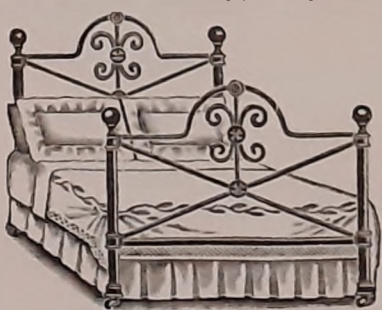
No. 349—Parlor Suite

Elegant 3 piece set, divan, arm chair and reception chair. Steel construction, velvet upholstered, frames of rich mahoganyized birch, all pieces full size and strongly built. For selling 5 doz.



No. 1005—Writing Desk

Daintily fashioned, yet strongly built of solid oak, 47 in. high, 27 in. wide. French plate mirror 6x8. For selling 2 1/2 doz.



No. 104—Brass Trimmed Iron Bed

Three coats best white enamel, large brass knobs, height 66 in., width 41 1/2 ft. For selling 2 doz.



No. 8030—Ladies' Skirt

Walking length, good quality oxford gray melton cloth, beautifully trimmed, stylish, well made and serviceable. For selling 1 doz.

Good quality sateen, full width, 16 in. flounce, underlying 9 in. dust ruffle, double stitched seams, black only. For selling 1 doz.



No. 715—Tea Set

56 full-size pieces, beautifully decorated in neat floral design, blue or green. Genuine Arcade ware, in newest shapes. For selling 2 doz.



No. 99—Jute Smyrna Rug

Both sides alike, pretty designs in bright colors, 5 ft. long, 20 in. wide. For selling 1 doz.



No. 502 Lace Curtains

New style, two made into one, to be used as illustrated. Genuine Nottingham, overlocked corded edges, 20 in. wide, 2 1/2 yds. long. For selling 1 doz.



No. 339—Clock

Oak case, finely carved, height 22 in., 6 in. dial. Correct timekeeper, eight-day movement, strikes hour and half hour. For selling 1 1/2 doz.



No. 4192—Boy's Suit

Two-piece, heavy weight blue cheviot, Norfolk, two pieces in front and back, and belt to match. Well lined and strongly sewed. For selling 1 1/2 doz.



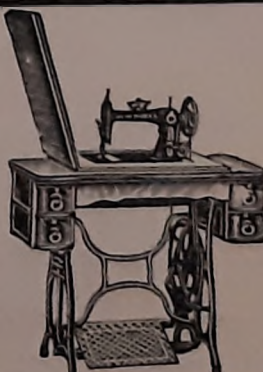
No. 112 Parlor Lamp

Hand decorated bowl and globe to match, bright colors, floral design, 18 in. high, complete. For selling 1 doz.



No. 316 Mantel Clock

Beautifully enameled wood, with marbleized columns, gilt ornaments and bronze top figure. Eight-day, hour and half hour, cathedral strike, 30 in. high, with scroll, 15 in. wide. For selling 3 doz.



No. 4321 Sewing Machine

The "New Model" has full high arm and drop head, up-to-date in all attachments. Manufacturers' guarantee with each machine. For selling 6 1/2 doz.



No. 4030—Reed Rocker

Full size, extra quality, strongly built, finely finished and roomy. For selling 2 doz.



No. 816—Steel Range

For hard or soft coal or wood. Made of the best blue steel. Finely riveted and properly lined, 6 eight-inch holes, large oven, flush reservoir, all trimmings nickel-plated. Body 29 in. high, top 24 in., weight 350 lbs. For selling 10 doz.



No. 6221—Enamel Set

14 full-sized pieces, best double-colored purple blend, white dots, glass finish, 8-quart tea kettle, 3-quart coffee pot, 4-quart covered kettle. Other pieces in proportion. For selling 2 doz.



No. 2049—Ladies' Hat

The season's latest—a "Tommy Atkins" Turban. Silk wire frame, covered with French felt, trimmed with two large bouquins, ribbons and ornaments. All colors. For selling 1 doz.



No. 965 Rocker

Massive and comfortable, quarter-sawn oak, highly polished, elaborately carved front posts, 14 heavy turned spindles on sides. Seat 19 in. square, arms 24 in. long and 2 1/2 in. from floor. Durable and beautiful. For selling 3 doz.

IT IS EASY TO EARN THESE Beautiful Premiums.

Why not earn a beautiful and useful premium easily by selling what the people want and will buy again. You will be agreeably surprised to find how pleasant the work is. It doesn't pay to sell trash. Sell "Mother's Salve," the greatest cure known for Catarrh, Croup and Colds. The world never saw its equal for healing Cuts, Burns, Sores, Chaps, Piles, etc. Every jar is guaranteed; our first customers are our best ones.

Frank Rainie, M.D., of Manistique, Mich., says: "Mother's Salve is all right. I prescribe it to my patients." Ask your neighbors; nearly everyone knows of our wonderful Mother's Salve. Mrs. J. J. Ward, of Freeport, Fla., writes: "I am thankful to know that there is one honest firm selling honest goods through the mail. I have been selling your valuable remedies for five years and have received many premiums, all of them better than you claimed."

Our new Illustrated Catalogue of Reliable Goods shows nearly one thousand premiums besides those shown here, any of which we offer free to ladies and girls for selling only a few jars of "Mother's Salve" at 25 cents a jar. We give many valuable premiums for selling only one-half dozen. Compare our premiums with other premiums in this paper and you will see our offers are the best ever made by a reliable firm.

Remember, no money required in advance. Your credit is good with us. Just say you will try; send your name and address and we will mail six 25-cent jars with large premium list and full instructions. If you cannot sell them you may return—no harm done. Write now—don't delay. Established 12 years. Satisfaction guaranteed.

MOTHER'S REMEDIES CO., 1038-35th Street, CHICAGO, ILL.



Send No Money

No. 650. Just cut this out and mail it to us with your name, address and name of your nearest express office distinctly written, and we will send by express this magnificent imitation Brown Fox Ladies' Neck Scarf.

The Scarf measures about 54 inches in length, including tails, and is nice and broad in the back. It has two (2) large full bushy tails about twelve inches long and fastens with a handsome neck chain.

Remember you run no risk whatever! We send the Scarf to your nearest express office, all charges prepaid by us; you can examine it, try it on, and if you don't think it is worth at least \$5.00, all you have to do is to refuse it and the agent will return it to us without one single cent of expense to you. If you like it pay the agent only \$1.95 (not one penny more) and you will have the greatest bargain you ever bought.

This Beautiful Scarf only \$1.95

If there is no express office convenient to you, we will send the scarf by mail, postage paid, for \$1.95, and will promptly and cheerfully refund the money if you are not entirely pleased with your purchase.

When ordering be sure to mention No. 650. We are selling these scarves at this remarkably low price in order to introduce our FREE enlarged catalogue of Trimmed Hats, Millinery, Cloaks, Suits, Fur Shoes, Muslin and Knit Underwear, Toilet Articles, Hair Goods, Jewelry, and all kinds of Ladies', Children's and Infants' wearing apparel. Write for it today.

CHICAGO MAIL ORDER & MILLINERY CO., N. W. Cor. Wabash Ave. & Harrison St., Chicago, Ill.

WINTER CLOTHING OFFER

FREE SAMPLE and TRIAL PROPOSITION.



If you would have any use for a heavy or medium weight all wool suit, overcoat or ulster, then DON'T BUY ELSEWHERE at any price, under any circumstances, until you cut this advertisement out and mail it to us. You will then receive by return mail, free, postpaid, the Grandest Clothing Offer ever heard of. You will get FREE a big book of cloth samples of Men's Clothing, FREE an extra quality cloth tape measure (yard FREE), FREE a book of latest fashions, descriptions and illustrations of all kinds of clothing for men. We will explain why we can sell at prices so much lower than were ever before known, a mere fraction of what others charge. We will explain our simple rules so you can take your own measure and how we guarantee a perfect fit. You will get our Free Trial Offer, our Pay After Received Proposition. With the free outfit goes a special sample order blank for ordering, return envelope, etc. You can get a whole suit, an extra pair of Pants and an Overcoat under our offer for about ONE-HALF what some Chicago tailors would charge for one single pair of pants. The offer you will get will astonish and please you. Prices on the best clothes made reduced to next to nothing compared with what you have been paying. DON'T BUY CLOTHES until you cut this ad. out and send to us, and see what you get by return mail, free, postpaid.

Address SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., Chicago.



HAIR ON THE FACE, NECK AND ARMS

Instantly Removed Without Injury to the Most Delicate Skin.

In comp. using an incomplete mixture was accidentally spilled on the back of the hand, and on washing afterward it was discovered that the hair was completely removed. We named the new discovery

"MODENE"

Apply for a few minutes and the hair disappears as if by magic. IT CANNOT FAIL. Modene supercedes electrolysis. Used by people of refinement, and recommended by all who have tested its merits. Modene sent by mail in safety-mailing cases on receipt of \$1.00 per bottle. Postage stamps taken. Address: Modene Manufacturing Co., Dept. 119, Cincinnati, O.

GOLD TEETH THE LATEST FAD. Fill your own teeth. A Gold-plated shell that fits any tooth. Easily adjusted; removed at will. Looks like regular dentures. Each set costs only one dollar. Over two million sold. Every body wants a gold tooth. Price to cents each, 4 for 25 cents, 12 for 75 cents. C. K. FARGO, FRENCHTOWN, N.J.

WORK FOR WOMEN Refined, secluded, educative; salary from \$20 to \$35 a week; special employment; no work; no difficult, learned quickly. Send for free booklet. The National Proofreaders' Association, 128 The Baldwin, Indianapolis, Ind.

FREE Our 240-page catalog, describing and illustrating over 4000 articles in the housefurnishing line. Don't write unless you are interested. STEWART BROS., 736 North High St., Columbus, Ohio.

YOUR CHARACTER Personality and Future will be read from your handwriting on receipt of 12 cents. Henry Rice, Graphologist, 1927 Madison Ave., N.Y.

PATENTS PROMPTLY SECURED. Highest references from prominent Manufacturers. Write for literature: Hand-Book SHEPHERD & PARKER, 808 F St., Wash'n, D. C.

Write the **WORDS** for the **SONGS** and we will write the music and submit to big publishers. A "hit" will make you rich. Metropolitan Music Co., 360 St. James Bldg., New York.

GIVEN TO GIRLS If you want a large size, Genuine Bisque, Full Jointed, Handsomely Dressed Doll, write for one to GIRLS' DOLL COMPANY, Attleboro, Mass.

SONGS Wanted! Many are worth Thousands of Dollars. Bring ME and FORTUNE. We compose music to poems. Have Music Co. 64 Star Bldg., Chicago.

CARDS Send 25 stamps for LARGEST and FINEST Sample Book of Golden Rules, Manners, Silk Prints, Calling and Business Cards ever sent out. For strictly up-to-date Cards, Free Premiums, Low Prices and specimens in thousands, we send COLLEEN'S CARD CO., 11 S. St., Columbus, O.

ROYALTY PAID ON SONG-POEMS Send us your song-poems. We arrange and popularize. PIONEER MUSIC PUB. CO. (Inc.) 261 Manhattan Building, CHICAGO, ILL.

Good Courage

THERE is nothing more important and necessary to success in life than good courage. The cheerful, persevering, energetic, undiscouraged man is the one who wins every time. The man who says, "I can't," never gets anywhere.

Let no valuable time be wasted in envying the man of millions. Everybody cannot be a capitalist. There must be laborers, and the laborers want to realize and accept the fact that if there were no great fortunes, the whole vast system of political economics would speedily go to ruin.

And, on the other hand, capitalists want to bear in mind that without labor wealth could not be developed, and progress would stop at its very inception. Envy is at the root of untold evils. And envy—the lowest and meanest of all human passions—has no business in the breast of an honest man. It should be a matter for rejoicing that prosperity is abroad in the land. No man's path to progress should lie across the shipwreck of any fellow-man's hopes and aspirations.

Courage makes a man the peer of kings. It lifts him above worldly disasters. It keeps him true to his purpose, loyal to his convictions, and earnest and untiring in his labors. It says to Doubt, there is no such word as fail. Disappointment that discourages is impossible, for courage shall in the end prevail over everything adverse, and victory shall crown patient and persistent endeavor.

Do not sit down in idleness because the right opportunity does not lie ready to your hand. Work at what offers, and work faithfully, and in the meantime be on the lookout for the opportunity you long for. Do not allow any would-be philosopher of a pessimistic turn to dishearten you by the kind of cheap talk which would have you believe that all the best positions in the world are filled, and that there is no longer any chance for the earnest and willing worker. Look for your chance, and when you have found it put your trade-mark upon it, and stick to it.

Persistent effort wins. Faith can remove mountains. Seas have been converted into dry land, continents have been reclaimed from the wilderness, deserts have been transformed into blossoming Edens, the ocean has been made the medium by which the far East speaks to the far West, and the people of the setting sun have been brought within a few days' distance of each other by courage and effort.

No good thing is brought forth from the storehouse of Nature without labor. Work is God's own law and method. Be glad that it can be yours, also. Make the most of the powers you have, and don't waste time in vain and weak repinings.

And no matter what betides, cultivate a cheerful, happy spirit, and in so doing you not only make your own chances of success tenfold greater, but you are the means of putting new hope and vigor into many a despondent and disheartened traveler along the pathway of life.

Clara Augusta Trask.

For the One Who Tried

By Margaret E. Sangster

YES, I love the youthful winner,
With the medal and the mark;
He has gained the prize he sought for
He is joyous as a lark.

Everyone will haste to praise him;
He is on the honor list.
I've a tender thought, my darlings,
For the one who tried and missed.

One? Ah, me! they count by thousands,
Those who have not gained the race,
Though they did their best and fairest,
Striving for the winner's place.

Only few can reach the laurel;
Many see their chance flit by.
I've a tender thought, my darlings,
For the earnest band who try.

'Tis the trying that is noble,
If you're made of sterner stuff
Than the laggards who are daunted
When the bit of road is rough.

All will praise the happy winners;
But when they have hurried by,
I've a song to cheer, my darlings,
The great company who try.

Three Aims

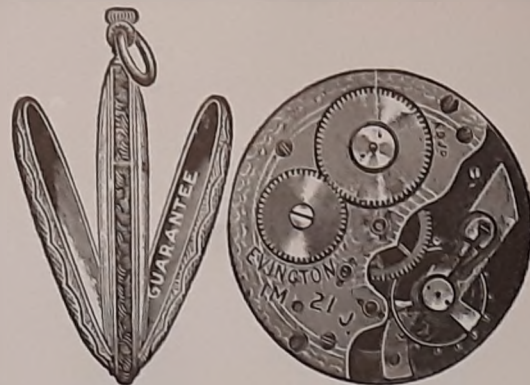
WILLIAM DE WITT HYDE, president of Bowdoin College, says that the aim of education is to fit one for three things.

1—To earn one's own living by the exercise of trained powers.

2—To support the institutions of society by intelligent appreciation of their worth.

3—To enjoy the products of art and of civilization through the cultivation of the imagination.

A Guaranteed Watch for \$5.45



These figures tell exactly what we are doing—selling a \$20.00 watch for \$5.45. We don't claim that this is a \$40.00 watch or a \$50.00 watch, but it is a \$20.00 watch. A leading watch manufacturer, being hard pressed for ready cash, recently sold us 100,000 watches—watches actually built to retail at \$20.00. There is no doubt that we could wholesale them to dealers for \$12.00 or \$18.00, but this would involve a great amount of labor, time and expense. In the end our profit would be little more than it is at selling the watch direct to the consumer at \$5.45. The **Evington Watch**, which we offer at \$5.45 is an im. 21 jeweled, finely balanced and perfectly adjusted movement. It has specially selected jewels, dust band, patent regulator, enameled dial, jeweled compensation balance, double hunting case, genuine gold-laid and handsomely engraved. Each watch is thoroughly timed, tested and regulated before leaving the factory, and both the case and movement are guaranteed for 25 years.

Clip out this advertisement and mail it to us to-day with your name, post office address and nearest express office. Tell us whether you want a lady's or gent's watch and we will send the watch to your express office at once. If it satisfies you, after a careful examination, pay the express agent \$5.45 and express charges and the watch is yours, but if it doesn't please you return it to us at our expense.

A 25-Year Guarantee will be placed in the front case of the watch we send you, and to the first 10,000 customers we will send a beautiful gold-laid watch chain. Free. We refer to the First National Bank of Chicago, Capital \$10,000,000.

NATIONAL CONSOLIDATED WATCH CO., Dept. 227, CHICAGO.

Take Your Pants

We Will Make You a \$5.00 Pair Free With Every Suit of Clothes.

FREE Have your new suit made by the best tailors in the United States. "WE ARE." We make to order from strictly all wool cloths for only \$10 the latest style suits, tailored and finished equal to the best.

Our \$10 suits lead the fashions—they are up-to-date—and guaranteed six months' solid wear, or

YOUR MONEY BACK. Write for our samples at once—we will accept your first order without ONE CENT DEPOSIT, you pay for suit only after thorough examination and without obligation to accept unless a perfect fit and just as claimed, and equal to ANY \$25.00 SUIT. A pair of fine all wool stylish \$5.00 pants, also a fancy dress vest, also a beautiful leather-handled patent suit case all FREE with every suit.

On request will send free samples of cloth for suit, extra pants and free vest, also illustration of patent suit case, fashion plate, measurement blanks, tape and full instructions. We dress you in style for every day, Sunday and party day, all for only \$10.

Address THE FIFTH AVENUE TAILORS, 222 Kesner Building, Chicago, Ill.

Reference: Royal Trust Bank. Capital and surplus, \$900,000.

FALLING HAIR AND BALDNESS

There is but one way to tell the reason of baldness and falling hair, and that is by a microscopic examination of the hair itself. The particular disease with which your scalp is afflicted must be known before it can be intelligently treated. The use of dandruff cures and hair tonics, without knowing the specific cause of your disease, is like taking medicine without knowing what you are trying to cure.

Send a few fallen hairs from your combings, to Prof. J. H. Austin, the celebrated Bacteriologist, who will send you absolutely free a diagnosis of your case, a booklet on care of the hair and scalp, and a sample box of the remedy which he will prepare especially for you. Enclose 2c postage and write to-day.

PROF. J. H. AUSTIN, 629 McVicker's Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

SEND NO MONEY.

We give 100 premiums for selling our Best Quality NEW GOLD EYE NEEDLES at 5c a package. Quick sellers. We give FREE with every two packages a Silver Aluminum Thimble. Send us your name and address, letter or postcard, ordering two dozen needle packages and one dozen thimbles. We send at once postpaid with Large NEW Premium List. When sold send us \$1.20 and we will send premium which you select and are entitled to, in the premium list. Write to-day and get extra present FREE.

PEERLESS MFG CO., Greenville, Pa. Box 119.

Big Incomes, \$25.00 to \$30.00 WEEK for getting orders for our celebrated Teas, Coffees, Baking Powder, Spices and Extracts. For full particulars and special terms address at once THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO., DEPT. 4, 31 and 33 Vesey Street, New York

Farmers' Sons Wanted with knowledge of farm stock and fair education to work in an office \$400 a month, with advancement; steady employment; must be honest and reliable. Branch offices of the association are being established in each State. Apply at once, giving full particulars. The Veterinary Science Association, Dept. 12, London, Canada.

Pleads for Brotherhood

ANY man who takes an interest in this great country of ours must realize that the one all important necessity of our social, industrial and political life is the necessity of the realization of what brotherhood means. We cannot develop our civilization at all unless we develop it upon the basis of each recognizing in his fellow-man his brother, whose interest he must have at heart.

"No scheme of legislation, no kind of administration of the Government will atone or can atone for the lack of the fundamental quality of each being in very deed his brother's keeper. I do not mean to talk about it every seventh day, but to feel it in the intervening six days, to feel it on the part of the employer with his employees, on the part of the employees with the employer."—Theodore Roosevelt.

All things have their value, all things have their importance, but in comparison to the basic oneness, the foundation unity, the real harmony between us all, our varying surface structures are trifles, our different dresses are trifles, our different houses, incomes, occupations, rank, manners, opinions are trifles.

Look into my eyes.

You are there.

Take my hand.

You are there.

Pass into my heart, my mind, my soul.

You are there.

Realize this and differences that might create disharmonies disappear.

Mountains dwindle into molehills.

Clouds float away.

The hasty word—what matter?

The blunt manner—what matter?

The different viewpoint—what matter?

The opposite opinion—what matter?

The criss-cross temperament—what matter?

The uncongenial personality—what matter?

The same sunlight is shining in the square window as in the round.

Emerson on Conversation

SHUN the negative side. Never worry people with your contritions, nor with dismal views of politics or society. Never name sickness; even if you could trust yourself on that perilous topic, beware of unmuzzling a valetudinarian, who will soon give you a fill of it.

Stay at home in your mind. Don't recite other people's opinions. See how it lies there in you; and if there is no counsel, offer none. What we want is not your activity or your interference with your mind, but the simple truth. The way to have large occasional truths, as in a political or a social crisis, is to have large habitual views. When men consult you, it is not that they wish you to stand tiptoe and pump your brains, but to apply your habitual view, your wisdom to the present question, forbearing all pedantries and the very name of argument; for in good conversation parties don't speak to the words but to the meaning of each other.—Emerson, in "Social Aims."

"The joy of giving liberty to captive minds is woven in garments more splendid than those that wrap the flaming spheres."

You Are Too Short




If you are short you will appreciate the unpleasant and humiliating position of the little man in the illustration. But you are probably unaware that it is no longer necessary to be short and uncomfortable.

The Cartilage Company, of Rochester, N. Y., is the owner of a method whereby it is possible to add from two to three inches to the stature. It is called the "Cartilage System" because it is based upon a scientific and physiological method of expanding the cartilage, all of which is clearly and fully explained in a booklet entitled "How to Grow Tall," which is yours for the asking.

The Cartilage System builds up the entire body harmoniously. It not only increases the height, but its use means better health, more nerve force, increased bodily development and longer life. Its use necessitates no drugs, no internal treating, no operation, no hard work, no big expense. Your height can be increased, no matter what your age and sex may be, and this can be done at home without the knowledge of others. This new and original method of increasing one's height has received the enthusiastic endorsement of physicians and instructors in physical culture. If you would like to add to your height, so as to be able to see in a crowd, walk without embarrassment with those who are tall, and enjoy the other advantages of proper height, you should write at once for a copy of our free booklet "How to Grow Tall." It tells you how to accomplish these results quickly, surely and permanently. Nothing is left unexplained. After you read it, your only wonder will be "Why did not some one think of it before?" Write to-day—

The Cartilage Co. 1268, Unity Bldg., Rochester, N. Y.

Ingersoll



If you love life don't squander time, the material of which life is made. Don't be without a watch whatever your occupation.

No man who has any use for time whatever is unable to afford a watch when an Ingersoll Watch and good timekeeper can be had for as little as a dollar. Sold by dealers everywhere, or postpaid by us. Every watch guaranteed. Price, \$1.00, \$1.50, \$1.75. Ask for an Ingersoll—name on dial.

ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BRO.
51 Maiden Lane, Dept. 11, New York

GUARANTEE
No. 2476423
Robt. H. Ingersoll
Makers 67 Cortlandt St. N.Y.C.
Agree That if without misuse
this watch fails to keep good time
FOR ONE YEAR.
They will upon its return to them
either with this Agreement and
\$5 for remaining Repair
Free of Charge

93 3 1/2 Feet Long



NEEDED ON LAND AND SEA This is a remarkably powerful instrument and positively was never sold for this price before. These Telescopes are made by one of the largest manufacturers of Europe, measure closed 12 inches and open over 3 1/2 feet in 5 sections. They are brass bound, brass safety cap on each end to exclude dust, etc., with powerful lenses, scientifically ground and adjusted. Guaranteed by the maker. Heretofore Telescopes of this size have been sold for from \$3.00 to \$5.00. Every sojourner in the country or at seaside resorts should certainly secure one of these instruments, and to farthest should be without one. Objects miles away are brought to view with astonishing clearness. Sent by mail or express, safely packed, prepaid, for only 93c. This is a grand offer and you should not miss it. We warrant each Telescope just as represented, or money refunded. Send 93 cents by Registered Letter, Post Office Money Order, Express Money Order or Bank Draft payable to our order. Write to-day.

RICHARDSON & CO., Dept. 76, 360 Dearborn St., CHICAGO.

TELESCOPE SALE As long as they last—these 20th Century Long Distance Telescopes

RAILROADING: WANTED FIREMEN AND BRAKEMEN for all North American Railroads. Experience unnecessary. Firemen \$70, become Engineers and earn \$150. Brakemen \$60, become Conductors and earn \$100. Unequaled opportunity for strong, ambitious young men. Name position preferred. Send stamp for particulars.

RAILWAY ASSOCIATION, Room 134, 227 Monroe St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

The Washer that Works Itself—

HAVE you got running water in your house?

Well,—if you have enough pressure on it, I'll make it do all your washing without any work.

You can just throw the clothes into the tub, turn a tap, and our new Self-Working Washer will do the rest.

Now I know this sounds too easy and too good to be true. But it is true, every word of it.

Here is the proof that it is true.

I'll send you one of these Self-Working Washers, to your own house, on a month's free trial.

I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket and I won't ask you a cent on deposit, nor a note, nor Security in any form.

I'll just trust anyone I believe trustworthy with this whole machine; I'll take all the risk and expense of the Test myself.

If you find our Self-Working Washer won't wash clothes without your doing a thing to work it but turn a tap, then send it back to me at my expense.

If you find it won't do better washing than the Washboard, with far less Wear on the clothes, send it back to me at my expense.

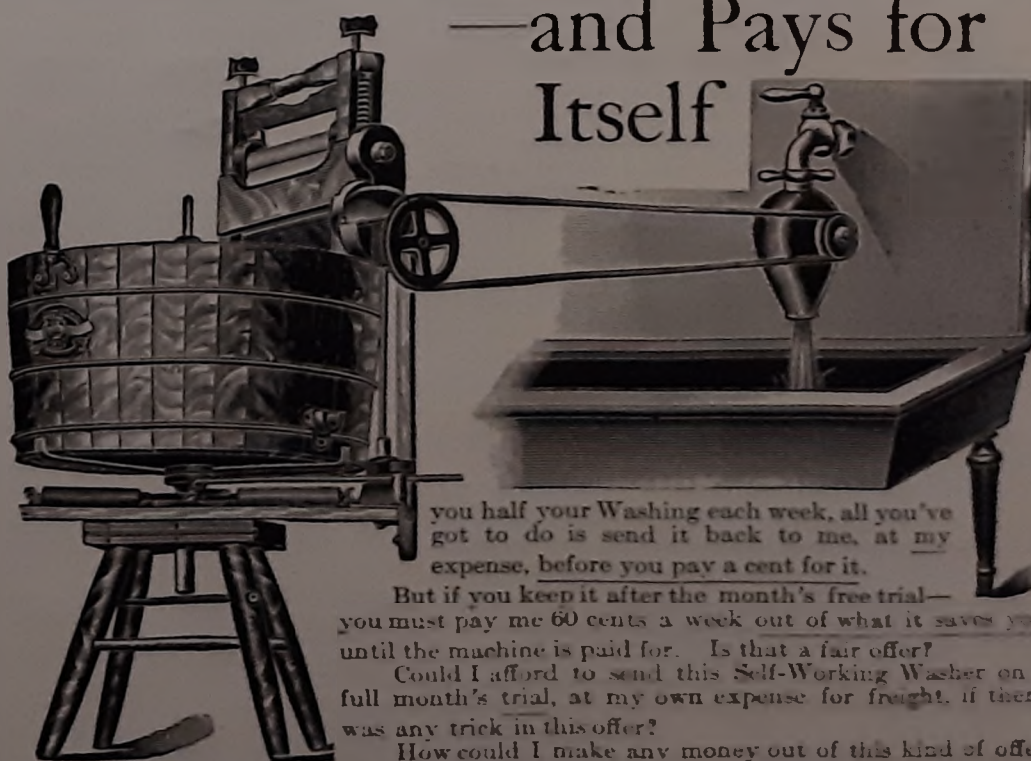
If it won't do the Washing in less than half the time your Washer-woman could do it, without the machine, then send it back to me at my expense.

Half your Washerwoman's time costs you about 60 cents a week.

That is about \$30.00 a year. Our Self-Working Washer will save you that \$30.00 a year for the ten years it lasts, or \$300.00 in all.

And I'll take my pay for it out of what it saves you, so that the Washer thus pays for itself. Remember this: If you find it won't do all that I say and save

—and Pays for Itself



you half your Washing each week, all you've got to do is send it back to me, at my expense, before you pay a cent for it.

But if you keep it after the month's free trial—you must pay me 60 cents a week out of what it saves you until the machine is paid for. Is that a fair offer?

Could I afford to send this Self-Working Washer on a full month's trial, at my own expense for freight, if there was any trick in this offer?

How could I make any money out of this kind of offer if the Washer wouldn't do all that I say it will?

Will you try our Self-Working Washer a month at my expense?

If you haven't got running water in your house, I'll tell you how this Washer can be worked without it.

Drop me a line today for further particulars.

Address R. F. Barber, Treas. 1909 Washer Co., 5029 Henry St. Binghamton, N. Y.

The Works That Prove the Christ

We have but to read the life of Jesus of Nazareth as given to us in the Four Gospels to see that works as well as words are all important, if victory shall be attained and assured. There is a doing as well as a believing—and, for believing, let us substitute understanding—and except we meet both requirements the works that prove the presence of the indwelling Christ and the power of salvation will not be forthcoming.

All Jesus's utterances are accompanied by works that are a demonstration of the truth of His words. At His hands that same life is required—a life of demonstration of the truth; and so surely as we see it, even intellectually, and conceive it ever so feebly, the rest follows. It is demanded of us. We are to put that truth to practical use, and we are to receive in consequence practical results, and except the practical follows, except the demonstration comes to us in our own lives, so that we know as well as see, salvation is not accomplished.

We have the beautiful narrative of Jesus's birth, of His being taken into Egypt, remaining there until the king who sought His life had lost the desire to take it. We have no other mention of Him until He is twelve years of age, and then He is found in the temple disputing with the doctors, both answering and asking them questions.

Can it be that with the true, the pure or immaculate conception of what we are and what we are capable of, there comes for us a new time of questioning? Do we begin to question old views, old theories? Do we find that they fail to answer many of the questions we ask, questions quite natural to the new conception of man's future, quite natural to our true spiritual idea of what we are?

The traditions of the elders do not answer these questions satisfactorily, but the questioner can find his own answer if he sees and holds to Man's eternal relation to God, a connection with God that no time, no circumstance, no chance can sever; and by and through that connection with the Infinite Mind itself—for as Jesus said, "I and the Father are one"—the true knowledge that is wisdom shall flow to the soul that has immaculately conceived the Lord's Christ, that has attained for itself the true or pure idea of what it is. Given the one, the other follows, and the one in whom the Christ is as yet only a very young child shall ask questions he cannot answer and answer more questions that he can ask.

That is the only mention we have of Jesus from His childhood until He is said to be thirty years of age, when He begins His work of demonstrating His nature, demonstrating what Man is, what God is, what Man's relation to God is, and the power that is Man's because of that relation.

Because of what Man is as the created of the Almighty, all that is from God is put under his feet, all is in subjection unto him by divine right; but every human soul must learn that great truth and discern that it is greater than all else, and take possession of the power of dominion over all things, for it is the divine birthright of the human soul, and the life of Jesus and all the works having place therein are but proofs of Man's original, divine birthright.

Therefore is He the example for ourselves, for our birthright is the savior, and all that Jesus conquered we are to conquer. All that He established in and for Himself we are to establish in and for ourselves, and all that He cast out and destroyed we too can cast out and destroy. Nothing is so true as that Jesus Christ, His life, His words, His works, are our example, to be followed by ourselves, and no one can follow that example merely by profession of belief. He follows that example only by doing as that example demands at his hands.

Consequently a new era is begun in the life of the human soul when the birth of the Christ within one's own consciousness has become an established fact. From that point a new life follows, a new outlook, a new world, a new idea of ourselves and of all things, for all things have become new to the one who sees through the immaculate self-idea when he looks upon it. Everything is new, and that fear of God that made one cringe and tremble and dread what the future held for him is dissipated utterly and displaced by that perfect, serene, child-like confidence in God that knows that God's way is the best way and all will be accomplished that is necessary to establish the birthright of Man.

Certainty takes the place of uncertainty and doubt and fear, and strength takes the place of weakness, and recognition of one's God-like powers takes the place of self-depreciation. The recognition of health as an almighty birthright takes the place of fear of contracting diseases and recognition of the good of the Almighty Power takes the place of fear of evil in the world. There is a time for the one, but there is also a time for the other. Human life is made up of contrast the world over. Had we not had some experiences of what we call evil, of what we call disease, sorrow, pain, suffering and death, we would not appreciate other possibilities when we found them. Having had the experience of the lesser, we realize more fully and completely the joy and the beauty and the power of the greater.

There is a time for everything in human experience, human existence, but above and beyond

human existence, with the eternal, there is no time—it is always NOW. What God created Man, that Man is now and that Man always will be; but there is a time when we do not know it, and there is a time when we find it out, and there is a time when, having made that discovery, we put it to use, and there is a time when, having made that application of the truth, we prove it to be the truth. There is a time for everything that pertains to human existence, but all that has place therein works to a sure and definite end—the attainment of the human soul to its own God-given divinity.

Of that we have example in the New Testament. Jesus's inheritance is our inheritance. Jesus's ultimate attainment is our ultimate attainment. Jesus's Father is our Father. Jesus's God is our God, and even as He was the Son of the Most High God, so are we children of the same God. But He knew before we knew, and He proved before we began to prove, and He accomplished when we believed that accomplishment was impossible. Therefore is He our example, and we are to follow in His footsteps and reach the same end. Jesus is Son of Man as well as Son of God, and so are we, and as Son of Man He experienced all that belongs to Mankind; but He knew when we did not know. He was tempted as we are, yet without sin—the sin that we fall into. On His human side, or in His humanity, He met every temptation we have; but His consciousness of divinity gave Him always victory over temptation. We have lacked that consciousness. We, too, discover, and before we discover we fall into temptation instead of ruling it. Therefore expiation has been required at our hands; but when salvation comes expiation ceases.

What are the works of Jesus that prove the nature and power of Christ? We have to read but little in order to see. He opened the eyes of the blind. He unclosed sealed ears. He made the lame to walk. He cast out devils. He healed all manner of diseases. He raised the dead. Every one of us must do the same. We must begin with ourselves. We are our own first teacher and pupil too, and that pupil is the Christ within, and that new-born Christ will always lead, console, strengthen and comfort if we take the position of learner instead of thinking we know it all.

He opened the eyes of the blind. Is there a significance in those words which lies beyond their purely physical significance or meaning? Yes. It is a good thing to do, an important thing to do, to open the physical eye so that one who was blind is able to see; but there is a blindness that is greater than that; the blindness of the soul to its own nature, destiny and origin, and it is only the Christ within that removes that darkness so that light is shed on the whole way.

Not one human soul can reach the attainment of his highest possibilities until the eyes have been opened, until the blindness is gone, until the ears are unclosed and it can hear more than physical sounds—until it is able to hear within itself that which comes only to itself from that interior which is away above and beyond the phenomenal world.

The lame are made to walk. Those who are unable to stand, to feel, to think, to speak, to act as they should, those who are "impotent in their feet"—with nothing to stand on—they shall have a firm and sure foundation placed under their feet when the Christ is born in them. They shall stand and walk and move firmly and surely where they have faltered and fallen by the way—when they have believed themselves unable to go on. Life is an open road. There are many obstacles in the way, yes; but not one that may not be overcome. Man must stand and walk and use his own feet, not sit and cry at the gates of the temple, asking alms of those who pass that way. Everyone for himself. That which answers metaphysically to the physical feet of this body every soul is endowed with; but until this is discovered and used they must be carried on beds.

We look here for succor, there for a remedy, somewhere else for satisfaction for our needs, and all the time the power is in ourselves. We have lain on a bed and been carried here and there when we need to rise and carry that which has carried us. It is a part of the work of Christ that proves that Christ has come to the world, and the casting out of devils must follow.

Whatever possesses our consciousness dominates us. Whatever the dominant idea may be, good, bad or indifferent, it rules us. If our consciousness has been possessed by views, ideas, beliefs that are contrary to the positive truth of the matter that some day must be demonstrated by ourselves, it follows that every one of those possessing devils must be cast out and our consciousness be rid of them. All possessing devils must be cast out if we would possess and prove the almighty truth of being. Truth and error cannot dwell together. They are opposites. If the one possesses us the other does not. Discord, disorder, contrariness to the truth and to destiny must be cast out, for while we harbor them they rule us, and we are obliged to experience their consequences.

How is darkness cast out of a room—by trying to sweep it out or by bringing something in? Jesus's example is the light of the world. "They that sat in darkness saw a great light," for example is the light-bringer, bringing the light of truth into the darkness of human consciousness.

We have believed in the power of disease over ourselves, that it comes to us in the water we drink, in the food we eat. That is a possessing devil to be cast out. We have believed that suffering and sorrow were our future. It is a mistake. The future is in our hands to make it what we will. We are not governed by fate or luck or chance. The light of truth reveals the great law, the law of Cause and Effect. "As a man sows so shall he also reap." The law is immutable, irrevocable, for as he sows to-day his reaping shall be to-morrow, and everyone chooses for himself what thought-seeds he sows in the soil of his own consciousness, and according to his own seed-sowing shall be his reaping. There is no luck, no chance. It is all law.

You notice that in this narrative of Jesus's works we do not find disease classified as curable and incurable. That is a modern theory. All manner of disease is healed by Christ, and wherever the Christ dwells all manner of disease eventually must and will take its departure, for the two cannot dwell together. All that is contrary to the truth of Man's nature must be cast out because of the indwelling Christ.

Health is Man's birthright. Disease is his own mistake. When he has learned better than to mistake, when he sees and lives to the truth, applying it in his own life, all manner of disease will be overcome and there shall be even the raising of the dead. All these works prove the Christ.—*Ursula Gestefeld, in The Exodus.*

A Reverie

I SEE myself in a garden,
Where all things fair have birth;
Where bloom and fragrance mingle and meet—
Heaven's heritage to Earth:
In the midst of encircling beauty
Where waves of fragrance flow;
And messages divine are borne—
The unseen undertow.

I feast my eyes on the color
That burns like a lake of fire,
That gleams and glows and shimmers
And quivering throbs as lyre;
While the incense rises upward,
Mounts to the dreamy sky—
The pageant that is seen and felt
With the Soul's own inner eye.

I listen close that I may hear
The melody that floats
Through all the quivering mass of bloom,
As Angels touch the notes;
That vibrate on the waiting air,
And echo in my heart,
That music caught up in the clouds—
Breath of divinest Art.

That rich and haunting message
Sent down to earth to bless
The wearied ones and sorrowing—
To comfort and caress;
The torch with balm of healing
That shuts away a pain,
And brings the glow and rapture
Of lost joys back again.

Each flower holds a message,
A dream within a dream,
Lean low, that you may hear the strains
And sail the mystic stream;
Where haunting melodies are heard
That thrill through realms so fair—
As Heaven reaches down to Earth
And leaves its image there.

L. V. Newton.

"Shall the children of the bride-chamber mourn while the bridegroom is with them?" Shall we lament any loss as hopeless and without recompense while the Divine Life is in our consciousness?

Be joyful, O my heart! Let not one shadow rest on thee.

Seek to do the thing you have to do, that you find yourself compelled to do, better than you ever did anything before, better than you find it done by any other, and see the development it is to you, the glory of a new consciousness arise within you.—*Lida Hood Talbot.*

Why not take life with a cheerful trust,
With faith in the strength of weakness?
The slenderest daisy rears its head
With courage and with meekness.
M. M. Dodge.

The Heavens and the Stars

WHAT RECENT INVESTIGATION HAS SHOWN ABOUT THEM

The Universe Has Limits, but They Are So Distant That Light Takes 3,000 Years to Reach Them—The Stars are Numbered by Hundreds of Millions—Billions of Other Suns than Ours—Some Unfounded Speculations.

UNTIL the time of the elder Herschel observing astronomers were chiefly concerned with the structure and arrangement of the solar system. The larger question of stellar arrangement was usually approached from the side of pure speculation. Herschel's problem was, in his own weighty words, "to find out the construction of the heavens," by which he meant the structure of the sidereal system or systems that make up the visible universe.

There are three fundamental questions to be asked and answered, which lead to a multitude of minor and subsidiary researches, each one of difficulty and delicacy.

First—We may inquire as to the extent of the universe of stars. Are the stars numberless? Are the stars that we see but a small part of an infinite congeries, most of which are destined to remain forever unknown to us on account of the imperfect power of our telescopes? In other words, are stars faint because they are very distant, or are they faint because they really lack intrinsic brilliancy? Are brilliant and small stars mingled together at the same distance from us, or are the more brilliant the nearer, the fainter the further off? Do we see the stars that lie at the very borders of the universe?

Second—What is the arrangement of the stars in space? The visible night-sky shows an expanse dotted with points of light, across which stretches the luminous band of the Milky Way—the Galaxy—which we know to be made up of scores of millions of the fainter stars. Does the Galaxy form a stellar system? Is our own Sun a member of this system, or is the universe made up of discrete and, as it were, independent groupings?

Third—What is to be the duration of the stellar universe in time? Is it fitted to endure forever or does it implicitly contain the formula of its own dissolution? Will it, in the course of ages, necessarily be transformed to be something quite unlike its present self?

It is only within a few years that questions such as these could be put with any hope of definite replies, and even now the answers to them are of very different degrees of authority. But important steps have been made. In the first place, the construction of great and ever greater telescopes has shown that in certain well-studied regions, like that about the nebula of Orion, for example, the increase in the number of stars shown by an increase in telescopic power is by no means proportional to the power employed. This indicates that the number of stars is finite, not infinite. If, again, the stars were infinite in number the whole background of the heavens should be illuminated, unless indeed light is absorbed and lost in a long journey through space. Measures now in hand will soon throw much light on the latter point; but at the present time it seems that light is not extinguished in space, and as a consequence, that our universe of stars is finite, not infinite; that the stars are not countless.

How are the stars, as we see them, distributed in the sky? A study of all available data has led Professor Seeliger, of Munich, to a conclusion that is certain. The Milky Way is no merely local phenomenon, he concludes, but is closely connected with the constitution of our entire stellar system. That system is, speaking generally, one grand system, not a collection of mutually independent swarms. Another fundamental datum referring to stellar clusters is stated by Professor Newcomb, of Washington, as follows:

"The agglomeration of the brighter stars into clusters—like those of the Pleiades, Praesepe and Orion—does not extend to the fainter stars. The bright stars are clustered in these cases and we see them projected upon a background studded with fainter stars scattered according to a very different law of agglomeration. This rule is true for clusters in general; it does not apply to the clusters of the Galaxy."

A study of all the clusters—those included in the Milky Way as well as those exterior to it—has led Newcomb to a conclusion which is supported by the researches of others upon the same question, namely, If we should remove from the sky all the local aggregations of stars and also the entire collection which make up the cloud-forms of the Milky Way, we should have left a scattered collection, constantly increasing in density toward the Galactic belt.

Take a celestial globe and mark upon it the course of the Galaxy; call this great circle the Galactic Equator; find the north and south Galactic poles; draw small circles about these poles—circles of equal Galactic latitude. It is announced that the stars along these parallels of latitude increase in

number according to their proximity to the Milky Way itself. The stars in general form a system—one system, whose obvious characteristic has just been formulated. The universe is an organism.

Within a couple of decades the parallaxes of a considerable number of stars have been measured, and the distances of these stars from our Sun have thus become known.

Let us imagine the Sun to occupy the centre of a series of concentric spheres. The smallest sphere has, let us say, a radius 200,000 times as great as the radius of the Earth's orbit—a radius 200,000 times 93,000,000 miles. Call this radius, for convenience, R. The second sphere lies outside of the first and its surface is R miles beyond that of the first; the surface of the third sphere is R miles beyond that of the second, and so on. Now, it is a fact that within the first sphere, whose radius is R, no star exists save and except the sun at its centre. Within the second sphere there is one star (Alpha Centauri) and no more, so far as is known. Within the third sphere there are four stars; within the fifth, there are twenty-eight; within the tenth, there are but eighty-eight. Making all allowances it is fair to conclude that, on the whole, the stars are so sparsely scattered that their average distance apart is a space over which light would take six and a half years to pass. We are to remember that in eight minutes light travels from the sun to the earth.

Comparing these results with photometric measures of the brightness of stars and with countings of their number in definite regions of the sky Newcomb reaches the conclusion that we have no reason to believe the stellar universe (leaving out of account the Milky Way) to extend far beyond the sphere, whose radius is 1,000 times R—beyond the distance of 1,000 times 200,000 times 93,000,000 miles. The stars of the Milky Way, he concludes, certainly lie beyond the sphere whose radius is 400 R, perhaps beyond the sphere of 1,000 R. The stars of the Milky Way are situated at a greater distance than the probable confines of the universe in the direction of the Galactic poles.

Our own solar system seems to lie not so very far from the centre of the stellar universe. It certainly lies near the median plane of the Milky Way. How far away from its centre we are situated will not be known with a fair approximation until the photographic charts of the heavens, now making, have been finished and their data discussed.

The venerable dean of English science, Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, has very recently printed his reflections upon the foregoing results. He assumes that the earth is at the centre of the cosmos and that it alone, out of all the planets, known and unknown, is fitted to be the abode of human beings, and draws the conclusion that the supreme end and purpose of all this vast universe was the production of the living soul in the perishable body of man. This is a conclusion that makes a vivid appeal to the vanity of mankind, and it is sure to be seized upon with gladness now, just as the pronouncement of the Roman theologians that the earth was, in very truth, the centre of the solar system and that the theory of Copernicus was false and heretical was hailed with joy. What possible virtue resides in the central point of a sphere that may not equally reside in its circumference? If, indeed, we happen to occupy the centre of the sphere at this moment (which is very doubtful), we shall not long continue to do so. The whole solar system is moving through space at the rate of twelve miles per second, about 370,000,000 miles per annum. The earth has moved a matter of 700,000,000,000 miles since Christ was born in Bethlehem. Men have lived upon the earth at least 100,000 years, and their habitation has, in this time, moved through at least 37,000,000,000,000 miles. Is not, then, the contention of Dr. Wallace that the position of the earth has ought to do with the pre-eminence of man utterly without significance?

It is very likely that Dr. Wallace is correct in saying that only one of the eight planets of our system is now fit for human habitation. But our sun is only one among at least 100,000,000,000 other suns. Is it unlikely that these suns are surrounded with planets? Suppose each such sun to have eight planets of its own; is it unlikely that among 800,000,000,000 planets there may be a thousand—or a hundred thousand—now fit for human life?

Dr. Wallace's contention may safely be left to one side as speculative and unfounded in the extreme.

The visible universe is, in all likelihood, limited in extent; its boundary is somewhat indefinite and irregular and lies at such a distance that light requires about 3,000 years to pass from that boundary to us; the universe of stars is in the general form of a flattened disk; the total number of stars is to be counted by hundreds of millions. Such are some of the most far-reaching conclusions enunciated in Prof. Newcomb's masterly volume on "The Stars." Each of them has its roots far in the past.

Not to speak of the speculations of the ancients, the foundations were laid by Galileo, Kepler, Herschel, Kant, Lambert, Michell, before the first years of the last century. A host of workers has contributed to the edifice since then, each bringing a stone, until it has reached a consistent and massive impressiveness. It may be likened to the cyclopean walls of prehistoric times. Researches are

now in progress—especially the photographic charts of the entire heavens—that will bring the first-hewn blocks for the basis of a grander and completer structure. We may look forward with perfect confidence to the time when a finished temple, strict in all its proportions, shall be erected by many skilful hands for the inspiration and the pride of men. Let us recognize that we have now among us those who will, for all time, be applauded as master builders.—E. S. Holden, in *New York Sun*.

Going Home

WHAT time, my day-long labor done,
I drop my weary pen,
And following the setting sun
Am come back home again,
I know no pleasure more complete,
No melody more glad,
Than that of one loved voice so sweet:
"Oh, boys, here comes your Dad!"

She's always there, in rain or shine,
As constant as can be,
With her wee boys—her boys and mine—
Who wait and watch for me.
And how they shout and hale me in,
Those boys, and then she'll add,
Her happy voice above the din:
"Now, boys, don't worry Dad."

As if they could! God bless the boys!
I'd rather have them bring
The roof down with their joyful noise
Than hear a Patti sing.
And there she sits, as proud as I,
And every whit as glad,
Though every now and then she'll cry:
"Now, boys, don't worry Dad."

If it should be the fates' decree—
And God forbid it may—
That all these hearts should pass from me
Ere I have passed away,
God grant that when I come to die
I be not deemed so bad
But I may hear a loved voice cry:
"Oh, boys, here comes your Dad!"

—T. A. Daly, in the *Catholic Standard and Times*.

How to Keep Youthful

YOUTH depends, to a great extent, upon our ability to keep the blood and circulation in a healthy condition. The best method of doing this may be briefly summarized as follows: "Take plenty of exercise in the open air—preferably in the country, away from the city."

The best exercise is a long walk in the country, and the benefit of such a walk is increased if only a very small quantity of fluid and food be taken during the walk. A good lunch for such a walk is a sandwich and an orange.

This walk in the open air not only enriches the blood with oxygen, but it strengthens the skin and nervous system, and through this the digestive system.

Great moderation in the amount of food, and especially of flesh food, should be practiced, particularly by old people. There is no longer any doubt that moderate meat eating after the "meridian of life" is reached is conducive to longevity.

Drink water and plenty of it after the age of forty years is reached. Most water is too "hard" for drinking purposes without being boiled. A glass of hot water gently sipped is a splendid stimulant and blood purifier.

Balm

By Virginia Woodward Cloud

AFTER the heat the dew
And the tender touch of twilight;
The unfolding of the few
Calm stars.
After the heat, the dew.

After the sun, the shade,
And beatitude of shadow;
Dim aisles for memory made,
And thought.
After the sun, the shade.

After all, there is balm;
From the wings of dark there is wafture
Of sleep—night's infinite psalm—
And dreams.
After all, there is balm.

When my ill-schooled spirit is aflame
Some nobler, ampler stage of life to win,
I'll stop and say: "There were no sweeter here!
The aids to noble life are all within."

—Matthew Arnold.

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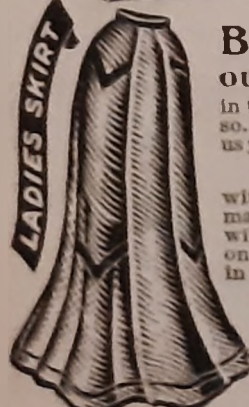
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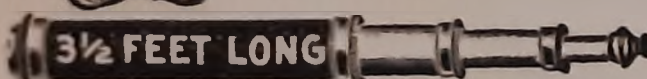


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The Dawn of Peace

By Ellwood Roberts

THE blessed day is dawning
When war and strife shall end,
When all mankind together
Shall dwell, as friend with friend;
That happy day, O nations,
Pray God He soon may send!

Too short is life for striving,
True treasure peace shall yield;
Too sacred life for wasting
Upon the battlefield;
How barren are the triumphs
Achieved with sword and shield!

Amid the gloom and darkness
Of ages long ago,
The savage, filled with vengeance,
Struck, fiercely, blow for blow;
And deemed, in selfish blindness,
Each fellow-man a foe.

But now the light is dawning,
The past is gone for aye;
New lessons man is learning
Of love and peace to-day;
War, with its thousand horrors,
Must surely pass away.

No longer men are groping
In gloom as black as night;
No longer true the dogma
That might alone makes right;
The shadows lift, the nations
Advance into the light.

No more shall cannons' rattle
Like earthquake shake the land;
No more shall mighty armies
Fight madly, hand to hand;
No more shall Death and Ruin
Fly forth at War's command!

The blessing light is dawned,
Oh, may it e'er increase!
And bring that day's glad coming
When war and strife shall cease;
When all mankind together
Shall dwell in perfect peace!

The above poem tells the grand object of our American Humane Education Society, with its over sixty thousand Bands of Mercy—to hasten the dawn of peace.

Geo. T. Angell in *Our Dumb Animals*.

How to Work

NEVER allow your physical standard to drop. Keep up your energy; walk as if you were somebody and were going to do something worth while in the world, so that even a stranger will note your bearing and mark your superiority. If you have fallen into a habit of walking in a listless, indolent way, turn right about face at once and make a change. You don't want to shuffle along like the failures we often see sitting around on park benches, or lolling about the streets with their hands in their pockets, or haunting intelligence offices and wondering why fate had been so hard with them. You don't want to give people the impression that you are discouraged, or that you are already falling to the rear. Straighten up, then! Stand erect! Be a man! You are a child of the Infinite King. You have royal blood in your veins. Emphasize it by your bearing. A man who is conscious of his kinship with God, and of his power and who believes thoroughly in himself, walks with a firm, vigorous step, with his head erect, his chin in, his shoulders thrown back and down, and his chest well projected in order to give a large lung capacity—he is the man who does things.

You cannot aspire or accomplish great or noble things so long as you have the attitude and bearing of a coward or weakling. If you would be noble and do noble things, you must look up. You were made to look upward and to walk upright, not to look down and to shamle along in a semi-horizontal position. Put character, dignity, nobility into your walk.—Success.

Thy Task

'Tis morn, awake, be up and doing
That little task that thou alone
Canst do, no other hand can do it;
It waits for thee, it is thine own.

No greater work can come to thee,
No higher place nor better time,
Till thou hast done that little task,
And doing, make thy work sublime.

Put all thy strength, thy heart and will,
Into thy work whate'er it be;
Then something greater, higher still,
The Father will intrust to thee.

Christie Campbell.

I Crow Hair

The Photo Herewith Was Taken From Life After Only a Few Weeks' Use of This Magic Compound



I prove it by sending a trial package of my new and wonderful discovery free to convince people it actually grows hair, stops hair falling out, removes dandruff and quickly restores luxuriant growth to shining scalps, eyebrows and eyelashes and quickly restores gray or faded hair to its natural color. Write to-day.

CUT OUT THIS COUPON

for this offer may not appear again. Fill out the blanks and mail it to J. F. Stokes, Mgr., 4067 Foso Building, Cincinnati, Ohio, enclosing a 2-cent stamp to help cover postage. Write to-day.

I have never tried Foso Hair and Scalp Remedy, but if you will send me a trial package by mail, prepaid, free, I will use it.

Give full address—write plainly.

ALL FOUR PREMIUMS

GIVEN TO Ladies and Girls

To introduce our house we are giving away **ALL FOUR** of these beautiful premiums for selling only 4 of our beautiful art pictures at 25c. each. They are large size for framing, in many colors, and sell like "hot cakes." Remember, you get all four premiums for selling only 4 pictures (no more). We pay all postage—trust you with the goods and take back any not sold. Just write to-day.

Address B. S. SEARIGHT, Mgr., 63 Washington St., Dept. 39, Chicago, Ill.

FOOTBALL EASILY EARNED

BOYS, send to us for 20 packages of **Blaine** which you can easily sell at ten cents each. Return us the \$2.00 received, and we will at once send free postpaid, a Regulation-size **Rugby Football**, consisting of a tested bladder made of the best rubber and a strongly sewed leather cover. It is warranted to stand rough work. Send your address. We trust you with the **Blaine**. Satisfaction guaranteed. We also give other athletic goods.

BLAINE MANUFACTURING COMPANY,
250 Mill Street, Concord Junction, Mass.
(The Old Reliable Firm.)

EARN This Beautiful BRACELET



from the Philippine Islands, **ROLLED GOLD** mountings and heart bangles with your initial, **FREE** for selling 12 Philippine Shell Hat Pins at 10c. each. Every lady buys them. Send no money, only name and address. **WE TRUST YOU** and send goods at once.

ANDERSON & CO., 897 N. W. Division St., CHICAGO.

95 NEW SONGS for 10c.

In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree, Goodbye Sweet Marie Always in the Way, Yankee Doodle Boy, Back to Baltimore, Teasing, Alexander, Goodbye Little Girl, He's Me Pal, Mr. Boston Lawton, Bunker Hill, Any Rags, Come Take a Trip in My Airship, Got a Feelin' for You, Coax Me, Under the Anheuser Bush, Holy City, Hallelujah, Bedella, Abraham, Won't you Fondle Me? You Must Think I'm Santa Claus, and 72 others just as good, also a list of 2000 other songs, \$1 Due Bill and a Gold Prize. All the above sent postpaid for 10c. **BRACE MUSIC CO., Dept. 143, 610 Jackson St., Chicago**

FOR 10 CENTS

We will send the new **FOLK LOVER COLLAR** AND CUFFS design less than 10c. Also one **COLLAR** in **LET EMBROIDERY**, one **BATTENBURG CUSHION TOP**, one **BATTENBURG HANDKERCHIEF**, one **BATTENBURG WING** for Hair or Dress Ornament, One **Package MILE REMNANTS** and our new **BOOK ON ART NEEDLEWORK**. All for 10 cents postpaid. Biggest bargain out. Address **QUICK!**

Star Silk Co., Buchanan, Mich.

\$3 a Day Sure

Send us your address and we will show you how to make \$3 a day absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you free; you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully. Remember we guarantee a clear profit of \$3 for every day's work, absolutely sure. Write at once.

ROYAL MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Box 1215, Detroit, Mich.

WRITE A SONG AND MAKE A FORTUNE!

We compose music to your words. **Groom Music Co., 26 Steinway Hall, Chicago**

Was Over One Hundred and Twenty Years Old

ALEXANDER FURGASON, for sixty years a citizen of Madison County, Ind., died at his home near this place on February 17, 1905, in his one hundred and twentieth year. This is the age given in an old Bible with wooden covers, but Mr. Furgason always contended that he was six years older than was shown by the record in the old family Bible. Mr. Furgason was born in Tipperary County, Ireland, and came to this country seventy years ago. He had a remarkably retentive memory up to the time of his death, and talked intelligently of things that happened one hundred years ago.

Become a member of our MYSTIC SUCCESS CLUB, that you may learn the secret of a long and happy life.

God's Way

THERE are two ways of covering sin—man's way and God's way. You cover your sins, and they will have a resurrection; let God cover them and neither devil nor man can find them.

There are four expressions in the Bible with regard to where God puts sins. He puts them "behind His back." If God has forgiven me, who shall bring a charge against me? "He has blotted them out as a thick cloud." You see a cloud to-night, and to-morrow there isn't a cloud to be seen. "He casts them into the depths of the sea." Someone has said, "Thank God that it is a sea and not a river; a river might dry up, but the sea cannot." The greatest blessing that ever comes to me this side of heaven, is when God forgives me. Have you been forgiven? The fourth expression is that He removes them "as far as the East is from the West." Do you know how far that is? Perhaps some good mathematician will figure that up.

"If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." Then make sure you are forgiven. —Dwight L. Moody.

An Optimist

I SEEK the perfume of the rose, nor care To search for thorns that may be hidden there.

I beg the boon of smiles; I would not see Nor search for frowns not visible to me.

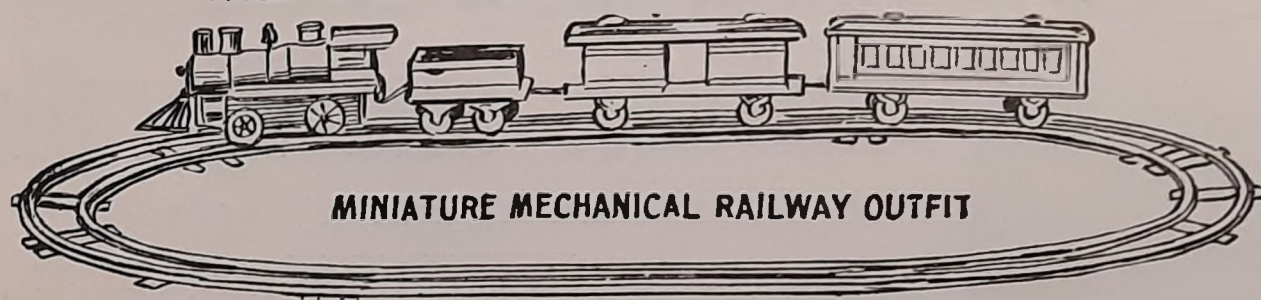
Stacy E. Baker.

Ten Don'ts

- Don't show favoritism.
- Don't worry the children.
- Don't indulge them foolishly.
- Don't repel their little confidences.
- Don't leave them too much with the servants.
- Don't lose your temper with the children.
- Don't give way when you have decided on any plan for them.
- Don't get impatient at their most unanswerable questions.
- Don't forget to encourage them, and praise their little efforts to please you.
- Don't forget that they are God's children, lent to you for a season.

Mechanical Locomotive

With Cars and Four Feet Circular Track.



MINIATURE MECHANICAL RAILWAY OUTFIT

This Miniature Railway Outfit consists of a handsomely finished Mechanical Locomotive, Tender and two Passenger Cars, etc., complete with four feet of sectional track, all carefully packed in a neat partitioned box. All Locomotives and Cars are interchangeable, and many interesting combinations can be made. These trains afford great amusement, as they can be used out of doors, on the lawn or veranda. Runs by a clock spring motor at a rapid rate of speed. Easily Earned by disposing of only 20 fancy articles at 10 cents each. Send name and address and we will mail the articles. When sold, remit us the money (two dollars), and we will promptly forward Locomotive, Train and Track.

Sixty Colored Pictures Given with Each Lantern

Fitted with Latest Telescopes and Slide Support and with Stationary Brass Lamp.

Sent Securely Packed to Prevent Breakage of Glass Slides.



MAGIC LANTERN

AND COMPLETE OUTFIT GIVEN TO BOYS AND GIRLS

for disposing of 20 Articles at ten cents each. Boys and Girls, send us your full name and address and we will mail you twenty fast selling Fancy and Ornamental Articles to dispose of among friends at only ten cents each. When sold, remit us the money and we will promptly forward this handsome MAGIC LANTERN OUTFIT, complete with sixty pictures. We are a reliable concern, and will send Magic Lantern Outfit as advertised.

NEARLY ONE FOOT HIGH

SWISS CUCKOO CLOCK



Size 6 1/2 x 10 inches Hand Carved with Vines and Leaves.

Runs 24 Hours at One Winding.

This clock strikes every half and full hour, the cuckoo coming out of his house and calling: "Cuckoo!" Has white bone hands and figures, brass chain with copper finished iron weights. Warranted a good time-keeper and a beautiful ornament. We will send you this beautiful clock for selling only 35 Articles at ten cents each.

CHILDREN'S Fur Scarf and Muff

EASILY EARNED.

This handsome set of Children's White Furs consists of both Scarf and Muff, perfectly matched. Made up from white Coney Fur, with Angora trimmings, ornaments, etc., and nicely lined with sateen. A beautiful set of furs that will please every little lady who receives them.

Given for selling 25 articles at 10 cents each.



STEM WIND AND SET



WATCHES FOR BOYS

This handsomely engraved Gold Finished Stem-Wind Watch is a beauty, and fully guaranteed to run and keep correct time. Not a big, clumsy clock watch, but a desirable size watch that will please you in every way. We are giving this elegant watch free for disposing of only twenty-five of our new and useful Articles for ladies' and gentlemen's wear, at ten cents each. A fine and dainty assortment. No trash.

36-Piece Decorated China Tea Set

For Selling 45 Articles at Ten Cents Each.



Full Size for Family Use.

This handsome Genuine China Tea Set consists of 36 Pieces, is beautifully decorated with flowers and is of the latest shape and pattern. The illustration gives but a faint idea of this beautiful and Artistic Decorated Set. A marvel of beauty that will be the pride of any woman. We guarantee this set to be of Good Quality ware and perfect in every way, the decorations being burned in and thoroughly glazed, so they are permanent. Each set will be carefully packed and secured against breakage.

This handsome full-size 36-Piece Decorated Tea Set is given for selling 45 Articles at ten cents each.

WANTED

Boys, Girls and Ladies to Sell Our Fancy Articles, Novelties, Etc.

No Money Wanted Until the Goods are Sold.

Thousands can easily be sold in every town and city in the United States and Canada. Handsome premiums offered for a little work. Thirty days' time allowed to dispose of the goods and make returns. We are willing to send goods on credit to all honorable and trustworthy people, no matter what their circumstances may be. Address all orders to

THOMPSON'S MAIL ORDER HOUSE

761 Thompson's Building, Bridgewater, Connecticut.

A Menace to Godliness

FAR more dangerous to true godliness is that spirit among Christians which loves to mingle with the world and conforms itself to it. And this is the great temptation of Christians to-day. They allow themselves to be lost in the world's pleasures and concerns and have no time for secret meditation. Caught up by the whirl of this busy, giddy life, they have no desire for communion with God and do not know the value of solicitude. They find no time to "think on things" that are "lovely" and of "good report." They have turned their ears to the noises of this world and are deaf to the message of the "still small voice."—*Lutheran.*

May I take you to California?

Not in a wagon, or an auto, or an airship—but on the California Limited train, exclusively for first-class travel.

En route visit the Grand Canyon of Arizona.

Or, if you wish to economize a little, without sacrifice of any essential comfort, try our personally-conducted California tourist-car excursions.

The way is on the Santa Fe.

All about it in our booklets.

Ask W. J. Black, G. P. A., A. T. & S. F. Ry., Railway Exchange, Chicago.

FINE HUMAN HAIR SWITCH \$1.25

Sent on approval. Send lock of your hair and we will send you our Prize Medal Switch, all long, fine human hair, 2½ ounces, 22-inch short stem, at this extraordinarily low price, delivered free. Real value, \$8.00. Extra charge only for gray. Satisfactory match guaranteed. Send for our illustrated booklet, *FREE*, showing latest styles of Hair Dressing, with the use of our Switch.

NEW YORK HAIR EMPORIUM,

Dept. E,
Bible House,
New York.

Boys and Girls

This is an IMPORTED, Brass-mounted German Stereopticon, showing large and handsome

Colored Pictures. With it we give 25 colored pictures, many very funny, including a moving picture slide. The lantern is over a foot tall and nearly a foot through. We know that it will delight you. Send us your name and address for only 24 packages of BLUINE to sell at 10 cents each. Every one will buy because every household should use BLUINE on washday. Return our \$2.40 received from the sale and we will send you the lantern and outfit at once. Address

BLUINE MFG. CO.,
359 Mill Street,
Concord Jct., Mass.

GIVEN AWAY



EARN THIS MAGIC LANTERN

GET THIS BIG OUTFIT AND EARN MONEY GIVING SHOWS

We give this powerful German Stereopticon and complete Exhibition Outfit for a few hours' work

In addition to the lantern and the pictures, for the prompt return of our money we give an EXTRA PREMIUM 25 Exhibition Tickets, a show screen and large Posters to advertise your show. The lantern is very handsomely lacquered in red, black and gold; has a non-explosive metal lamp and a reflector. It is the very latest style. We know that you will be delighted with the pictures. We are the old reliable firm who have given away over 2,000,000 premiums in the last 16 years. With the BLUINE we send our large premium list of watches, football outfits, musical instruments, dolls, etc. Write to-day.

Bluine Mfg. Co., 359 Mill St., Concord Jct., Mass.

This is a large EXHIBITION LANTERN, the best ever given away, and it will never cease to please you.

We send Lantern and Outfit securely packed and without delay.



Extraordinary Book Bargain Marriage and Morality

Dr. Paul Edwards' Great Book

WE are able to offer our readers a great bargain on Dr. Paul Edwards' great book, "Marriage and Morality."

Dr. Edwards left on a journey to foreign countries some time ago, and as he wished to turn his books into ready cash, he requested us to dispose of them to our readers at one-half the regular price.

The regular price that Dr. Edwards received for this book was 50 cents a copy, and we now are offering to send it to YOU, postage prepaid, for only 25 cents a copy. We ask you to send your order in promptly before our supply is exhausted. This is truly a wonderful book, as it treats the sex question in a clear, dignified manner, and gives a striking picture of Marriage in the dark ages of the past and as it may and should be in this wonderful century of light and progress.

Every Person Should Read This Book. The author truly and rightfully says that "Marriage and Children are the Foundations of the Government." There can be no success without Morality, and Marriage preserves the home, which is truly the foundation of everything.

Send 25 cents in postage stamps right away and we will send you a copy of this remarkable book, "Marriage and Morality."

Don't delay, as our supply is limited. Address: BOOK DEPARTMENT, NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES, 22 NORTH WILLIAM STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

GIVEN TO BOYS AND GIRLS

THESE COSTLY PREMIUMS GIVEN AWAY TO BOYS AND GIRLS

BOYS' FOOTBALL OUTFIT
PANTS, JACKET, BELT, HELMET

The Pants are made collage style, of regulation cloth, full padded, at hip and knee; lace front sleeveless Jacket, Belt and complete Head Harness, consisting of Leather Helmet, with Earguards.

RUGBY FOOTBALL Boys' celebrated Spalding regulation Rugby Football, solid leather cover, guaranteed rubber bladder, packed in sealed box, higher priced and superior to other makes.

BALTIC SEAL FUR BOAS
Women & girls also have 6 bushy fox tails, 64 inches, made very wide and full around the neck, warm and dressy. They are a very popular style and will give years of satisfactory wear. They retail in New York stores at \$15.00 each.

18 inch DOLL, Fur Set, Carriage, Moving Baby.

GREATEST DOLL OUTFIT ever imported. Doll 18 in. high, moving eyes, real human head, curly hair, pearly teeth, Parisian hat, collar, gloves, silk clothing, trimmed with fine lace, shoes, stockings, etc. Baby Carriage, beautifully trimmed. Baby Doll can kick and squirm. Baby Fur Set. All four are one premium! This charming set of perfect beauties will delight every girl and you can get it for a little work after school hours. Given away for selling 12 of our Extra Fine High Grade Hemstitched Handkerchiefs at 10c. each.

A Set of Four Spalding's high-grade Boxing Gloves, hand sewed with special thread, soft padded and elastic wrist bands. The very best made.

SPALDING'S SOLID LEATHER PEAR SHAPE PUNCHING BAG AND BLADDER

Best pliable leather, hand sewed with double thread, lined and reinforced with leather, each has fully tested rubber bladder, also features for hanging to platform, all in sealed box and guaranteed.

HOW TO GET THESE PREMIUMS

SEND NO MONEY—We trust you—Just write us for 12 of our extra high grade, soft finished, Hemstitched Handkerchiefs which we deliver free, will them for us at only 10c. each and we will ship you free of all expense any of the premiums shown here or your choice from our list of Diamond Rings, Boys' Watches, Boys' and Girls' Suspenders, Rifles, Knives, Work Boxes, Hand Box, Printing Outfit, Bread Maker, etc., which we will send you. We take back what is unused and reward you just the same. All premiums exactly as represented and delivered promptly.

WOOD-WOOD CO., No. 2 BROADWAY, DEPT. 46, NEW YORK.

3½ FEET LONG

It is easy to earn these BEAUTIFUL PREMIUMS

Why not earn a beautiful and useful premium easily by selling what the people want and will buy again. It does not pay to sell trash. Sell 32 of our fine embroidered handkerchiefs, just what every family wants. We give away many other valuable premiums. Remember no money required in advance. Just say you will try, send your name and address and we will mail you the handkerchiefs with premium list and full instructions. If you cannot sell them, no harm done. Write now. Don't delay. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Wood-Wood Co.,
Dept. 46,
No. 2 Broadway
NEW YORK.

A Song of Cheer

When old Hardtimes sweeps along,
Meet him with a song;
Laugh away the clouds of wrong;
Keep your courage strong.
'Tis a rough old road at best,
Running down life's rugged nest;
To be ready for the rest,
Learn to hum a song!

Let the old hulk rock and reel—
Calm her with a song!
Tide's reefs may test her keel,
Faith will keep her strong.
Stars are laughing in the night,
Beck'ning to the homeland heights;
O'er the seas are harbor lights;
Sail on with a song!

Thomas Elmore Lucy.

Read *Carroll's Conversion* and you will then understand how to make our *Voluntary Help Fund* a grand Success. This is just the work for those who belong to the Mystic Success Club, and all who wish to be true Voluntary Helpers.



The Sheldon Method of Curing Spinal Curvature

AND Kindred Ailments.



Mr. P. B. Sheldon, the inventor of the appliance made by us, suffered from spinal curvature for years. In turn he tried nearly every known form of support, with little relief and no cure. He finally invented a spinal appliance which enabled him to assume and maintain a natural, upright position. This Appliance is an important part of the Sheldon Method of curing spinal curvature. It gives an even, continuous, perfect support to a weak or deformed spine; average weight only is borne; is cool, comfortable, durable, pliable, and capable of easy and accurate adjustment. Put on and taken off easily as a coat; causes no inconvenience in working or exercising, and is not noticeable under clothing. It is designed for men, women and children. It is the only safe and humane appliance to place on a young child, because its elasticity and ease of adjustment permit full growth and development.

With it is furnished a marvelous absorbent application which takes all pain and soreness out of the back, makes the stiffest muscles relax and assists in the straightening of the spine. A book containing a system of special physical exercises also accompanies the appliance. By this remarkable successful method, you can be treated and cured in your own home of any form of spinal trouble. The price of the combined treatment places relief and cure of a cure is possible, within your easy reach. Each Appliance is made to individual measurements and fits perfectly. We have strong testimonials from every state in the Union and the endorsements of noted physicians. We guarantee satisfaction or refund your money at the end of thirty days' trial. No matter how long you have suffered, there is still bright hope for you.

Write and tell us about your own or any case in which you are interested. We will send you our catalogue, which fully explains, by word and picture, how Spinal Curvature, weak back, stooped shoulders and weak abdomen are relieved and permanently cured by the Sheldon Method.

PHILO BURT MFG. CO.,
208 Eleventh St., Jamestown, N. Y.




I Am the Paint Man

2 Full Gallons Free to Try—6 Months Time to Pay



O. L. Chase
St. Louis, Mo.

I AM the paint man. I have a new way of manufacturing and selling paints. It's unique—it's better.

Before my plan was invented paint was sold in two ways—either ready-mixed or the ingredients were bought and mixed by the painter.

Ready-mixed paint settles on the shelves, forming a sediment at the bottom of the can.

The mineral in ready-mixed paint, when standing in oil, eats the life out of the oil. The oil is the very life of all paints.

Paint made by the painter cannot be properly made on account of lack of the heavy mixing machine.

My paint is unlike any other paint in the world.

It is ready to use, but not ready-mixed.

My paint is made to order after each order is received, packed in hermetically sealed cans with the very day it is made

stamped on each can by my factory inspector.

I ship my pigment—which is white lead, zinc, drier and coloring matter freshly ground, after order is received—in separate cans, and in another can I ship my Oil, which is pure oil process linseed oil, the kind that you used to buy years ago before the paint manufacturers, to cheapen the cost of paint, worked in adulterations.

I sell my paint direct from my factory to user at my very low factory price; you pay no dealer or middleman profits.

I pay the freight on six gallons or over.

My paint is so good that I make this wonderfully fair test offer:

When you receive your shipment of paint, you can use two full gallons—that will cover 600 square feet of wall—two coats.

If, after you have used that much of my paint, you are not perfectly satisfied with it in every detail, you can return the remainder of your order and the two gallons will not cost you one penny.

No other paint manufacturer ever made such a liberal offer.

It is because I manufacture the finest paint, put up in the best way, that I can make this offer.

I go even further.

I sell all of my paint on six months' time, if desired.

This gives you an opportunity to paint your buildings when they need it, and pay for the paint at your convenience.

Back of my paint stands my Eight Year, officially signed, iron-clad Guarantee.

8 YEARS GUARANTEE

This is the longest and most liberal guarantee ever put on a paint.

For further particulars regarding my plan of selling, and complete color card of all colors, send a postal to O. L. Chase, St. Louis, Mo.

I will send my paint book—the most complete book of its kind ever published—absolutely free. Also my instruction book entitled "This Little Book Tells How To Paint" and copy of my 8 year guarantee.

O. L. Chase The Paint Man
611 B Locust Street
St. Louis, Mo.

REV. HELEN VAN-ANDERSON'S
THE RIGHT KNOCK

is a Book you need in your home, in your place of business, on your travels and everywhere.

WHY?

Because it tells you how to live day by day a happy, healthy life. It tells you how to get well if you are sick, and how to answer the questions nobody ever answered for you. It gives you a new view of life.

The Right Knock contains Twelve Lessons on Christian Healing in the form of a story simple enough for a child to understand. Thousands have been healed and helped to heal others by applying its teachings.

"A great peace came over me while reading it and I feel relieved of a heavy burden. It is a wonderful book, full of spiritual food, and I thank you a thousand times for it," writes EMMA J. MYERS, one of our subscribers.

"The Right Knock helped me cure my mother's eyes. She was almost blind," writes J. B. CHRISTIAN, Ohio.

"I have distributed seventy-five copies of The Right Knock among my friends. It is a remarkable book," writes W. M. GARDNER, Colorado.

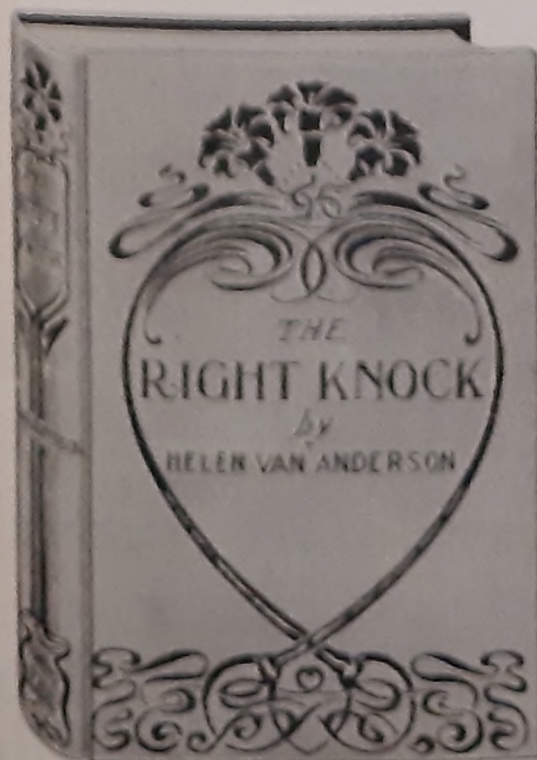
"My little boy wanted me to read from The Right Knock all through his illness. He said it made him feel better," writes F. C. MYERS.

OUR SPECIAL OFFER

If you will send us only \$1.00 for one year's subscription to THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES, and to cover extra to pay the necessary expenses we will send you "Absolutely Free" one copy of the greatest of works of "Spiritual Healing."

This is a Special Offer as we earnestly desire to secure your subscription to THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES, we have concluded to make you this Extra Special Offer, namely: If you will promptly send us \$1.00 to pay for one year's subscription to THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES, and to cover extra to pay transportation charges, etc., we will send, absolutely free, a free gift of premium, one copy of this excellent book. By accepting this unusual offer and becoming a subscriber to THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES, you will help to spread the knowledge of Health, Happiness and Prosperity of this splendid offer and promptly send us your subscription to THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES. We are offering the greatest bargain and books in the whole world for "Health, Happiness, Prosperity and Progress." Address THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES, 22 North William Street, New York City.

NOTE.—Present subscribers can receive a copy of this great book by sending \$1.00, and we will extend their subscription one year.



A CHRISTMAS PRESENT OF A BEAUTIFUL PIANO

**I WILL PAY ALL TRANSPORTATION
CHARGES MYSELF SO THAT IT WILL
REACH YOUR HOME WITHOUT COST**

In last month's issue I announced that I would give away from my private stable my own beautiful, high-grade pony "Prince," with an elegant "rumble" rubber-tired cart and fine custom-made harness, to any boy or girl not over eighteen years of age. The pony is described on another page in this issue and the letters of appreciation that I have received since the announcement of the pony has convinced me that I should offer something as a Christmas present that would interest such of my friends as might not be interested in the pony.

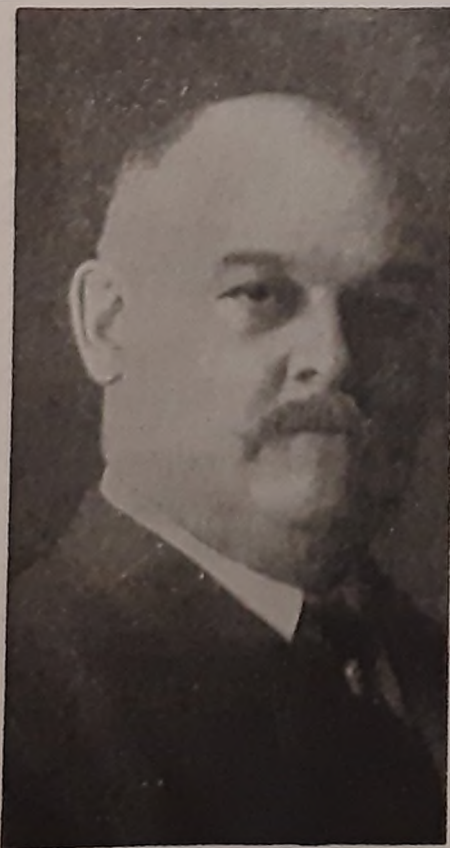
I gave the matter a great deal of thought and consideration and finally arrived at the decision that what would please the greatest number of my friends would be a high-grade piano. There is nothing in the world that gives more pleasure to all members of a household than a **PIANO**. It cements the family ties more closely and assists to make the home what it should be—a true haven of contentment, love and happiness; and I believe that you will agree with me that my decision to give away a piano as a Christmas present will please my friends who are not interested in the pony.

I WANT TO PLEASE YOU. After I decided upon a piano, the next question that arose was to get a good piano; one which I would be proud to give you and one which you would be proud to have in your home. Nothing cheap or shoddy would do, as I want to be your life-long friend and place an instrument in your home that will be a constant reminder of all that is best. The piano which I selected is one of the best made, and the list price given by the manufacturer is \$950. What brings the price up above the ordinary expensive piano is the instrumental attachment. This adds to the cost of the piano \$350. This is simply an extra attachment which adds to the pleasures of an ordinary piano, and can be played by any person who can use a regular piano.

MY CHRISTMAS PIANO OFFER. This offer is made to any person who is a subscriber to the **NEW YORK MAGAZINE of Mysteries**, or whose family is a subscriber. If you are not a subscriber and none of your family are, they can become subscribers through you after you have answered this announcement and received the full particulars which I will send you. The contest will close promptly on December 16, so that you will have plenty of time to write me if you are to have the piano, and I will have time to ship, all charges prepaid, the **CONCERT GRAND UPRIGHT PIANO**, so it will be sure to arrive Christmas morning.

Remember, I will prepay all of the transportation charges and you will not have to pay one cent.

THIS INTERESTS ALL MY READERS



**PRESIDENT CHARLES E. ELLIS, WHO
HAS DONATED THE \$950.00
CONCERT GRAND UPRIGHT
PIANO.**

I have every one of you in mind to make this next Christmas a pleasant and a happy one, and one by which you are sure to remember me, as I have made plans so that each and every one of you will be satisfied. All you have to do is to be sincere and do your level best and have the **CONCERT GRAND UPRIGHT PIANO** delivered to you on Christmas morning, all charges prepaid by myself. And I herewith promise you that if you do not succeed in getting the piano, I have arranged to give away a number of **LARGE CASH PRIZES** and also have arranged for the distribution of other articles as premiums. I have selected every one with the utmost care and will give you full particulars as soon as you write me. Understand, just as soon as I receive your letter saying you wish to compete for the **CONCERT GRAND UPRIGHT PIANO** I will at once write you personally and send you full and explicit information how you may have the piano delivered to your home on Christmas morning. I urge you to write to-day. The sooner you write the easier it will be for you to get the **CONCERT GRAND UPRIGHT PIANO**. Address your letters to me, care of the Piano Department, and I assure you that on next Christmas morning you will be delighted that you did so.

With sincerest appreciation of your good wishes, I beg to remain,

Yours cordially,

CHARLES E. ELLIS, President,

22 North William Street,

New York City.

**The Manufacturer Lists This
Piano at \$950.00**



Read Carefully the Description.

CONCERT GRAND UPRIGHT FIGURED MAHOGANY CASE

**DESCRIPTION—Size: Height 4 feet
10 inches, length 5 feet 3 inches,
width 2 feet 3 inches.**

The scale is the grand overstrung scale, 7 1-3 octaves, with 3 strings to each note in the treble and middle registers. The bass strings are copper and steel covered.

The case is double veneered, inside and outside, and is ornamented with handsome mouldings, carved pilasters and carved trusses.

The woods used are Circassian Walnut, Dark, Rich Mahogany, Genuine Quartered Oak or Ebonized.

The desk panels are ornamented with handsome hand-carved work of artistic design.

The keys are of the best ivory and ebony.

The wrest plank is "built up" of five thicknesses of hard white maple.

The top frame and bottom frame are "dove-tailed."

The full metal plate is of very heavy construction and reaches from the top to the bottom of the piano, strengthening the wrest plank, sound board and back frame.

The key board or key bottom on which the keys rest, is supported in the centre by two metal supports, which are cast in the metal plate. The key bottom is also supported at each end by being fastened to the arms of the piano.

The pedal action is the improved form, absolutely noiseless—direct motion.

The hammers are treated by the special tone-regulating process, making them elastic as well as soft. This elasticity improves the tone, makes the hammers more durable, and preserve the sweetness of tone.

Style 26 has the grand revolving fall board, the same as in grand pianos, and the patented full-length duet music desk, which holds two or three pieces of music conveniently at one time.

The instrumental attachment enables any ordinary player on the piano to imitate perfectly the tones of the mandolin, guitar, harp, zither and banjo. Music written for these different instruments with and without piano accompaniment, can be rendered just as acceptably by a single player on the piano, as though played by a parlor orchestra. The player needs only to know how to play the piano. Not the slightest extra effort or skill is rendered necessary by the instrumental attachment.

Over ten thousand pianos containing the instrumental attachment have been manufactured and sold in the last five years, and are now in use and giving perfect satisfaction. The large increase in the sale of these pianos with the instrumental attachment speaks for itself. We can all appreciate the beautiful tones of the mandolin, guitar, harp, zither and banjo, and this is combined in the instrument I am offering you.

Guarantee. These pianos are guaranteed for twelve years against any defect in tone, action, workmanship or material. The makers agree to make any such defects good at their expense, either by repairing the piano at their factory, or by supplying new parts for defective or broken ones, or by replacing the piano by another of the same value.

The makers agree if the piano is repaired at the purchaser's house to pay all expenses for labor and material.

The makers agree if a new piano is supplied, or if the piano is repaired at their factory, to pay all expenses for labor and material and to pay the freight expenses to the factory and return.

List Price of Style 26 Piano, \$950.00

My Own Private, Beautiful, High-Bred Pony, "PRINCE," With Elegant "Rumble" Rubber-Tired Cart and Fine Custom-Made Harness, All Delivered Free

ALL CHARGES PREPAID BY MYSELF, AT YOUR OWN DOOR CHRISTMAS MORNING. This elegant prize will not cost you a single cent of your own money. As was mentioned in the September issue of "Our Magazine," I have decided to donate Prince, my private pony from my own stable, to the children of the subscribers to "Our Magazine."



SHOWING "PRINCE" WITH HIS "RUMBLE" RUBBER-TIRED PHAETON AND CUSTOM-MADE HARNESS, JUST AS HE WILL BE DELIVERED, ALL CHARGES PREPAID, CHRISTMAS MORNING. PRESIDENT ELLIS'S LITTLE DAUGHTER AND PET COLLIE ARE IN THE PHAETON.

MY children have driven and enjoyed Prince, and now they, as well as myself, wish him to go to some boy or girl whose family are subscribers and readers of "Our Magazine." Prince is a beauty. He was last year successfully entered in the Brooklyn Horse Show. There he was the centre of all the young people's attention and loving caresses, as he now is at my home, and as he always will be wherever chance may send him when this contest closes.

THE OFFER

THIS offer is open to any boy or girl not over eighteen years some member of whose family is a subscriber to The New York Magazine of Mysteries. If no member of your family is a subscriber now, they can subscribe through you, after you have answered this announcement and received full particulars. The contest closes promptly December 22. I have the contest close on this date so you will have time to write me if you are to have the prize, and so that I may have time to ship (all charges prepaid) the Pony, the Phaeton and the Custom-Made Harness. By having the contest close at this early date there will be ample time for you to write me if you are to have the Pony, Cart and Harness, and plenty of time for me to ship all to you, so they will be sure to arrive Christmas morning, or, if you prefer, the night before. Always please remember that all the transportation charges will be paid by myself and you will not have to lay out one cent.

MY REASON

YOUR parents, as subscribers to and readers of The New York Magazine of Mysteries, know how much interested I am to make "Our Magazine" the very best possible. They know how sincere I am. They also know how much I have accomplished. Now I am going to tell you my reason for giving away my own private Pony and Complete Outfit. It is this: I have made up my mind that I have been neglecting the younger element in the families of my subscribers. I have made up my mind that we should be better acquainted, and that we should become more so each and every Christmas. After I had fully considered and become awakened to the above facts, I wondered to myself: How I could get nearer each year to the younger members of my large reading family. I thought to myself, when I start out to make these youngsters my friends I must be sure to begin and end in the right way. You see I have been a boy myself, and I know of no surer way to lose young people's friendship than to fail to keep every promise. I know the boys and girls remember those who do keep each and every promise which is made to them. I gave the matter a good lot of deep thought for two or three days, trying to make up my mind so that I might hit just upon the right thing.

ALL AT ONCE

ALL at once the happy thought struck me: Why not have my own children send their pet Pony, Prince, Phaeton and Harness to the winner? I am convinced that this is the right way to begin to become better acquainted with my young friends who are members of families who are subscribers to "Our Magazine." And I want to mention here that I hope each and every Christmas to offer you, my young friends, a beautiful special prize from myself personally. In this way I hope to get nearer you and have you get nearer me, to cement our friendship closer and closer as the years pass by. I want you to know that everything I write or say to you is as true as the Gospel. I want you as a friend because you can depend upon me every time.

ANOTHER DIFFICULTY

AFTER I had made up my mind to give you my Pony and Outfit, and was happy in my own thoughts that this was so nicely and satisfactorily

settled, another difficulty stared me in the face. I said to myself, if you are going to make all these young people your everlasting and true sincere friends, will not some of them be disappointed if they do not get the Pony and Outfit? What are you going to do for them? You surely must not make any mistake. You must make every boy and girl who tries for the Pony and Complete Outfit a firm friend. Well, for a while I was again puzzled. It is my intention and I promise you that you shall all be thoroughly pleased and satisfied when next Christmas morning arrives. I wish every boy and girl who is not over eighteen years old and who is a member of a family which subscribes for "Our Magazine" to compete for Prince, his rubber-tired "Rumble" Phaeton and Custom-Made Harness. Write me now. I will send you full particulars how you can secure the Pony and Complete Outfit.



PRESIDENT CHARLES E. ELLIS, WHO HAS DONATED "PRINCE" AND COMPLETE OUTFIT TO "OUR MAGAZINE" BOYS AND GIRLS.

NO BLANKS

IF you will promise me that you will do your level best to have Prince, his Phaeton and Harness delivered to you Christmas morning (all charges prepaid by myself), I will here promise you that should you not succeed, I will send you a Savings Bank Book from one of the largest and strongest savings institutions in this country, with a capital and deposits of over \$40,000,000.00, with a deposit in it commensurate to your efforts, made out in your own name. But, remember, I want you to try for the Pony and Outfit. My reason for giving the Savings Bank Book is that none of my young friends shall be disappointed. Remember, also, that it makes no difference where you live, far or near, in a small or large town, you have the opportunity just the same. I want you to feel that you have found a new and powerful friend in whom you can trust; one that you know will treat you as you justly expect, who wishes to have you become a nearer and closer friend each future year. Now, to repeat my wishes. I ask of you kindly to answer this now. I wish to hear from you at once personally. I wish to send you personally Prince and his Complete Outfit. If you do not give me the privilege it surely will not be my fault. If you do not get Prince and his Complete Outfit, you shall have a Savings Bank Book, for I am bound that you and I shall be firm friends from the time your answer is received. Just as soon as I receive your letter saying you wish to compete for the Pony and Phaeton and Harness, I will at once write you personally and send you full and explicit information how you may have Prince and his elegant rubber-tired "Rumble" Phaeton and fine Custom-Made Harness, delivered Free at your door on Christmas morning, or the night before, if you wish. Please write now; the sooner you write the easier it will be for you to get the Pony and Complete Outfit. If you write me to-day, I promise you that next Christmas morning you will be glad that you did so. Be sure and address "Pony Department." Yours, most sincerely for continued friendship,

CHARLES E. ELLIS, President.

(Pony Department)

22 North William Street,

New York City.



SHOWING PRESIDENT ELLIS'S LITTLE DAUGHTER WITH HER PET COLLIE ALL READY TO ENJOY A RIDE BEHIND "PRINCE."



A WHOLE YEAR FOR 10 CENTS

THE WOMAN'S MAGAZINE, of St. Louis, is now the greatest Magazine in the world, having "Over" One Million Five Hundred Thousand ("Over" 1,500,000) subscribers, almost double the number of subscribers any other magazine or newspaper in the world has. Each issue is filled with splendid stories and illustrations, special departments of Floriculture, Fancy-work, Fashions, Household, Health and Beauty, Female Philosophy, Curious Facts, Poultry, Garden, etc.

There is a reason why THE WOMAN'S MAGAZINE has more than double the number of subscribers that any other publication in the world has. If a reader of THE WOMAN'S MAGAZINE wishes to know anything about the latest styles, THAT month's issue gives them; if some bug is destroying her plants, THAT month's issue tells her what it is and how to get rid of it; if fruits are to be preserved, THAT month's issue tells all about them. THE WOMAN'S MAGAZINE **always** tells its readers what they want to know at the **right time**. From 96 to 128 columns each issue, of splendid pictures, interesting stories, useful information; Flowers, the Garden, Lace Making, Embroidery (with new and beautiful patterns each month that **any** woman can make), Cooking Recipes, Fashions, Poultry, Pets, Household Decoration, Pyrography, Curious Facts, Health and Beauty columns; each issue supplies reading for the whole family.

THE WOMAN'S MAGAZINE never permits misleading advertisements to appear in its columns, and absolutely protects its readers so that they are not defrauded by catch-penny schemes. No whiskey or nasty medical ads. are ever seen in the columns of THE WOMAN'S MAGAZINE. It is clean, wholesome and bright. A single issue is worth more than the whole year's subscription. We wish every home in America to receive THE WOMAN'S MAGAZINE, and in order that it may go into your home, **we will send you**

The Woman's Magazine a Whole Year for 10 cts.,

and if you do not like it after you have received it for three months, we will return your 10 cents and stop sending it. You will have had it three months for nothing. This shows very plainly that we know you will be pleased with THE WOMAN'S MAGAZINE. You will never be willing to discontinue it. In fact we know you will be so delighted you will also get your friends to subscribe. No other magazine gives as much for five times the price we ask you.

Do not confuse THE WOMAN'S MAGAZINE of St. Louis, with the cheap, poorly printed and trashy story papers. **THE WOMAN'S MAGAZINE is printed on good paper, carefully edited and nicely illustrated,** and is better than many magazines sold for ten times the price at which we offer it to you. Our offer to refund your money if you do not like it after three months' trial is a guarantee that no other magazine ever dared to make.

Tens of thousands of women visited our great building during the World's Fair. It is the most beautiful building in the country and the finest publishing plant in the world, and was built for cash at a cost of over half a million dollars, exclusively for the publication of

St. Louis County } ss.:
Missouri

July 6th, 1905.

Personally appeared before me this day A. P. Coakley, Advertising Manager of The Woman's Magazine, St. Louis, Mo., who, being duly sworn, states that he has access to all records necessary to secure an accurate circulation statement of The Woman's Magazine, and under oath affirms the circulation of The Woman's Magazine for the months of July, 1904 to June, 1905 inclusive, was as follows:

July, 1904. .1,654,620	January, 1905. .1,631,697
August. .1,680,310	February. .1,636,525
September. 1,660,220	March. .1,619,520
October. .1,668,980	April. .1,621,800
November. 1,667,755	May. .1,589,608
December. 1,603,420	June. .1,594,640
Total for 12 months. .19,628,095	
Average per month. .1,635,674	

A. P. COAKLEY,

Advertising Manager,
The Woman's Magazine, St. Louis, Mo.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this Sixth day of July, Nineteen Hundred and Five.

C. M. CLAWSON,

[Seal] Notary Public, County of
St. Louis. My term expires October 20,
1908.



Every
Copy
Circulates

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The readers of THE WOMAN'S MAGAZINE always know how to do things; their gardens and houses are the wonder of their neighbors, because it contains plain, easily understood articles, telling more good things about Flowers and the Garden than regular Floral Papers and always seasonable. More good things about Fancy Work and Embroidery, with illustrated patterns, than Fashion Papers. More good things about Poultry and the Garden, and how to make money with them, than Poultry Papers. More good things about the Kitchen and Household than Household Papers.

Always Seasonable.

Always Correct.

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This is the greatest opportunity you will ever get to secure one of the finest monthly magazines published, for a whole year for 10 cents, the price usually charged for a single copy of such a paper. **Do not delay,** but send 10 cents for a year's subscription, stating that you are a reader of THE MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES. **NOTICE:**—If you wish to take advantage of this opportunity for your friends, you can send 10c. each for as many subscriptions as you wish. You could not make a nicer present to your friends than one that will remind them, each month, of you so pleasantly. Address

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